

THE BOYS OF '61

THE BOYS OF '61

OR

FOUR YEARS OF FIGHTING

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS WITH THE ARMY
AND NAVY

*FROM THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN TO THE
FALL OF RICHMOND*

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE BOYS OF '76," "WINNING HIS WAY," "MY DAYS AND
NIGHTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD," "FOLLOWING THE FLAG," "OUR
NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD," ETC.

New Edition

Revised and Enlarged by the Author

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INTRODUCTORY

DURING the year 1866, at the request of many friends, I prepared a volume for the press, entitled, "Four Years of Fighting." It was not intended as a history of the War of the Rebellion, but was mainly a record of some personal observations in the capacity of correspondent for the *Boston Journal* during the war. The volume has since been published under the title of "The Boys of '61." A third of a century has gone by since the outbreak of the Rebellion. The perspective has been changed by such a lapse of time; the heat and passion of the hour have passed away; records, which, at the close of the war, were inaccessible, now are open to the public. The history of no other period has been written with such completeness. A volume written so soon after the close of the war, from the attendant circumstances, would be an incomplete record — a partial presentation of events. It is with a view of giving a more comprehensive and complete account of my personal observations that I have revised the pages of "The Boys of '61." I was an eye-witness of the first battle at Bull Run, of Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Corinth, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, Memphis, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Fort Sumter, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Hanover Court-house, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, and Five Forks. I was in Savannah soon after its occupation by Sherman on his March to the Sea. I walked the streets of Charleston in the hour of her deepest humiliation, and rode into Richmond on the day that the stars of the Union were thrown in triumph to the breeze above the Confederate Capitol.

It seems a dream, and yet when I turn to the numerous notebooks lying before me, and read the pencilings made on the march, the battle-field, in the hospital, and by the flickering camp-fires, it is no longer a fancy or a picture of the imagina-

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tion, but a reality. The scenes return. I behold once more the moving columns,—their waving banners,—the sunlight gleaming from gun-barrel and bayonet,—the musket's flash and cannon's flame. I hear the drum-beat and the wild hurrah! Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Burnside, Howard, Hancock, and Logan are leading them; while Sedgwick, Wadsworth, McPherson, Mansfield, Richardson, Rice, Baker, Wallace, Shaw, Lowell, Winthrop, Putnam, and thousands of patriots, are laying down their lives for their country. Abraham Lincoln walks the streets of Richmond, and is hailed as the Great Deliverer,—the ally of the Messiah!

It has been my aim to reproduce some of those scenes,—to give truthful narratives of events, descriptions of battles, incidents of life in camp, in the hospital, on the march, in the hour of battle on land and sea,—writing nothing in malice. I have endeavoured to give the truth of history rather than the romance; facts instead of philosophy; to make real the scenes of the mighty struggle.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

THE BOYS OF '61

CHAPTER I

FIRST WEEKS OF THE WAR

FROM the close of the war with Mexico to April, 1861, the United States had been at peace with themselves and with all the world. Throughout the country men pursued their occupations with no thought of war. The United States was not a military nation. Isolated from Europe by the Atlantic there was no need for maintaining a great standing army. The military spirit engendered by the War of the Revolution and the last war with England in a great measure had died out. In some of the Northern States there were volunteer military companies arrayed in showy uniforms, which assembled for drill and kept step with the drum-beat and performed fantastic evolutions, to the great delight of village urchins. In other States there was scarcely the semblance of military organizations. The people did not anticipate war, made little preparation for any conflict of arms. The farmer harvested his hay and grain, drove his team afield; the mechanic followed his occupations; the merchant carried on his business, never mistrusting that in the evolution of events the country was suddenly to be involved in one of the greatest wars of all the ages.

The firing upon the Stars and Stripes, the humiliation of the flag at Sumter in April, 1861, awakened the nation from its peaceful dreaming.

In June I became an army correspondent of the *Boston Journal* newspaper. The first blood had been shed in the streets of Baltimore. New York and other States were quick to respond to the call of President Lincoln for troops. The

patriotism of the Northern States was at fever heat, the drum beat was heard in every village. Military companies were forming — the young men of the country hastening to volunteer to serve for three months, or during the war. The Stars and Stripes were waving from housetop and steeple. Reaching New York I found it a sea of banners and decorations — the red, white and blue festooned over doorways and windows. The staid and sober city of Philadelphia I found had awakened to a new life. From the towns in New Jersey, regiments were taking their departure for Washington. The railroads could not give the soldiers transportation in passenger-cars, but the volunteers, eager to join the force gathering at the capital of the Republic, made themselves at home in the lumbering freight-cars. Fathers and mothers were bidding them good-by, with their handkerchiefs waving their joyful farewells, little comprehending the meaning of the conflict of arms.

Baltimore presented a striking contrast to the other great cities. It was dull and gloomy. Business was at a standstill. The pulses of trade had stopped. Merchants waited in vain for customers through the long summer day. Females, calling themselves ladies, daintily gathered up their skirts whenever they passed an officer or soldier wearing the army blue in the streets, and manifested in other ways their utmost contempt for all who supported the Union.

General Butler, who had subdued the rampant Secessionists by his vigorous measures, had been ordered to Fortress Monroe, and General Banks had just assumed command. A regiment of raw Pennsylvanians was encamped on the hill by the roadside leading to the fort. Officers and soldiers alike were ignorant of military tactics. Three weeks previous they were following the plough, or digging in the coal mines, or smelting iron. It was amusing to watch their attempts at evolution. They were drilling by squads and companies. "Right face," shouted an officer to his squad. A few executed the order correctly, some faced to the left, while others faced first right, then left, and general confusion ensued.

The officers were nearly as ignorant as the men. The regiment was marching in battalion front towards a pool of water,

The colonel looked at the pool and then at the men, and shouted, "Gee round that mud puddle!" The men comprehended the order, and "geed" in proper manner.

Soldiers were building abattis, and training guns to bear upon the city, for there were signs of an upheaval of the Secession elements, and General Banks deemed it best to be prepared for whatever might happen.

Passing on to Washington I found it in a hubbub. Troops were pouring in, raw, undisciplined, yet of material to make the best soldiers in the world,—poets, painters, artists, artisans, mechanics, printers, men of letters, bankers, merchants, and ministers were in the ranks. There was a rumble of artillery in the streets,—the jarring of baggage-wagons, and the tramping of men. Soldiers were quartered in the Capitol. They spread their blankets in the corridors, and made themselves at home in the halls.

The volunteers found that camp life was not quite so comfortable as home life. A bed on the ground was not so inviting as a mattress in the home chamber. When the reveille sounded at daybreak they would like to take another nap.

Colonel Stone, with a number of regiments, was marching out from Washington to picket the Potomac from Washington to Point of Rocks. General Patterson was on the upper Potomac, General McClellan and General Rosecrans, with Virginia and Ohio troops, were driving the Rebels from Rich Mountain, while General McDowell was preparing to move upon Manassas.

These were all new names to the public. Patterson had served in the Mexican War, but the people had forgotten it. McClellan was known only as an engineer, who had made a report concerning the proposed railway to the Pacific, and had visited Russia during the Crimean War. General Wool was in New York, old and feeble, too far advanced in life to take the field. The people were looking to General Scott as the Hercules of the hour. Some one had called him the "Great Captain of the Age." He was of gigantic stature, and had fought gallantly on the Canadian frontier in 1812, and with his well-appointed army had marched in triumph into the City

of Mexico. The events of the last war with England, and that with Mexico, in which General Scott was always the central figure, had been rehearsed by the stump orators of a great political party during an exciting campaign. His likeness was familiar to every American. It was to be found in parlours, saloons, beer-shops, and in all public places,—representing him as a hero in gold-embroidered coat, epaulets, chapeau, and nodding plume. His was the genius to direct the gathering hosts. So the people believed. He was a Virginian, but loyal. The newspapers lauded him.

But he was seventy-five years of age. His powers were failing. His old wound troubled him at times. He could walk only with difficulty, and it tired him to ride the few rods between his house and the War Department. He was slow and sluggish in all his thoughts and actions. Yet the people had confidence in him, and he in himself.

The newspapers were filled with absurd rumors and statements concerning the movements and intentions of the Rebels. It was said that Beauregard had sixty thousand men at Manassas.

Rumor reported that General Joseph E. Johnston, who was in the Shenandoah Valley, destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and burning the bridges across the Potomac, had thirty thousand men; but we now know that his whole force consisted of nine regiments, two battalions of infantry, three hundred cavalry, and sixteen pieces of artillery.

These exaggerations had their effect at the War Department in Washington. General Butler proposed the early occupation of Manassas, to cut off communication by rail between Richmond and Upper Virginia, but his proposition was rejected by General Scott. The troops in and around Washington were only partially organized into brigades. There was not much system. Everybody was full of zeal and energy, and there was manifest impatience among the soldiers at the inactivity of the commander-in-chief.

The same was true of the Confederates. They were mustering at Manassas. Regiments and battalions were pouring through Richmond. Southern women welcomed them with

weetest smiles, presented them with fairest flowers, and urged them on to drive the "usurper" from Washington. Southern newspapers, from the commencement, had been urging the capture of the Federal Capital. Said the Richmond *Examiner*: "The capture of Washington is perfectly within the power of Virginia and Maryland, if Virginia will only make the effort by her constituted authorities. Nor is there a single moment to lose. The entire population pant for the opportunity. . . .

"From the mountain tops and valleys to the shores of the sea, there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington City, at all and every human hazard. That filthy brood of unclean birds must and will assuredly be purified by fire. . . . It is not to be endured that this flight of abolition harpies shall come down from the black North for their roots in the heart of the South, to defile and brutalize the land. . . . Our people can take it,—they *will* take it,—and Scott the arch-traitor, and Lincoln the beast, combined, cannot prevent it. The just indignation of an outraged and deeply injured people will teach the Illinois Ape to repeat his race and retrace his journey across the borders of the free negro States still more rapidly than he came; and Scott the traitor will be given the opportunity at the same time to try the difference between Scott's tactics and the Shanghai drill for quick movements.

"Great cleansing and purification are needed and will be given to that festering sink of iniquity,—that wallow of Lincoln and Scott,—the desecrated city of Washington; and many deeds will be the carcasses of dogs and caitiffs that will blacken the air upon the gallows before the work is accomplished. So let it be."

General Beauregard was the most prominent of the commanders, having been brought before the public by the surrender of Fort Sumter. Next in prominence were the two Johnstons, Joseph E. and Albert Sydney, and General Bragg. Stonewall Jackson had not been heard from. Lee had remained with General Scott,—his confidant and chief adviser,—until the 19th of April, and then resigned his commission. The Virginia convention had passed the ordinance of secession three

days before his resignation, with a proviso submitting it to the people for ratification. The conspirators who brought it about foresaw that the events of the hour would compel the State to cast in its lot with the Confederacy. Three days after the election on June 22d, General Lee was appointed to command the State troops, and was sent to the western section of the State, with several regiments to overawe the Unionists of the mountain region.

Union troops had taken possession of Alexandria a few days before my arrival in Washington, and Colonel E. Elmer Ellsworth, commanding a regiment of Zouaves, had been shot by the keeper of the Marshall House, Mr. Jackson, as he was descending the stairs with a Confederate flag, which he had taken from its staff on the roof. The tavern-keeper in turn had been shot by one of the Zouaves, Francis E. Brownell. The death of Ellsworth had created a profound impression throughout the Northern States. People were beginning to see that war was a serious matter. Ellsworth the year before had commanded a company of Zouaves in Chicago, and had visited Boston and other Eastern cities, exhibiting their efficiency and discipline; he was therefore widely known and his death greatly lamented, especially by President Lincoln, who held him in high esteem. In the Southern States, on the other hand, he was regarded as a marauder, while the tavern-keeper was lauded as a martyr to liberty.

There had been an engagement at Big Bethel, a short distance from Hampton in Eastern Virginia, between troops sent out by General Benjamin F. Butler and a body of Confederates, in which two brave young Union officers lost their lives — Lieutenant Guble and Major Theodore Winthrop. The last named had shown marked ability as a writer.

The city of Washington, before the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, was dominated by Southern sentiment, but with the secession of the States many of the clerks in the departments had resigned their positions and left for their Southern homes. It was a sad day to those whose homes were in Virginia when that State voted to secede. They laid the cause of all the trouble to the Abolitionists of the Northern States.

I reminded one Southern gentleman that the Commercial Convention, which met at Montgomery, Alabama, in 1858, boastfully proclaimed to the world that "Cotton was King;" that Virginia had descended from her once proud position as a thrifty Commonwealth and had taken up the occupation of breeding human cattle for the cotton marts of the South. It had prided itself on name and blood,—delighting to trace its lineage back to the cavaliers of Old England, and which looked down with haughty contempt upon the man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. The original "gentleman" of Virginia possessed great estates, which were not acquired by thrift and industry, but received as grants through kingly favour. A thriftless system of agriculture, pursued unvaryingly through two centuries, had greatly reduced the patrimony of many sons and daughters of the cavaliers, who looked out of broken windows and rickety dwellings upon exhausted lands, overgrown with small oaks and diminutive pines.

A young miss informed me that the Yankees were nothing but old scrubs, and did not know the meaning of gentility.

On June 17th, I visited Arlington Heights, where a portion of the Union troops were encamped beneath the trees upon the estate of Robert E. Lee. The furniture had been removed from the spacious mansion—his old home overlooking the Potomac. Among the *débris* in one of the apartments were military maps and drawings, which had been left behind by the departing owner. He had stood high in the estimation of General Scott. It was he who commanded the United States Marines in the John Brown affair at Harper's Ferry.

Suddenly from over the hills came the boom of a cannon. Making my way to Alexandria, I learned that a reconnoitering party of the First Regiment of Ohio volunteers had gone up the railroad leading to Landon County—not marching in military order, but riding on platform-cars, pushed by a locomotive—a novel way of invading a country held by an enemy. Before reaching the little hamlet an old man stepped out from the bushes, making signs and gestures for them to stop.

"Don't go. The Rebels are at Vienna."

"Only guerrillas, I reckon," said one of the officers.

General Schenck, who was in command, waved his hand to the engineer, and the train moved on. Suddenly there were quick discharges of artillery, a rattling of fire of small arms, and unearthly yells from front and flank, within an hundred yards. The unsuspecting soldiers were riddled with solid shot, canister, and rifle-balls. Some tumbled headlong, never to rise again. Those who were uninjured leaped from the cars. There was great confusion.

"Lie down!" cried some of the officers.

"Fall in!" shouted others.

Each did, for the moment, what seemed best. Some of the soldiers fired at random, in the direction of the unseen enemy. Some crouched behind the cars; others gained the shelter of the woods, where a line was formed.

They gathered up the wounded, carried them to the rear in blankets, began their homeward march, while the Confederates, eleven hundred strong, up to this moment sheltered behind a woodpile, rushed out, destroyed the cars, and retreated to Fairfax.

A messenger came in hot haste to Alexandria, and several regiments were ordered to advance. I accompanied them. It was my first experience during the war. The troops advanced nearly to Vienna, but found no enemy. No rations had been provided, but the cows belonging to a prominent farmer were slaughtered, and the steak broiled over a bivouac fire. Salt was wanting, but hunger gave it an excellent seasoning. No enemy was to be found, and the troops returned to Alexandria.

CHAPTER II

BULL RUN

MOST of the troops in and around Washington were those which responded to the call of President Lincoln for three months' service. A few of the regiments enlisted under the second call for three years had arrived. All were undisciplined. The term of service for most of the three months' men would expire by the end of July. Richmond had become the capital of the Confederacy. Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet were there, and the Confederate Congress was holding its sessions in the State Capitol. Throughout the Southern States the movement of the Confederate Government to Virginia was looked upon as the preliminary step to seizing Washington. Throughout the North it was regarded as a menace. The people were demanding a movement against the Confederate Capital, not comprehending the strength of the Rebellion; that Virginia, east of the Blue Ridge, was in the white heat of secession. Troops from the Gulf States were pouring into the newly selected Confederate Capital, and from thence moving northward to Manassas Junction, thirty miles from Washington. The motive on the part of the Confederates was to keep alive the secession feeling in Maryland, the seizure of Washington thus making the former capital of the nation the capital of the Confederacy, which, in turn, would bring recognition from European nations as the dominant power in the Western world. The section of Virginia west of the Blue Ridge had seceded from the State and formed a provisional government at Wheeling, and was asking recognition from Congress. The convention had elected F. H. Peirpoint governor, and had taken a recess till August. At the outbreak of the Rebellion, Ohio troops had crossed the Ohio River. They were commanded by General George B. McClellan, who had been appointed major-gen-

eral by Governor Dennison, of Ohio. His subordinate commanders were Generals Morris and Rosecrans. General Pegram, commanding a Confederate force, was entrenched on Rich Mountain. A plan of attack was devised by Rosecrans, which, after much hesitation, was accepted. McClellan, with Morris's troops, was to threaten an attack in front, while Rosecrans was to make a night march and gain the rear of the Confederates. At daylight, on the morning of the 11th of July, after a long march through a thick mist up the mountainside, Rosecrans came upon the Confederates, and, after a sharp skirmish, charged upon the Confederate entrenchments, captured twenty-one prisoners, two cannon, fifty stand of arms, and all the provisions of the enemy, putting the entire force to flight. General Pegram spiked his four remaining cannon, abandoned his camp, and attempted to join General Garnett, who was on Tunnel Hill, but, finding himself penned in, surrendered his entire command of nearly six hundred. On July 13th there was an engagement between Garnett's and the Union troops at Carrick's Ford, one of the crossings of Cheat River, in which Garnett was killed and his troops put to flight. The engagements were insignificant affairs, when contrasted with subsequent battles, but they had momentous influence upon the political affairs of the country, and the subsequent course of the war. General McClellan sent a telegram announcing his exploits, dated at Huttonsville, July 14th:

"Garnett and forces routed, his baggage and one gun taken, his army demolished, Garnett killed. We have annihilated the enemy in western Virginia, and have lost thirteen killed and not more than forty wounded. We have in all killed at least two hundred of the enemy, and the prisoners will amount to at least one thousand. Have taken seven guns in all. I still look for the capture of the remnant of Garnett's army by General Hill. The troops defeated are the crack regiments of eastern Virginia, aided by Georgians, Tennesseians and Carolinians. Our success is complete, and secession is killed in this country."

The dispatch, like those of Napoleon from his great battlefields, electrified the country and made General McClellan the

hero of the hour. It awakened the enthusiasm of the troops preparing to move against the enemy at Manassas. There was confident expectation that the Confederate forces there would be brushed aside, and that the army would move on with flying banners to Richmond.

From the beginning of the conflict it was seen by Unions and Confederates alike that the Shenandoah Valley would be an important avenue of communication; that Harper's Ferry and Winchester would be strategic points in that direction; that Manassas Junction would also be an important point east of the Blue Ridge. General Joseph E. Johnston was appointed commander of the Confederate troops in the Shenandoah, and General Beauregard commander of the forces assembling at Manassas Junction. The latter had conducted the siege against Fort Sumter, and was regarded throughout the South as a hero. On the Union side, General Irwin McDowell was appointed commander of the forces at Arlington Heights. The country had been at peace since the war with Mexico. General Scott and General Wood were the only commanders on the Union side who had achieved any distinction in past years of whom the country had knowledge. On the Confederate side, General Johnston had conducted an expedition against the Mormons in Utah. Beauregard, by his bombardment of Sumter, had come prominently before the public. General Robert Patterson was appointed commander of the troops gathered at Harper's Ferry. He had served in the war with Mexico, but he was nearly three score and ten. His chief of staff and chief adviser was Colonel Fitz John Porter. The movement against the Confederates was to be made by McDowell. Patterson, the while, was to keep Johnston from joining Beauregard. It was no secret that McDowell was to attack the Confederates at Manassas. The correspondents in Washington telegraphed the information of McDowell's intentions. Confederate sympathisers were to be found in all the departments of government. Every night a mail was despatched secretly to Richmond, giving minute details of all that was going on, and of the intentions of the Union commanders. Everybody was familiar with the events of each succeeding

hour — what regiments were arriving, how they were brigaded, what regiments would return home before the expiration of the month. It was known that General Scott did not advise a movement with undisciplined troops. But were not the Confederate troops equally undisciplined? The country was impatient at the long delay; the Rebellion must be crushed at once; the Confederates must be driven from Richmond. It never would do for the regiments which had been drilling for three months to return to their homes without once seeing a Confederate soldier. Such consideration determined the military authorities to make the first great movement of the war.

It was past noon, July 17th, when the division, commanded by General Tyler, of Connecticut, who had received a military education, took up its line of march from Fall's Church towards Vienna. The other divisions, moving from Alexandria, advanced towards Fairfax Court-house, the objective point being Centerville. I accompanied Tyler's division. The troops were in high spirits; they were going to fight a battle, move on to Richmond and put an end to the Rebellion. Some of the inhabitants along the road, Union men, who had voted against secession, welcomed their coming; others made no demonstration, evidently not caring to show their sympathies, either for or against the Union. At times the bands played. It was an inspiring spectacle — the long column of troops, with the Stars and Stripes, and the flags of their respective States waving in the gentle breeze, and the bright sunshine glinting from their bayonets.

The head of General Tyler's column reached Vienna at sunset. The infantry turned into the fields, while the artillery took positions on the hills. Near the railroad was a large wood-pile, behind which the South Carolinians took shelter when they fired upon the Ohio boys on the cars. It was convenient for bivouac fires, and the men helped themselves willingly.

During the evening the soldiers told stories and sang songs. They had read the gasconade of the newspapers of Richmond, and the proclamation of General Beauregard, issued June 5th, addressed to the people of London, Fairfax, and Prince Wil-

liam Counties, and resented his vilification of President Lincoln and the Northern troops. Thus it read:

"A reckless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil. Abraham Lincoln, regardless of all moral, legal, and constitutional restraints, has thrown his abolition hosts among you, who are murdering and imprisoning your citizens, confiscating and destroying your property, and committing other acts of violence and outrage too shocking and revolting to humanity to be enumerated.

"All rules of civilised warfare are abandoned, and they proclaim by their acts, if not on their banners, that their war-cry is 'Beauty and Booty.' All that is dear to man,—your honour, and that of your wives and daughters,—your fortunes and your lives, are involved in this momentous conflict."

In contrast to this fulmination of falsehoods, General McDowell had issued an order on the 2d of June, three days previous to Beauregard's, directing officers to transmit statements on the following points:

"*First.* The quantity of land taken possession of for the several field-works, and the kind and value of the crops growing thereon, if any.

"*Second.* The quantity of land used for the several encampments, and the kind and value of the growing crops, if any.

"*Third.* The number, size, and character of the buildings appropriated to public purposes.

"*Fourth.* The quantity and value of trees cut down.

"*Fifth.* The kind and extent of fencing destroyed. These statements will, as far as possible, give the value of the property taken, or of the damage sustained, and the name or names of the owners."

A portion of the troops bivouacked in an oat-field, where the grain was standing in shocks, and some of the artillerymen appropriated the convenient forage.

The owner was complaining bitterly of the devastations. "They have taken my grain, and I want my pay for it," he said to me.

"Are you a Union man?" I asked.

"I was for the Union till Virginia seceded, and of course

had to go with her; but, whether I am a Union man or not, the Government is bound to respect private property," he replied.

At that moment General Tyler rode past.

"Say, General, ain't you going to pay me for my property which your soldiers destroyed?"

"There is my quartermaster; he will settle with you."

The man received a voucher for whatever had been taken.

The troops moved leisurely the following morning. The correspondents of the newspapers, eager to see whatever might happen, joined the Videttes in the advance. We reached Flint Hill, and came in sight of Fairfax Court-house, above which the Confederate flag was waving.

Not far away I could see two Confederate cannon, squads of soldiers, wagons, horsemen riding furiously. Nearer, within long musket shot, were half a dozen Confederate cavalrymen. Captain Joseph Hawley, since Senator in Congress, was in command of the skirmishers. Taking a Sharp's rifle from one of the soldiers, he rested it upon the top rail of the fence by the roadside, and sent a bullet singing towards the men in gray. It was the first shot fired by the army advancing towards Bull Run. All but one of the Confederates put spurs to their horses and galloped towards Centerville; the soldier who did not flee came towards us, and voluntarily gave himself up, saying that he didn't want to fight anybody.

"The enemy is in force just ahead," said one of the Union officers, who advanced and reconnoitered the ground.

Two pieces of Varian's New York battery came into position by the Flint Hill schoolhouse, and sent a couple of shells towards the Confederates, who precipitately fled, casting away blankets, and other equipments.

The column moved on. The occupants of the house met us with joyful countenances. The good woman, formerly from New Jersey, brought out a pan of milk, at which we took a long pull.

"I can't take pay; it is pay enough to see your countenances," she said.

Turning from Fairfax road the troops moved toward Germantown, north of Fairfax,—a place of six miserable huts,

ver one of which the Confederate flag was flying. Bonham's brigade of South Carolinians was there. Ayer's battery galloped into position. A shell was sent among them. They were about leaving, having been ordered to retreat by Beauregard. The shell accelerated their movements. Camp equipment, barrels of flour, clothing, entrenching tools, were left behind, and we made ourselves merry over their running.

Those were the days of military romance. War was a pastime, a picnic, an agreeable diversion.

A gray-haired old negro came out from his cabin, rolling his eyes and gazing at the Yankees.

"Have you seen any rebels this morning?" we asked.

"Gosh a'mighty, massa! Dey was here as thick as bees, 'fore you cum; but when dat are bumshell cum screaming among 'em, dey ran as if de Ole Harry was after 'em."

All of this, the flight of the enemy, the negro's story, was exalting to the troops, who more than ever felt that the march to Richmond was going to be a nice affair.

The sun shone from a cloudless sky; and the birds were singing merrily when the army, on the morning of July 18, reached Centerville, the correspondents in advance. It was a wretched village. Richardson's brigade of Tyler's division turned down the road leading to Blackburn's Ford, across Bull Run.

General Richardson was a veteran of the Mexican War, brave and eager to come in contact with the enemy. Hastening down from Centerville, I came upon his line in a field by a deserted farmhouse. Looking with my field-glass towards Bull Run, I could see a battery of Confederate artillery under the green trees, the farther side of the winding stream. A puff of smoke burst upon the summer air. I heard something scream above my head, and fall, with a heavy thud, upon the earth behind me. It was the first approaching cannon-shot I had ever heard. Far different the feeling from that which one experiences when one sees a missile spring from the cannon's muzzle towards an enemy. My hair stood on end; a cold shiver flashed down my back. Involuntarily I dodged behind a sheltering bank. Another — a third — a fourth came from the belching

guns. How quickly one gets accustomed to danger. I found myself making an arithmetical calculation of chances, and soon began to time the interval between the flash of the gun and the whirring of the ball over my head. A squadron of cavalry came galloping down the slope and formed in the field, but suddenly a fatal shot tore through the ranks, disemboweling a horse, and they galloped to a safer place. The Union cannon were sending answering shots towards the Confederates. Far away towards Manassas clouds of dust were rising, and, at times, I caught glimpses of Confederate troops hastening towards the scene of conflict.

Just why General Tyler ordered Richardson's troops to advance I do not know. It was plain that the Confederates were on the farther bank of the stream. Equally clear was it that General McDowell's troops were not in position to begin a general engagement. The brigade filed down the hill, the Massachusetts First Volunteers leading, coming into line in a pasture. Suddenly there was a ripple and roll of musketry from both banks of the stream, and a wild yell from the Confederates. I had followed the advancing troops with eager enthusiasm to see all that might happen. But the air was full of strange noises, louder and more alarming than the humming of bees. Union bullets were ploughing the ground.

"You have no business there, sir. Come back!"

It was the peremptory command of General Tyler ordering us to the rear. I do not regard it as an act of bravery or bravado on my part in advancing so far; it was simply the overmastering of desire to personally know what was going on, that I might make a truthful record for the public. I was not alone in my eagerness. Several of the correspondents were brave almost to recklessness during many of the great battles of the war. It is true that others were content to gather up rumours and stories of the soldiers, and write detailed accounts of battles which they did not see.

Obedying the command, I returned to the deserted farmhouse, where General Tyler had established his headquarters. An ambulance came up the slope, bringing a soldier of the Massachusetts First with a mangled leg; the bones crushed, the flesh

nging in shreds, the soldier screaming in agony. It was my first sight of a wounded man. The horror of the sight unnerved me. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "If this is war, let it stop right here. Let the Southern States go. Let them set up their Confederacy. Anything rather than this!" It was but for a moment, and it was the only moment through the four years' conflict that my heart faltered. Then came a second reflection. Justice, righteousness, and liberty are eternal verities. Our fathers fought eight years to establish liberty. Their cause was just; everything they fought for is at stake; and the war must go on till the last rebel has been subdued. As the lightning's flash illumines the landscape at midnight, so at the sight of that soldier, with life ebbing away, and his prayer to God for mercy ringing in my ears, I saw the greatness of the contest; that behind all the anguish, suffering and bleeding of hearts was the future destiny of the nation, the welfare of millions who are to succeed us.

It did not take General Tyler long to discover he was sacrificing his men to no purpose, and an aid galloped down the line with an order for the troops to return. His second line, which was the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, was composed mainly of Irishmen. Very characteristic and laughable was the scene as the returning troops came back. In the confusion and excitement, the men, thinking the Confederates were upon them, prepared for the encounter. I saw a sturdy soldier, with resolution in his face, dash his gun to the ground, strip off his coat, spit on his hands, double up his fists, and firmly plant himself to knock down the enemy with a blow between the eyes. The First Massachusetts received the hottest of the fire. One soldier in the thickest of the fight was shot; he passed his musket to his comrade, saying, "It is all right, Bill," and immediately expired. The soldier standing next to Lieutenant-Colonel Wells received two shots in his arm. He handed his musket to the colonel, saying, "Here, I can't use it; take it and use it." A great many of the soldiers had their clothes shot through. One had three balls in his coat, but came out unharmed.

I do not know just how I reached Washington, as I had not

at that period of the war a horse, but the eager public must have the news, and I hastened to the capital, twenty miles distant, and then, on Sunday morning, was once more in Centerville. The day was calm and peaceful. Saturday had been passed at Centerville by McDowell's army. The advance of Tyler to Blackburn's Ford had revealed the topographical features of the country, and the position of Beauregard's army. It was seen that a flank movement must be made if he would gain the southern bank of the stream. He had about twenty-eight thousand men, with forty-nine cannon. His army consisted of five divisions, commanded by Generals Tyler, Hunter, Heintzelman, Miles and Bunyan. On the afternoon of Friday, while Tyler was reconnoitering at Blackman's Ford, a dispatch from Richmond was flashed to Johnston in the Shenandoah Valley:

"Beauregard attacked. Go to his assistance."

Through Friday night, Saturday, Saturday night and Sunday morning the troops of Johnston were marching seventeen miles to Piedmont, entering cars and speeding towards Manassas nine thousand men and twenty cannon, swelling the Confederate force to thirty-two thousand, with fifty-seven cannon. The troops of Johnston, as they arrived, together with those of Beauregard, were distributed along the fords fronting Centerville. Anticipating an attack from that direction, General McDowell's first plan was to cross the stream at one of the fords, but changed it to a movement which would turn the left flank of the Confederates. Leaving Richardson's brigade to make a demonstration at Blackburn's Ford, directing Tyler, with the remainder of his division, to march directly down the Warrenton turnpike to Stone Bridge, leaving Miles to hold Centerville, he made a long detour with Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions to Sudley's Mills. They were to cross Bull Run. As soon as the flank of the Confederates was turned, the troops at Stone Bridge were to cross, and the united force was to press forward, which would compel Beauregard and Johnston to change front. It was two o'clock in the morning when Tyler's troops folded their blankets and made ready to advance to Stone Bridge. A mistake had been made at the outset. Hunter and

Heintzelman having much farther to march, should have started first, but were compelled to wait till Tyler was out of the way. The flanking troops ought to have been at Sudley's Ford at sunrise, whereas it was past nine o'clock when the Rhode Island troops, leading the column, reached the stream. The soldiers filled their canteens, ate a portion of their rations, and then moved on.

We now know that Johnston and Beauregard had planned to cross the stream, get between McDowell and Washington, and attack him by a surprise. Messengers at half-past five in the morning, were carrying orders to the various commands, when the peaceful stillness of the dawning day was broken by the boom of a Union cannon of Ayer's battery, on the Warrenton turnpike, east of Stone Bridge. The second shot passed through the tent of Captain Alexander of General Beauregard's staff. A moment later the guns of Richardson were thundering at Blackburn's Ford. Other messengers rode in hot haste, countermanding previous orders. Not till mid-forenoon did I hear the first note of battle from Hunter's and Heintzelman's commands. I first visited Richardson's position, saw once more the Confederates in line of battle upon the farther bank of the stream, returned to Centerville, when I saw the members of a New York battery deliberately leaving their guns and starting for Washington, their three months' term of service having expired. By the roadside, partaking of a sumptuous luncheon of cold beef, ham, bread, sauces, beer, and cheese, sat William H. Russell, correspondent of the London *Times*, who had won fame by his letters from the Crimea. It was, I think, his near-approach to the battle of Bull Run.

It was considerably past noon when I reached the troops by Stone Bridge. From an elevated position I had a fair view of the battle as it was being waged by Hunter and Heintzelman, who were forcing the Confederates to retire across the Warrenton turnpike. It was a little past three o'clock when I climbed to the roof of a deserted house near the Stone Bridge, which the Confederates had destroyed. Colonel Alexander of the engineers informed me that all was going well across the river. From that elevated position I had an excellent view of

the battle-field. I could see stragglers in the rear of the Confederate lines, moving towards Manassas.

A correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* thus writes of the aspect of the affairs in the rebel lines at that moment:

"When I entered the field at two o'clock the fortunes of the day were dark. The regiments so badly injured, or wounded and worn, as they staggered out, gave gloomy pictures of the scene. We could not be routed, perhaps, but it is doubtful whether we were destined to a victory."

I could see a dust cloud partly in the rear and beyond the Union line of battle in the west. I did not then know the meaning of it — that it was caused by the advance of Confederate troops, a brigade under E. Kirby Smith, the last of Johnston's army from the Shenandoah. They had left the cars at the Warrenton turnpike, and were hastening towards the battle.

It was at this juncture that two batteries, one commanded by Captain Griffin and the other by Captain Ricketts, both of whom afterwards became major-generals, were ordered to cross the Warrenton turnpike and open fire upon the Confederates, who were rallying along the edge of a dense pine thicket, where Colonel Thomas P. Jackson had made a stand, declaring that he intended to remain there "like a stonewall."

General McDowell had committed a grave error in ordering the batteries to cross Young's Branch in advance of the infantry. Ricketts did not like the order, but obeyed the command. Griffin also objected to the position assigned him by Major Barry, commanding the artillery, saying he had no infantry supports.

Barry informed him that the Zouaves would support him; also the Fourteenth Regiment of New York Volunteers, which had gone into a piece of woods.

We have arrived at a turning-point in the history of the country. Griffin and Ricketts saw a line of men in gray advance on their right flank.

"They are rebels," said Griffin.

"No, it is the Fourteenth, they wear a gray uniform," said Barry.

"Sure as the world, they are rebels," said Griffin.

"I tell you they are your supports."

Griffin wheels his guns and opens fire upon the Confederates near Mrs. Henry's house. The men in gray on his flank advance, come to a halt, bring their guns to a level, and fire a volley. Men and horses go down. The Zouaves, in rear of the batteries, behold the spectacle in amazement, then break and stream over the field, a few only giving a parting shot. It is the beginning of a panic. For a short time the contest goes on, but the Union army has lost its aggressive energy and begins to melt away.

I had descended from the roof of the house, and was drinking at a spring near the turnpike, when I heard a sudden uproar. Soldiers streamed past, throwing away their guns and equipments. A rebel's battery dashed down the turnpike. A baggage wagon was hurled into the ditch in a twinkling. A hack from Washington, which had brought out a party of Congressmen, was scattered to kindlings. Drivers cut their horses loose and fled in precipitate haste. Instinct is quick to act. There was no time to deliberate, or to obtain information. A swift pace for half-mile placed me beyond Cub Run, where, standing on a hill, I had a good opportunity to survey the sight, painful, but not ludicrous to behold. The soldiers, as they crossed the stream, regained their composure and fell into a walk. But the panic, like a wave, rolled over Centerville to Fairfax. The drivers of the immense wagon train threw bags of coffee and corn, barrels of beef and pork, and boxes of bread upon the ground, and fled in terror towards Alexandria. The fright was soon over. The lines at Centerville were in tolerable order when I left that place at five o'clock.

There is abundant evidence to show that the Confederates considered the battle as lost up to the time of the arrival of E. Kirby Smith. Not till I began to make a record of the names of the killed and wounded did I comprehend that my despatch in the paper I represented would bring inexpressible sorrow to the hearts of fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters in far-off homes. I thought of wives who would listen for footsteps that never more would come, for voices that were silent evermore. All

the glamour of war was gone. With many a pang I gave the list of the dead to the telegraph operator, knowing that, on the morrow, it would sadden thousands of homes. There is little doubt that the army could have held its ground at Centerville but, as the term of many of the regiments was expiring, the authorities deemed it better to fall back to Arlington Heights and begin anew.

The first reports of the battle had been wholly favourable to the Union cause. The newspapers on Monday had heralded prospective victory. On Monday afternoon the country was astounded by the unwelcome news.

CHAPTER III

PREPARING FOR THE GREAT STRUGGLE

THE battle of Bull Run awakened the people of the Northern States to a sense of the magnitude of the conflict before them—that military service was to be no holiday affair; that, if they would preserve the Government established by their fathers, they must put forth all their energies. It set men to thinking. Four days after the battle, in Washington, I met one who all his lifetime had been a Democrat, standing stanchly by the South till the attack on Sumter. Said he: “I go for liberating the niggers. We are fighting on a false issue. The negro is at the bottom of the trouble. The South is fighting for the negro, and for nothing else. They use him to defeat us, and we shall be compelled to use him to defeat them.”

These sentiments were gaining ground. General Butler had retained the negroes who came into his camp, calling them ‘contraband of war.’ Men were beginning to discuss the propriety of not only retaining, but of seizing, the slaves of those who were in arms against the Government. The rebels were using them in the construction of fortifications. Why not place them in the category with gunpowder, horses, and cattle?

It was clear that, sooner or later, the war would become one of emancipation,—freedom to the slave of every man found in arms against the Government, or in any way aiding or abetting treason. How seductive, how tyrannical, was slavery!

Three years before the war, a young man, born and educated among the mountains of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, graduating at Williams College, visited Washington, and called upon Mr. Dawes, member of Congress from Mas-

sachusetts, to obtain his influence in securing a position at the South as a teacher. Mr. Dawes knew the young man, son of a citizen of high standing, respected not only as a citizen, but in the highest branch of the Legislature of the State in former times, and gladly gave his influence to obtain the situation. A few days after the battle Mr. Dawes visited the Old Capitol Prison to see the prisoners who had been brought in. To his surprise he found among them the young man from Berkshire, wearing the uniform of a rebel.

"How could you find it in your heart to fight against the flag of your country, to turn your back upon your native State, and the institutions under which you have been trained?" he asked.

"I didn't want to fight against the flag, but I was compelled to."

"How compelled?"

"Why, you see, they knew I was from the North; and if I hadn't enlisted the ladies would have presented me with a petticoat."

He expressed himself averse to taking the oath of allegiance. It was only when allusion was made to his parents—the poignant grief which would all but break his mother's heart, were she to hear of him as a soldier in the traitors' lines,—that he gave way, and his eyes filled with tears. He could turn against his country, his State, the institutions of freedom, because his heart was in the South, because he had dreaded the finger of scorn which would have cowed him with a petticoat, but he could not blot out the influence of a mother's love, a mother's patriotism. He had not lived long enough under the hot breath of the simoon to have all the early associations withered and crisped. The mention of "mother" made him a child again.

The week following the battle of Bull Run General McClellan was summoned from West Virginia to Washington to organize the troops arriving at the capital. He selected a spacious mansion for his headquarters and appointed a numerous staff. A few days later I was requested by a gentleman, connected in some way with the staff, to be at Willard's

met the next evening at five o'clock, as the commander-in-chief desired to meet the correspondents of the press. The journalists filled two large omnibuses. We were driven to McClellan's headquarters, and were ushered into a spacious parlour. The commander-in-chief, accompanied by his father-in-law, General Marcy, entered the apartment. He said he desired to meet the representatives of the press for a brief interview. We held positions of great influence and were capable of doing great good or harm to the country. He would be glad to extend to us gentlemen every possible facility for obtaining information, but he particularly desired us not to mention in our despatches or letters the arrival of regiments or any movement of the army.

It was a reasonable request; but it was not from the members of the press or the perusal of Northern newspapers that Jefferson Davis every evening had reliable and accurate information of the augmentation of troops in and around Washington, but from his own spies and agents in the governmental departments, who secretly maintained daily communication with Richmond *via* Port Tobacco in Maryland.

After the brief address we were generally introduced. The newspapers of the North the following morning, and through succeeding days, contained accounts of the interviews between General McClellan and the members of the press, with detailed descriptions of his personal appearance. One correspondent said he was a close-built, compact man, reminding one of Napoleon. The newspapers took it up, as did the soldiers, and the commander-in-chief, with the bulletin from western Virginia fresh in the minds of the soldiers and the people, became the "Young Napoleon."

The summer waned without any movement, except the marching of brigades, regiments, and divisions in review. McClellan informed General Scott that there were one hundred thousand Confederate soldiers at Manassas, and urged the sending of all available regiments to Washington regardless of other localities. He requested that the Northern States be merged into one department and placed under himself, and intimated to President Lincoln that General Scott ought to

be retired. The venerable commander, the hero of Lundy's Lane, who entered the City of Mexico as conqueror, would not condescend to notice a communication which he regarded as offensive, and asked to be retired from further official duties.

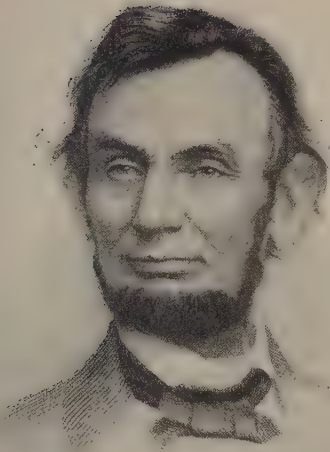
The President, ever kind, called in person upon General Scott, endeavouring to induce him to withdraw his resignation. McClellan was subordinate to Scott, but made no report of his proceedings to his senior.

"He is," wrote Scott, to the Secretary of War, "in frequent conversation with members of the Cabinet in relation to myself. That freedom of access and consultations have, very naturally, deluded the junior into a feeling of indifference toward his senior. With such supports on his part it would be idle for me, as it would be against the dignity of my years, to be filing daily complaints against an ambitious junior."

The request of the venerable commander was granted, and he was placed upon the retired list.

It was a bright summer day, the last of August, when the President and Cabinet, in a body, called upon the venerable commander, to bid him official farewell. It was not only what he had accomplished in the last war with England and Mexico that made it a tender parting, but his sterling, unswerving patriotism and loyalty to the Union. He was a Virginian by birth. His instincts were those of the cavalier. His family friends were in sympathy with secession. His favourite and beloved subordinate, Robert E. Lee, had joined the Confederates. Every seductive influence possible had been brought to bear upon him; that failing, the siren song had been changed to one of contumely, but, through it all, he had remained true to his oath, loyal to his country, not the State of Virginia but the United States.

After the battle of Bull Run the Confederates once more took possession of Fairfax Court-house, and advanced from there to Munson's Hill, four miles from the Capitol. By ascending to its unfinished dome, I could see the line of yellow earthworks upon the hill with the Confederate flag waving defiantly above them. Confederate batteries rested on the Virginia side, in the vicinity of Acquia Creek, blockaded the



PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

tomac, preventing the departure from the Washington Navy Yard of the frigate *Minnesota*.

The audacious advance of the Confederates so near to Washington, the inactivity of McClellan towards dislodging them, produced a murmuring on the part of those ardent for a vigorous prosecution of the war.

On a September day, riding with a fellow correspondent across Long Bridge, we found General Richardson, commander of a division, mounting his horse for an inspection of the picket-line. Accepting his invitation, we rode to a corn-field, dismounted, passed the pickets, crept between the corn ears, so near the Confederate pickets that we could hear their conversation. We obtained a fair view of the Confederate trenchments. Returning silently within our own picket-lines, General Richardson gave vent to his indignation.

"Here we are seventy thousand men within one hour's march of that hill, where there are not over four thousand Confederates, whose nearest supports are at Fairfax Court-house. We could wipe them out in a twinkling, and yet I am ordered to make no demonstration, and, if attacked, to fall back under the guns of the fortifications along Arlington Heights.

The stalwart commander made use of some expletives in connection with the sentence. It was the first outspoken sentiment I had heard against the policy of the newly created commander-in-chief.

On the afternoon of October 22d, information reached me of a movement up the Potomac in the vicinity of Poolsville. Accompanied by a fellow correspondent I hastened to McClellan's headquarters. We found President Lincoln seated in the anteroom.

I had met him on several occasions, and he was well acquainted with my friend. He greeted us cordially, but sat down quickly, rested his head upon his hand, and seemed to be unusually agitated. His eyes were sunken, his countenance saggard, his whole demeanour that of one who was in trouble.

"Will you please step in here, Mr. President," said an orderly from an adjoining room, from whence came the click

of the telegraph. He soon came out, with his hands clasped upon his breast, his head bowed, his body bent as if he were carrying a great burden. He took no notice of any one, but, with downcast eyes and faltering steps, passed into the street and towards the Executive mansion.

"We have met with a sad disaster. Fifteen hundred men lost, and Colonel Baker killed," said General Marcy.

It was that which had overwhelmed the President. Colonel Baker was his personal friend. They had long been intimately acquainted. In speaking of that event afterwards, Mr. Lincoln said that it smote him like a whirlwind in a desert.

Mounting our horses we hastened to Poolsville. The night was cold. There had been a heavy fall of rain, and the ground was miry. It was a sad spectacle, those half-naked, shivering soldiers, who had lost everything, clothes, equipments, and arms. They were almost heart-broken at the disaster.

"I enlisted to fight," said one, "but I don't want to be slaughtered. O my God! shall I ever forget that sight, when the boat went down?" He covered his face with his hands as if to shut out the horrid spectacle.

Colonel Baker was sent across the river with the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, a portion of the Tammany Regiment of New York, and the California regiment, Colonel Baker's own, in all about fifteen hundred men. His means of communication were only an old scow and two small boats. He was left to fight unassisted four thousand rebels. Soon after he fell, there was a sudden rush to the boats, which, being overloaded, were instantly swamped. The rebels had it all their own way, standing upon the bank and shooting the drowning men. Colonel Baker's body had been brought off, and was being prepared for burial by my friend, George A. Brackett, of Minneapolis.

We found accommodations at the best private residence in the place. The owner had a number of outlying farms, and was reported to be very wealthy. He was courteous, and professed to be a Union man. He was disposing of his hay and grain to the United States Government, receiving the highest prices at his own door. Yet, when conversing with

him, he said, "Your army," "Your troops," as if he were a foreigner. A funeral procession passed the house,—a company of the Massachusetts Fifteenth, bearing to the village graveyard a comrade, who had laid down his life for his country at Ball's Bluff. Said the wife of my host to a friend as they passed: "*Their* Government has got money enough, and ought to take the bodies away; we don't want them buried here; it will make the place unhealthy." These expressions revealed one thing, that between them and the Federal Union and the Constitution there was no bond of unity. There was no nationality binding us together. Once they would not have spoken of the army of the United States as "your army." What had caused this alienation? Slavery. An ebony-hued chattel kindled my fire in the morning and blacked my boots. A yellow chattel stood behind my chair at breakfast. A stout chattel, worth twelve hundred dollars, groomed my horse. There were a dozen young chattels at play upon the piazza. My host was an owner of human flesh and blood. That made him at heart a Secessionist. The army had not interfered with slavery. Slaves found their way into the camp daily, and were promptly returned to their professedly loyal masters. Yet the presence of the troops was odious to the slave-holders.

In the quiet of affairs around Washington I visited eastern Maryland, accompanied by two members of the press. The Confederates had closed the navigation of the Potomac by erecting batteries at Cockpit Point. General Hooker's division was at Budd's Ferry, Port Tobacco, and other places down the river. It was the last day of October,—one of the loveliest of the year,—when we started upon our excursion.

No description can convey an idea of the incomparable loveliness of the scenery,—the broad river, with the slow-moving sail boats, the glassy, unruffled surface, reflecting canvas, masts, and cordage, the many coloured hills, rich with autumnal tints, the marble piles of the city, the broad streets, the more distant Georgetown, the thousands of white tents near and far away, with all the nice shading and blending of varied hue in the mellow light. On every hilltop we

lingered to enjoy the richness of nature, and to fix in memory the picture which, under the relentless hand of war, would soon be robbed of its peculiar charms.

Ten miles out and all was changed. The neat, tasteful, comfortable residences were succeeded by the most dilapidated dwellings. The fields, green with verdure, gave place to sandy barrens. To say that everybody and everything were out at the elbows and down at the heels is not sufficient. One must see the old buildings,—the crazy roofs, the unglazed windows, the hingeless doors, the rotting stoops, the reeling barns and sheds, leaning in every direction, as if all were in drunken carousal,—the broken fences, the surrounding lumber,—of carts, wagons, and used-up carriages, to obtain a correct idea of this picture, so strongly and painfully in contrast to that from the hilltops overlooking the capital of the country.

The first stopping-place for travellers is the "White Horse." We had heard much of the White Horse, and somehow had great expectations, or rather an undefined notion, that Clark Mills or some other artist had sculptured from white marble a steed balanced on his hind legs and leaping toward the moon, like that in front of the Presidential mansion; but our great expectations dwindled like Pip's, when we descended a hill and came upon a whitewashed, one-story building,—a log-house, uninviting to man or beast. A poplar in front of the domicile supported a swinging sign, on which the country artist had displayed his marvellous skill in painting a white horse standing on two legs. It was time for dinner, and the landlady spread the table for her guests. There was no gold-tinted bill of fare, with unpronounceable French phrases, no long line of sable waiters in white aprons. My memory serves me as to the fare, Pork, Pone, Potatoes.

The pork was cold, also pone and potatoes. Pone is unraised corncake, baked in the ashes, and said to be good for indigestion,—a favourite cake in the South.

A saffron-hued young man,—tall and lean, with a sharp nose and thin face, sat on the steps of the White Horse.

"The *ager* got hold of me yesterday and shook me right smart," he said. "It is a bad place for the *ager*. The people

that used to live here have all moved away. The land is run out. They have *terbakkered* it to death. We can't raise nothing, and it ain't no use to try." He pointed to a deserted farmhouse standing on a hill, and said, "There's a place the owner has left to grow up to weeds. He can't get nobody to carry it on."

A stately brick mansion, standing back from the highway, once the residence of a man of wealth and taste, with blinds, portico, and carriage-house, elaborate in design and finish, was in the last stages of ruin. The portico had settled away from the house. The roof was hollowed like a weak-backed horse, the chimneys were tumbling, blinds swinging by a hinge, windows smashed, outhouses tottering with age and neglect, all presenting a most repulsive appearance. How changed from former years, when the courteous, hospitable proprietor of the estate received his guests at the magnificent portico, ushered them to his spacious halls, opened the sideboard and drank to their health, while attendant slaves took the horses to the stables! It is easy to fill up the picture,—the grand dinner, the walk over the estate, the stroll by the river, the duck-shooting on the marshes, the gang of slaves in the tobacco-patch, the army of black and yellow servants in the kitchens, chambers, and parlours. When this old house was in its glory, this section of Maryland was in its prime; but how great the change!

It was sad to think of the departed days. Our reflections were of what the place had been, what it was, and what it might have been, had Maryland, in the beginning of her history, accepted freedom instead of slavery.

Taverns were not to be found in the vicinity of Pamunkey, and it was necessary that we should seek private hospitality for the night. A first attempt for accommodations brought us to a house, but the owner had no oats, hay, or corn; a second ride in from the highway brought us to a whitewashed farmhouse, with immense outside chimneys, piazza, adjoining mud-chinked negro quarters, with chimneys of sticks and clay, and a dozen surrounding buildings,—as usual, all tumbling to pieces. Explanations as to who we were secured kind

hospitality from the host, a gray-headed man, with a family consisting of his wife, three grown-up sons, and nine adult daughters.

"Such as I have is at your service, gentlemen," said our courteous host. But he had no hay, no oats, no corn, nothing but *shucks* for our horses. Our supper consisted of fried pork, fried salt shad, pone, wheat-cakes, pea-coffee, strawberry-leaf tea, sweetened with damp brown sugar.

"We don't *raise* butter in this section of the State," said our host, in apology.

The supper was relished after an afternoon ride of thirty miles. The evening being chilly, a roaring fire was kept up in the old-fashioned fireplace. The daughters put on their most attractive attire, and left nothing untried to entertain their three visitors. Could we dance? Unfortunately we could not. It was a serious disappointment. They evidently had anticipated having "a good time." One of the ladies could play a violin, and treated us to jigs, reels, and hornpipes.

"You must sing the gentlemen a song, Jane," said one.

Jane turned scarlet at the suggestion, but finally, after polite requests and a little urging, turned her back to the company, faced the corner of the room, and sang a love song. She could sing "Dixie," but knew nothing of the "Star Spangled Banner" or "Hail Columbia." The young ladies were in sympathy with the Rebellion.

"It must be expected that Southern people should sympathise with the South," said our host.

"You own some slaves?" I said.

"I have three *servants*, sir. I think," he added, "that the people of eastern Maryland would be more favourable towards the Union if they could be assured that the war would not finally become one of emancipation. My neighbour over there had a servant who ran away into the camp of one of the New York regiments. He went after him. The colonel told the master to take him, but the servant wouldn't leave till the colonel drew his pistol and threatened to shoot him. But notwithstanding that, I reckon that the war will make them restless." It was spoken frankly and unreservedly.

It was pitiable to walk around his farm in the morning, to see everywhere the last stages of decay,—poor, worn-out lands, broken-down fences, weedy fields, pastures without a blade of grass, leafless orchards, old buildings,—everything a wreck; and yet to know that he was wedded to the very institution which was reducing the country to a wilderness. He was not an owner of the estate, but a rentee. He paid one hundred and fifty dollars rental for three hundred acres of land, and yet confessed that he was growing poorer year by year. Tobacco, corn, and oats were the only crops. He could get no manure. He could make no hay. He kept two cows, but made no butter. The land was being exhausted, and he did not know what he should come to. All energy and life were gone; we saw only a family struggling against fate, and yet clinging with a death-grapple to the system that was precipitating their ruin.

“Why do you not go to Illinois?”

“Oh, sir, I am too old to move. Besides, this is home.”

We pictured the boundless resources of the West, the fertile lands, the opportunities for bettering his condition, but our words fell upon an inert mind. As a last argument, we said: “You have a large family of daughters. In Illinois there are thousands of young men wanting wives, who will make good husbands. There are few young men here, but good homes await your daughters there.”

There were blushes, smiles, and sparkling eyes from the ‘sacred nine.” My fellow correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* then drew a florid picture of the West,—of the need of the State for such good-looking, virtuous ladies. His eloquence was persuasive. One of the daughters wanted to know how far it was to Illinois; but, when informed that it was a thousand miles, her countenance fell. Bliss so far away was unattainable.

We passed a second night with our host, who, during our absence, sent one of the servants a dozen miles to obtain some butter, so courteous an entertainer was he. Yet he was struggling with poverty. He kept three slaves to wait upon his nine grown-up unmarried daughters, who were looking out

upon a dark future. There was not a single gleam of light before them. They could not work, or, at the best, their work was of trifling account. What would become of them? That was the one question ever haunting the father.

"Why do you keep your slaves? they are a bill of cost to you every year," we said.

"I know it. They are lazy, shiftless, and they will steal, notwithstanding they have enough to eat and wear; but then, I reckon I couldn't get along without them very well. Sam is an excellent groom, and Joe is a good ploughman. He can do anything if he has a mind to; but he is lazy, like all the rest. I reckon that I couldn't get along without him, though."

"Your sons can groom your horses and do your ploughing."

"Yes; but then, they like to fish and hunt, you know; and you can't expect them to do the work of the servants."

The secret was out. Slavery made labour dishonourable.

Conversing with another farmer about the negroes, he said: "They steal all they can lay their hands on; and since the Yankee troops have been in camp round here, they are ten times as bad as they used to be. My chickens and turkeys are fast disappearing. The officers buy them, I reckon."

We thought it quite likely; for, having passed several days in General Hooker's division, we could bear testimony to the excellent fare of the officers' mess,—chickens served in all the various forms known to culinary art. It was convenient for officers thus to supply themselves with poultry. Of course the slave would say that he was the lawful owner of the poultry. Why should he have any compunctions of conscience about disposing of the chickens roosting on his master's apple-trees, when his labour, his life, his happiness, his children,—all his rights were stolen from him by his master? If the sword cut in one direction, why not in another?

Possibly, some of the soldiers had no scruples over helping themselves to a plump turkey on a moonlit night; it would be more toothsome than salt junk.

Not only at church, but in the army, the spirit of slavery was rampant. The Hutchinson family visited Washington. They solicited permission from the Secretary of War, Mr.

Cameron, to visit the camps in Virginia and sing songs to the soldiers, to relieve the tedious monotony of camp life. Their request was granted, and their intentions cordially commended by the Secretary; and, being thus indorsed, received General McClellan's pass. Their songs have ever been of freedom. They were welcomed by the soldiers. But there were officers in the service who believed in slavery, who had been taught in Northern pulpits that it was a divinely appointed, beneficent institution of Almighty God. Information was given to General McClellan that the Hutchinsons were poisoning the minds of the troops by singing abolition songs; and their career as free concert givers to the patriotic soldiers was suddenly ended by the following order from headquarters:

"By direction of Major-General McClellan, the permit given to the Hutchinson family to sing in the camps, and their pass to cross the Potomac, are revoked, and they will not be allowed to sing to the troops."

Far from the noise and strife of war, on the banks of the Merrimac, lived the poet of peace and freedom, whose songs against oppression and wrong have sunk deep into the hearts of the people. Whittier heard of the expulsion of the Hutchinsons, and wrote the—

"EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

"We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil."

The expulsion of the Hutchinsons, with Whittier's ringing words, stirred people's thoughts. A change was gradually taking place in men's opinions. The negroes were beginning to show themselves useful. A detachment of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, commanded by Major Gould, was stationed on

the upper Potomac. A negro slave, belonging in Winchester, came into the lines. He was intelligent, cautious, shrewd, and loyal. Major Gould did not return him to his master, but asked him if he would go back and ascertain the whereabouts of Stonewall Jackson. The negro readily assented. He was supplied with packages of medicine, needles, thread, and other light articles greatly needed in the South. With these he easily passed the Confederate pickets. "Been out to get 'em for massa," was his answer when questioned. Thus he repeatedly passed lines, obtaining information which was transmitted to Washington.

He had great influence with the slaves.

"They are becoming restless," said he, "but I tells 'em that they must be quiet. I says to 'em, keep yer eyes wide open and pray for de good time comin'. I tells 'em if de Souf whip, it is all night wid yer; but if de Norf whip, it is all day wid yer."

"Do they believe it," Major Gould asked.

"Yes, massa, all believe it. The black men am all wid yer, only some of 'em isn't berry well informed; but dey is all wid yer. Massa tinks dey isn't wid yer, but dey is."

How sublime the picture!—a slave counselling his fellow bondsmen to keep quiet and wait till God should give them deliverance?

Slavery was strongly entrenched in the capital of the nation. Congress had abolished it in the District of Columbia, but it still remained.

Said a friend to me one morning, "Are you aware that the Washington jail is full of slaves?" I could not believe that slaves were then confined there for no crime, but at once procured a pass from a Senator to visit the jail, and was admitted through the iron gateway of one of the vilest prisons in the world. The air was stifled, fetid and malarious.

Ascending the stone stairway to the third story of the building, entering a dark corridor and passing along a few steps, I came to a room twelve or fifteen feet square, occupied by about twenty coloured men. They were at their dinner of boiled beef and corn-cake. There was one old man silent and

orrowful. He had committed no crime. There were others, of all shades of colour, from jet-black to the Caucasian hue, the Anglo-Saxon hair and contour of features. They were from ten to fifty years of age; some were dressed decently, and others were in rags. One bright fellow of twenty had on a pair of trousers only, and tried to keep himself warm by drawing around him a tattered blanket. A little fellow ten years old was all in rags. There was no chair or bed in the room. They must stand, or sit, or lie upon the brick and granite floor. There was no mattress or bedding; each had his little bundle of rags, and that was all. They looked up inquiringly as I entered, as if to make out the object of my visit.

One bright, intelligent boy belonged to Captain Dunnington, captain of the Capitol police during Buchanan's administration, and then commanding a Confederate battery. When Dunnington went from Washington to join the Secessionists he left the boy behind, and the police had arrested him under an old Maryland law, because he had no master, and kept him in jail five months.

There was an old man from Fairfax Court-house. When the army had advanced to Falls Church, his master sold his wife and child, for fear they might escape. "You see, sir, that broke me all up. Oh, sir, it was hard to part with them, to see 'em chained up and taken off away down South to Carolina! My mind is almost gone. I don't want to die here; I can't live long. When your army fell back to Washington after the battle of Bull Run, I came to Washington, and the police took me up because I was a runaway."

There was another, a free negro, imprisoned on the supposition that he was a fugitive, and kept because there was no one to pay his jail fees. Another had been a hand on a Massachusetts schooner plying on the Potomac, and had been arrested in the streets on the suspicion that he was a slave.

Another had been employed on the fortifications, and Government was his debtor. There was a little boy, ten years old, clothed in rags, arrested as a runaway. Women were there, sent in by their owners for safe-keeping. There were

about sixty chargeable with no crime whatever, incarcerated with felons without hope of deliverance. They were imprisoned because negroes about town, without a master, always had been dealt with in that manner. The police, when the slaves had been reclaimed, had been sure of their pay, or if they were sold, their pay came from the auctioneer. When they saw me making notes, they imagined that I was doing something for their liberation, and with eagerness they crowded round, saying, "Please put down my name, sir," "I do want to get out, sir," and similar expressions. They followed me into the passage, gazed through the grated door, and when I said "Good-by, boys," there came a chorus of "Good-bys" and "God bless you."

Seeking Senator Wilson's room, I informed him of what I had witnessed, and read the memoranda taken in the jail. The eyes of that true-hearted man flashed with righteous indignation. "We will see about this," said he, springing to his feet. I accompanied him to the jail. He saw the loathsome spectacle, heard the stories of the poor creatures, and the next day introduced a resolution into the Senate, which upset forever this system of tyranny in the District of Columbia, which had been protected by the national authority.

October passed. In November the sun shone from a cloudless sky. The roads were in excellent condition; yet the army did not move. General McClellan was not ready. He had had many reviews. Every day beheld him, accompanied by a brilliant staff and body-guard of cavalry, riding to some one of the many encampments.

Port Royal had been captured by the navy, and Union troops were in Beaufort, the beautiful seaside resort of the inhabitants of Charleston.

Hatteras inlet had also been opened, but the Army of the Potomac was impatiently waiting. December came, and the order was given to go into winter quarters.

Seeing no prospect of any movement in December, I transferred my field of observation to the departments of the West.

CHAPTER IV

AFFAIRS IN THE WEST

THE church bells of Louisville were ringing the new year, 1862, in as with the early morning we entered that city. There was little activity in the streets. The breaking out of the war had stopped business. The city, with a better location than Cincinnati, had had a slow growth. Cassius M. Clay gave the reason years ago.

"Why," he asked, "does Louisville write on an hundred of her stores 'To let,' while Cincinnati advertises 'Wanted'?" There is but one answer,—slavery." Many of the houses were tenantless. The people lounged in the streets. Few had anything to do. Thousands of former residents were away, many with the Southern army, more with the Union. There was a division of feeling. Lines were sharply drawn. A dozen loyal Kentuckians had been killed in a skirmish on Green River; among them Captain Bacon, a prominent citizen of Frankfort. His body was at the Galt House. Loyal Kentuckians were feeling these blows. Their temper was rising; they were being educated by such adversity to make a true estimate of Secession. Everything serves a purpose in this world. Our vision is too limited to understand much of the governmental providence of Him who notices the fall of a sparrow, and alike controls the destiny of nations; but I could see, in the emphatic utterances of men upon the street, that revenge might make men patriotic who otherwise might remain lukewarm in their loyalty.

A friend introduced a loyal Tennessean, who was forced to flee from Nashville when the State seceded. The vigilance committee informed him that he must leave or take the consequences; which meant, a suspension by the neck from the nearest tree. He was offensive because of his outspoken

loyalty. He was severe in his denunciations of the Government, on account of its slowness to put down the Rebellion.

"Sir," said he, "this Government is not going to put down the Rebellion, because it isn't in earnest. You of the North are white livered. Excuse me for saying it. No; I won't ask to be excused for speaking the truth. You are afraid to touch the negro. You are afraid of Kentucky. The little province of the United States gets down on its knees to the nation of Kentucky. You are afraid that the State will go over to the rebels, if anything is done about the negro. Now, sir, I know what slavery is; I have lived among it all my days. I know what Secession is,—it means slavery. I know what Kentucky is,—a proud old State, which has a great deal that is good about her and a great deal of sham. Kentucky politicians are no better or wiser than any other politicians. The State is living on the capital of Henry Clay. You think that the State is great because he was great. Oh, you Northern men are a brave set! (It was spoken with bitter sarcasm.) You handle this Rebellion as gingerly as if it were a glass doll. Go on, go on; you will get whipped. Buell will get whipped at Bowling Green, Butler will get whipped at New Orleans. You got whipped at Big Bethel, Ball's Bluff, and Manassas. Why? Because the rebels are in earnest and you are not. Everything is at stake with them. They employ niggers, you don't. They seize, rob, burn, destroy; they do everything to strengthen their cause and weaken you, while you pick your way as daintily as a dandy crossing a mud puddle, afraid of offending somebody. No, sir, you are not going to put down this Rebellion till you hit it in the tenderest spot,—the negro. You must take away its main support before it will fall."

General Buell was in command of the department, with his headquarters at the Galt House. He had a large army at Mumfordsville and other points. He issued his orders by telegraph, but he had no plan of operations. There were no indications of a movement. The Confederate sympathizers kept General Johnston, in command at Bowling Green, well informed as to Buell's inaction. There was daily communica-

tion between Louisville and the Confederate camp. There was constant illicit trade in contraband goods. The policy of General McClellan was also the policy of General Buell,—to sit still.

With a letter of introduction in my hand from the Secretary of War, Mr. Cameron, I called upon the Union commander. He received me courteously, read the letter of the Secretary, and informed me that he did not intend to have any correspondents in his army. He regarded gentlemen of my profession as very dangerous men, in that we gave information to the enemy through our correspondence.

“No, sir, I cannot grant you permission to accompany my army,” he said, firmly. As there was no indication of his army making any movement, I did not much regret the rebuff.

There being more activity manifest in St. Louis, I proceeded to that city, where General Halleck was in command. I found him thick-set, dark-featured, black-haired, sluggish, opinionated, self-willed, arbitrary, and cautious, in all his actions. When the war began he was practising law in San Francisco. Like General Buell, he had a very unfavourable opinion of correspondents, but made no objections to their presence with the army.

Soon after his appointment to this department he issued, on the 20th of November, his Order No. 3, which roused the indignation of earnest loyal men throughout the country. Thus read the document:

“It has been represented that information respecting the numbers and condition of our forces is conveyed to the enemy by means of fugitive slaves who are admitted within our lines. In order to remedy this evil, it is directed that no such persons be hereafter permitted to enter the lines of any camp, or of any forces on the march, and that any within our lines be immediately excluded therefrom.”

General Schofield was in command of northern Missouri, under General Halleck. The guerillas had burned nearly all the railroad bridges, and it was necessary to bring them to justice. The negroes along the line gave him the desired intelligence, and six of the leaders were in this way caught,

tried by court-martial, and summarily shot. Yet General Halleck adhered to his infamous order. Diligent inquiries were made of officers in regard to the loyalty of the negroes, and no instance was found of their having given information to the enemy. In all of the slave-holding States a negro's testimony was of no account against a white man under civil law; but General Schofield had, under military law, inaugurated a new order of things,—a drumhead court, a speedy sentence, a quick execution, on negro testimony. The Secessionists and their sympathisers were indignant, and called loudly for his removal.

The fine army which Fremont had commanded, and from which he had been summarily dismissed because of his anti-slavery order, was at Rolla, at the terminus of the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad. This road, sixteen miles out from St. Louis, strikes the valley of the Maramec,—not the Merrimack, born of the White Hills, in New Hampshire, but a sluggish stream, tinged with blue and green, widening in graceful curves, with tall-trunked elms upon its banks, and acres of low lands, which are flooded in freshets. It is a pretty river, but not to be compared in beauty to the stream which the muse of Whittier has made classic. Nearly all the residences in this section were Missourian in architectural proportions and features,—logs and clay, with the mammoth outside chimneys, cow-yard and piggery, an oven out-of-doors on stilts, an old wagon, half a dozen horses, hens, dogs, pigs, in front, and lean, cadaverous men and women peeping from the doorways, with arms akimbo, and pipes between the teeth. This was the prevailing feature,—this in a beautiful fertile country, needing but the hand of industry, the energy of a free people, vitalised by the highest civilisation, to make it one of the loveliest portions of the world.

At Franklin the southwestern branch of the Pacific Railroad diverged from the main stream. It was a new place, brought into existence by the railroad, and consisted of a lime-kiln, a steam sawmill, and a dozen houses. Behind the town was a picturesque bluff, with the lime-kiln at its base, which might be taken for a ruined temple of some old Aztec city. Near

at hand two Iowa regiments were encamped. A squad of soldiers was on the plain, and a crowd stood upon the depot platform, anxiously inquiring for the morning papers. It was a supply station, provisions being sent up both lines. Two heavy freight trains, destined for Rolla, were upon the southwestern branch. To one of them passenger-cars were attached, to which we were transferred.

Beyond Franklin the road crosses the Maramec, enters a forest, winds among the hills, and finally, by easy grades, reaches a crest of land from which, looking to the right or the left, you can see miles away over an unbroken forest of oak. Far to the east is the elevated ridge of land which ends in the Pilot Knob, towards the Mississippi, and becomes the Ozark Mountain Range toward the Arkansas line. We looked over the broad panorama to see villages, church spires, white cottages, or the blue, curling smoke indicative of a town or human residence, but the expanse was primitive and unbroken. Not a sign of life could be discovered for many miles, as we slowly crept along the line.

We looked in vain to discover a schoolhouse. A gentleman who was well acquainted with this portion of the State said that he knew of only two schoolhouses,—one in Warsaw and the other in Springfield. In a ride of one hundred and thirteen miles we saw but two churches.

It was evening when we reached Rolla. When we stepped from the car in the darkness, there was a feeling that the place was a mortar-bed, and the inhabitants were preparing to make bricks. Our boots became heavy, and, like a man who takes responsibility, when we once planted our feet the tendency was for them to stay there. Guided by an acquaintance who knew the way, the hotel was reached. In the distance the weird camp-fires illumined the low-hanging clouds. From right and left came the roll of drums and the bugle-call. A group of men sat around the stove in the bar. The landlord escorted us to the wash-room,—a spacious, high-arched apartment, as wide as the east is from the west, as long as the north is from the south, as high-posted as the zenith,—where we found a pail of water, a tin basin, and a towel, for all

hands; and which all hands had used. After ablution came supper in the dining-hall, with bare beams overhead. Dinah waited upon us,—coal-black, tall, stately, worth a thousand dollars before the war broke out, but somewhat less just then, and Phillis, with a mob-cap on her head, bleached a little in complexion by Anglo-Saxon blood.

We soon discovered that nothing was to be done by the army in this direction. The same story was current here as on the Potomac and in Kentucky,—“Not ready.” General Sigel had sent in his resignation, disgusted with General Halleck, General Curtis had just arrived to take command. The troops were sore over the removal of Fremont; they idolised him. Among the forty thousand men in the vicinity were those who had fought at Wilson’s Creek. The lines between rebellion and loyalty were more sharply drawn here than in any other section of the country. Men acted openly. The army was radical in its sentiments, believing in Fremont’s order for the liberation of the slaves, which the President had set aside.

There was one point which gave better promise of active operations—Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, which had been seized at the outbreak of the war by troops from Chicago. I accordingly left Missouri and proceeded to that town. The commander of the post was an obscure man. His name was Grant. At the beginning of the war he was in the leather business at Galena. He had been educated at West Point, where he stood well as a mathematician, but had left the service and had become a hard-working citizen. He was Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois, and had been made a brigadier by the President. He was in charge of the expedition to Belmont, which, though successful in the beginning, had ended almost in disaster. Having credentials from the Secretary of War, I entered the headquarters of the commanding officer, and found a man of medium stature, thick set, with blue eyes, and brown beard closely cropped, sitting at a desk. He was smoking a meerschaum. He wore a plain, blue blouse, without any insignia of rank. His appearance was clerkly. General McClellan, in Washington, commanded

in state, surrounded by brilliant staffs, men in fine broadcloth, gold braid, plumed hats, and wearing clanking sabres. Orderlies and couriers were usually numerous at headquarters.

"Is General Grant in?" was the question directed to the supposed clerk in the corner.

"Yes, sir," said the man, removing his meerschaum from his mouth, and spitting with unerring accuracy into a spittoon by his side.

"Will you be kind enough to give this letter to him?"

But the clerk, instead of carrying it into an adjoining room, opened it, ran his eye over the contents, extended his hand, and said:

"I am right glad to see you. Please take a mail-cart, Colonel Webster will give you a pass."

Such was my first interview with General Grant. I have seen him many times since,—in the hour of victory, at Donelson; in the shadow of the cloud, after Pittsburg Landing; during the fearful days of the Wilderness; in the last great hours of triumph, with Lee and his army paroled prisoners of war; and there has ever been the same quiet, gentlemanly deportment.

He was ever kind and generous to the correspondents of the newspapers, and allowed them all needful facilities for obtaining information.

He knew that it was a conflict which must be sustained by the people, and they must know what the army was doing.

I soon discovered that General Grant's chief of staff, Colonel Webster, had brothers with whom I was well acquainted. The heartiness of the welcome, in contrast to my experience in Louisville and St. Louis, at the outset, gave me a favourable impression of the quiet, unobtrusive man in command of the forces at the important strategic point, from which a movement, sooner or later, must be made to reopen the Mississippi River to commerce.

The large hall of the St. Charles Hotel was the general resort of officers, soldiers, guests, and citizens. I was conversing with a friend the same afternoon when a short, muscular, quick-motioned man, in the prime of life, wearing a

navy uniform, entered, to whom I was introduced. Commodore A. H. Foote commanded the fleet of gunboats with which the Government proposed to silence the Confederate batteries all the way to New Orleans. He complained of the cannon which had been sent him, old, original smooth-bore guns which had been rifled for modern service.

With good ordnance he thought it would not be a difficult matter to reach New Orleans, though, as he modestly remarked, quoting the Scriptural proverb, "It becomes not him who putteth on the harness to boast." He was lacking men. Recruiting officers had been sent to Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, and other lake ports, but they had signally failed, because the department did not pay any advance to those in the river service, while on the seaboard advances were made. He had not men enough to man his gunboats. He had to get gun-carriages manufactured in Cincinnati, other things at St. Louis, others at Pittsburg; but notwithstanding this, had organised a fleet which would throw a tremendous weight of metal. He was not ready to move, yet would move, whether ready or not, whenever the word was given. He believed in fighting at close quarters.

He spoke freely of the faults of the gunboats. They were too low in the water, and the engines of too limited capacity. They would not be able to make much headway against the stream. He considered them an experiment, and, like all experiments, they were, of course, defective.

He was a close student, devoted to his profession, and bore the marks of severe thought in the wrinkles which were deepening on his brow. Time had begun to silver his hair and whiskers, but he walked with a firm step. He had rare conversational powers, and imparted information as if it were a pleasure. He was thoroughly conscientious, and had a deep sense of his responsibility. He was aware that his own reputation and standing as well as the interests of the public were at stake. He was greatly beloved by his men.

Two of the gunboats—the *Essex* and *Louisville*—were lying six or eight miles below Cairo, guarding the river. The *Essex*! How often in boyhood had I thrilled at the story

of her brave fight with the *Cherub* and *Phebe* in the harbour of Valparaiso! How often I wished that Captain Porter could have had a fair chance in that terrible fight,—one of the fiercest ones ever fought on the sea. But there was another *Essex* commanded by another Captain Porter, son of him who refused to surrender his ship till he had lost all power to defend her.

The new craft was wholly unlike the old. That was a fast sailer, trim, and taut, and graceful as a swan upon the waters; this a black box, once a St. Louis ferry-boat. The sailors who had breathed the salt air of the sea, who had swung in mid-heaven upon the swaying masts, who had rode in glee upon the storm-tossed billows,

“Whose home was on the deep,”

regarded the new *Essex* in disgust, and rechristened her the *Mud Turtle*. We were courteously received by her commander, Captain William D. Porter, a solid man, but little more than five feet high, yet broad-chested, quick and energetic in his movements. He had a long, thick, black beard, and twinkling eyes full of fire. He had the rolling gait of a sailor, and was constantly pacing the deck. He was a rapid talker, and had a great store of adventure and anecdote. We alluded to the part taken by his father in the War of 1812, and the gallant fight against great odds in Valparaiso Harbour. The eyes of the son kindled instantly.

“Yes, sir; that was a plucky fight. The old gentleman never would have given in if there had been the least ray of hope; but there was none. And he was too tender-hearted to needlessly slaughter his men.”

Three days previous to our visit to the *Essex*, two rebel boats came up from Columbus to see what the Yankees were doing. In five minutes Porter had his anchor up and steam on, pushing down to meet them half-way; but they declined the courtesy, and steamed back to Columbus.

“I followed them as fast as I could,” said he, as we paced the deck. “I let them have my ten-inch Dahlgren and my two rifled forty-two-pounders one after another, and drove

them till their batteries on the bluff above the town opened on me. Then I wrote an invitation to Montgomery, who commands their fleet, to meet me any day, and I would lick him like thunder. I fastened it to a cork and set it adrift and saw a boat go out and pick it up. Then I elevated my ten-inch and let them have a shell right into the town. I reckon it waked them up some."

He laughed and chuckled, rubbed his hands, took a fresh quid of tobacco, and began to talk again of his father's exploits on the Pacific.

The Confederates under Major-General Bishop Polk were in force at Columbus. There was also an attachment at Mayfield, east of Columbus. A sudden movement was made by General Grant in the direction of Mayfield, not with any design of an attack, but to deceive Polk in regard to the real intentions. The troops landed at old Fort Jefferson, six miles below Cairo, on the Kentucky side. It was a mild day in midwinter. The soldiers marched without baggage. Not one in ten had gloves or mittens; and on the second night of the reconnoissance the cold became intense, and there was great suffering.

The dwellings of the farmers in this section of Kentucky were of the Southern style of architecture,—log-houses, with chimneys built against the ends. Entering one to obtain a drink of water, we found two tall, cadaverous young men, both of them shaking with ague. There was a large, old-fashioned fireplace, with a great roaring fire before which they were sitting with the door wide open at their backs, and the cold air rushing upon them in torrents. Probably it did not occur to either of them that it would be better to shut the door.

A Connecticut wooden clock ticked on a rude shelf, a bed stood in one corner. The walls were hung with old clothes and dried herbs,—catnip and tansy and thoroughwort. The clay had dropped out in many places, and we could look through the chinks and see the landscape without. The foundations of the chimney had settled, and the structure was lean-

ing away from the house. There were great cracks between the brickwork and the wood.

They claimed to be good Union men, but said that all the rest of the people round them were disloyal.

"We are having a hard time," said one. "The Secessionists were going to jump us,—to take our property because we were for the Union, and now your army has come and killed nigh about seventy-five hogs for us, I reckon. It is kinder hard, stranger, to be used so."

"But, my friend, if it had not been for the Union troops wouldn't you have lost everything, if you are a Union man?"

"Yes,—perhaps so," was the long-drawn answer, given with hesitation.

"There is a right smart heap of Southerners at Columbus, I reckon," said he. "There is Sam Wickliff and Josh Turner, and almost all the boys from this yere place, and they'll fight, I reckon, stranger."

We then learned that the officers of McClelland's division, having been deprived of the enjoyments of home life, and finding themselves among the belles of Western Kentucky, had made the most of the opportunity by dancing all night.

"The gals danced themselves clean out, that is the reason they ain't about," said one of the young men, apologising for the absence of his sisters, and added, "They is rather afraid of the Lincolnites." The utterance of the last sentence contradicted all previous assertions of loyalty and hearty love for the Union.

The troops made sad havoc among the stock, shooting pigs and sheep for fun. After scouring the country well towards Columbus, having accomplished the object of the expedition,—that of deceiving the enemy in regard to the movement contemplated up the Tennessee,—the force returned to Cairo.

The tide of success during the year 1861 was almost wholly in favour of the Confederates; but at length there came a change, in the defeat of Zollicoffer by General Thomas at Mill Springs, on the 19th of January. I hastened to the centre of the State to watch operations which had suddenly become active in that quarter.

It was on the last day of January that the porter of the Spencer House, in Cincinnati, awoke me with a thundering rap at five o'clock, shouting, "Cars for Lexington." It was still dark when the omnibus whirled away. There were six or eight passengers, all strangers, but conversation was at once started by a tall, stout, red-faced, broad-shouldered man, wearing a gray overcoat and a broad-brimmed, slouched hat, speaking the Kentucky vernacular.

It is very easy to become acquainted with a genuine Kentuckian. He launches at once into conversation. He loves to talk, and takes it for granted that you like to listen. The gentleman who now took the lead sat in the corner of the omnibus, talking not only to his next neighbour, but to everybody present. The words poured from his lips like water from a wide-mouthed gutter during a June shower. In five minutes we had his history,—born in "Old Kentuck," knew all the folks in Old Bourbon, had been a mule-driver, supplied old Virginia with more mules than she could shake a stick at, had got tired of "Old Kentuck," moved up into Indiana, was going down to see the folks,—all of this before we had reached the ferry; and before arriving at the Covington shore we had his opinion of the war, of political economy, the Constitution, and the negroes.

It was remarkable that, let any subject be introduced, even though it might be most remotely related to the war, the talkers would quickly reach the negro question. Just as in theological discussions the tendency is toward original sin, so upon the war,—the discussion invariably went beyond the marshalling of armies to the negro as the cause of the war.

The gentleman in gray had not learned the sounds of the letters as given by the lexicographers of the English language, but adhered to the Kentucky dialect, giving "har" for hair, "thar" for there, with peculiar terminations.

"Yer see, I us-ed to live in Old Kaintuck, down thar beyond Paris. Wal, I mov-ed up beyond Indianapolis, bought a mighty nice farm. I know'd all the folks down round Paris. Thar's old Speers, who got shot down to Mill Springs,—he was a game un; a white-haired old cuss who

joined the Confederates. I know'd him. I 'tended his nigger sale sev'ral years ago, when he busted. He war a good old man, blame me if he want. He war crazy that ar day of the sale, and war down on the nigger-traders. He lost thousands of dollars that ar day, cause he hated 'em, and run down his niggers,—said they wa'n't good when they war, just to keep 'em out of the hands of the cussed traders.

“Wal, thar's Jim,—I remember him. He's in Confed'rate army, too. I lost a bet of tew hundred dollars with him on Letcher's 'lection,—that old drunken cuss who's disgracing Old Virginia; blow me if I didn't. That was hard on me, cause on 'lection day, arter I'd voted, I started with a drove of mu-els, four hundred on 'em nigh about, for Virginia. I felt mighty sick, I tell you, 'cause I had employed a drunken cuss to buy 'em for me, and he paid more then they war wuth. Wal, I know'd I would lose, and I did,—ten hundred dollars. Cusses, yer know, allers comes in flocks. Wal, only ges think of it, that ar drunken cuss is a kurnel in the Federal army. Blow me ef I think it's right. Men that drink too much ar'n't fit to have control of soldiers.

“Wal, I am a Kentuckian. I've got lots of good friends in the Southern army, and lots in the Union army. My idee is that Government ought to confiscate the property of the rebels, and when the war is over give it back to their wives and children. It's mighty hard to take away everything from 'em,—blow me if it a'n't. The Abolitionists want to confiscate the niggers. Wal, I know all about the niggers. They are a lazy, stealing set of cusses, the hull lot of 'em. What can we do with 'em? That's what I want to know. Now my wife, she wants niggers, but I don't. If Kentucky wants 'em, let her have 'em. It's my opinion that Kentucky is better off with 'em, 'cause she has got used to 'em.

“The people are talking about starving the Confederates, but I've been through the South, and it can't be done. They can raise everything that we can, and it's my candid opinion that Government is gwine to get licked.”

The arrival of the omnibus at the depot put an end to the talk.

The Licking Valley, through which the railroad to Lexington runs, is very beautiful. There are broad intervalles fringed with hickory and elm, wood-crowned hills, warm, sunny vales and charming landscapes. Nature has done much to make it a paradise; art very little. The farmhouses are in the Kentucky style,—piazzas, great chimneys outside, negro cabins,—presenting at one view and in close contrast the extremes of wealth and poverty, power and weakness, civilisation and barbarism, freedom and slavery.

The city of Lexington was a place of the past. Before railroads were projected, when Henry Clay was in the prime of manhood there, it was a place of enterprise and activity. The streets were alive with men. It was the great political and social centre of central Kentucky. The city flourished in those days, but its glory has passed away. The great commoner on whose lips thousands hung in breathless admiration, the circumstances of his time, the men of his generation, had departed never to return. Life had swept on to other centres. In the suburbs were beautiful residences. Riches were displayed in lavish expenditure, but the town itself was wearing a seedy look. There was old rubbish everywhere about the city; buildings with crazy blinds, cracked walls, and leaning earthward; while even a beautiful church edifice had broken panes in its windows. The troubles of the year, like care and anxiety to a strong man, ploughing deep furrows on his face, had closed many stores, and written "To Rent" on many dwellings. A sudden paralysis had fallen, business had drooped, and society had lost its life.

The Phenix was the ancient aristocratic hotel of the place. It was in appearance all of the old time,—a three-story, stone, brick, and plaster building, with small windows, and a great bar-room or office, which in former days was the resort of politicians, men of the turf, and attendants at court. A crowd of unwashed men were in the hall, spattered with mud, wearing slouched hats, unshaven and unshorn,—a motley crew; some tilted against the walls in chairs, fast asleep, some talking in low tones and filling the room with fumes of tobacco. A half-dozen were greasing their boots. The proprietor apolo-

gised for their presence, remarking that they were teamsters who had just arrived from Somerset, and were soon to go back with supplies for General Thomas's army.

There were three hundred of them, rough, uncouth, dirty, but well behaved. There was no loud talking, no profanity, indecency or rudeness, but a deportment through the day and night worthy of all commendation.

While enjoying the fire in the reception-room two ladies entered,—one middle-aged, medium stature, having an oval face, dark hair, dark hazel eyes; the other a young lady of nineteen or twenty years, sharp features, black hair, and flashing black eyes. They were boarders at the hotel, were well dressed, though not with remarkable taste, but evidently were accustomed to move in the best circle of Lexington society. A regiment was passing the hotel.

"There are some more Yankees going down to Mill Springs, I reckon," said the elder.

"Oh, isn't it too bad that Zollicoffer is killed? I could have cried my eyes out when I heard of it," said the younger. "Oh, he was so brave, and noble, and chivalrous!"

"He was a noble man," the other replied.

"Oh, I should so like to see a battle!" said the younger.

"It might not be a pleasant sight, although we are often willing to forego pleasure for the sake of gratifying curiosity," I replied.

"I should want my side to whip," said the girl.

"Yes. We all expect our side to be victorious, though we are sometimes disappointed, as was the case at Bull Run."

"Then you were at Bull Run? I take it that you belong to the army?"

"I was there and saw the fight, although I was not connected with the army."

"I am glad you were defeated. It was a good lesson to you. The Northerners have had some respect for the Southerners since then. The Southerners fought against great odds."

"Indeed, I think it was the reverse."

"No, indeed, sir. The Federals numbered over sixty thou-

sand, while Beauregard had less than thirty thousand. He did not have more than twelve thousand in the fight."

"I can assure you it is a grave mistake. General McDowell had less than thirty thousand men, and not more than half were engaged."

"Well, I wonder what he was thinking of when he carried out those forty thousand handcuffs?"

"I did not suppose any one gave credence to that absurd story."

"Absurd? Indeed, sir, it is not. I have seen some of the handcuffs. There are several pairs of them in this city. They were brought directly from the field by some of our citizens who went on as soon as they heard of the fight. I have several trophies of the fight which our men picked up."

No doubt the young lady was sincere. It was universally believed throughout the South that McDowell had thousands of pairs of handcuffs in his train, which were to be clapped upon the wrists of the Southern soldiers.

"We have some terrible uncompromising Union men in this State," said the elder, "who would rather see every negro swept into the Gulf of Mexico, and the whole country sunk, than give up the Union. We have more Abolitionists here in this city than they have in Boston."

It was spoken bitterly. She did not mean that the Union men of the State were committed to immediate emancipation, but that they would accept emancipation rather than have the Secessionists succeed.

A gentleman came in, sat down by the fire, warmed his hands, and joined in the conversation. Said he: "I am a Southerner. I have lived all my life among slaves. I own one slave, but I hate the system. There are counties in this State where there are but few slaves, and in all such counties you will find a great many Abolitionists. It is the brutalising influence of slavery that makes me hate it,—brutalising to whites and blacks alike. I hate this keeping niggers to raise human stock,—to sell, just as you do horses and sheep."

In all places the theme of conversation was the war and the

negroes. The ultra pro-slavery element was thoroughly secession, and the Unionists were beginning to understand that slavery was at the bottom of the rebellion. As in the dim light of the morning we already behold the approach of the full day, so they saw that these which seemed the events of an hour might broaden into that which would overthrow the entire slave system.

I fell into conversation with a Presbyterian minister, who began to deplore the war.

"We should conduct it," said he, "not as savages or barbarians, but as Christians, as civilised beings, on human principles."

"In what way would you have our generals act to carry out what you conceive to be such principles?"

"Well, sir, the blockade is terribly severe on our friends in the South, who are our brothers. The innocent are suffering with the guilty. We should let them have food, and raiment, and medicines, but we should not let them have cannon, guns, and powder."

"When do you think the war would end if such a plan were adopted?"

He took a new tack, not replying to the question, but said:

"The North began the trouble in an unchristian spirit."

"Was not the first gun fired by the rebels upon Fort Sumter?"

"That was not the beginning of the war. It was the election of Lincoln."

"Then you would not have a majority of the people elect their officers in the constituted way?"

"Well, if Lincoln had been a wise man he would have resigned, and saved this terrible conflict."

There is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and I expressed the hope that the war would be waged with shot and shell, fire and sword, naval expeditions and blockades, and every possible means, upon the men who had conspired to subvert the Government. There was no reply, and he soon left the room.

Buell's right wing, under General Crittenden, was at Cal-

houn, on Green River. Intelligence arrived that it was to be put in motion.

Leaving Lexington in the morning, and passing by cars through Frankfort,—an old town, the capital of the State, like Lexington, seedy and dilapidated,—we reached Louisville in season to take our choice of the two steamers, *Gray Eagle* and *Eugene*, to Henderson. They were both excellent boats, running in opposition, carrying passengers one hundred and eighty miles, providing for them two excellent meals and a night's lodging, all for fifty cents. People were patronising both boats, because it was much cheaper than staying at home.

Taking the *Gray Eagle*,—a large, side-wheel steamer,—we swept along with the speed of a railroad train. The water was very high, and rising. The passengers were almost all from Kentucky. Some of the ladies thronging the saloon were accustomed to move in the "best society," which had not literary culture and moral worth for its standards, but broad acres, wealth in lands and distilleries. They were "raised" in Lexington or Louisville or Frankfort. They spoke of the "right smart" crowd on board, nearly "tew" hundred, according to their idea.

But there is another class of Kentuckians as distinct from these excellent ladies as chalk from cheese. They are of that class to which David Crockett belonged in his earlier years,—born in a cane-brake and cradled in a trough. There were two in the saloon, seated upon an ottoman,—a brother and sister. The brother was more than six feet tall, had a sharp, thin, lank countenance, with a tuft of hair on his chin and on his upper lip. His face was of the colour of milk and molasses. He wore a Kentucky homespun suit,—coat, vest, and pants of the same material and coloured with butternut bark. He had on, although in the saloon, a broad-brimmed, slouch hat, with an ornament of blotched mud. He was evidently more at home with his hat on than to sit bareheaded,—and so consulted his own pleasure, without mistrusting that there was such a thing as politeness in the world. He had been plashing through the streets of Louisville. He had scraped off the thickest of the mud. There he sat, the right foot thrown across

the left knee, with as much complacency as it is possible for a mortal to manifest, although there was a gap between his pants and vest of about six inches,—a yellowish, tawny streak of shirt. He sat in unconcerned silence, or stalked through the saloon with his hands in his pockets, or stretched himself at full length upon the sofa, and took a comfortable snooze.

His sister,—a girl of eighteen,—had an oval face, arched eye-brows, and full cheeks, flowing, flaxen hair, and gray eyes. She wore a plain dress of gray homespun, without hoops, and, when standing appeared as if she had encased herself in a meal-bag. There was no neat white collar, or bit of ribbon, or cord, or tassel,—no attempt at feminine adornment. She was a “nut-brown maid,”—bronzed by exposure, with a countenance as inexpressive as a piece of putty. A dozen ladies and gentlemen, who came on board at a little town twenty miles below Louisville, were enjoying themselves in a circle of their own, with the play of “Consequences.” The cabin rang with their merry laughter, and we who looked on enjoyed their happiness; but there was no sign of animation in her countenance,—a block of wood could not have been more unsympathetic.

Among the ladies on board was one, a resident of Owensboro', who, upon her marriage, eight years before, had moved from the town of Auburn, New York, the home of Mr. Seward.

“I was an Abolitionist,” she said, “before I left home, but now that I know what slavery is I like it. The slaveholders are so independent and live so easy! They can get rich in a few years; and there is no class in the world who can enjoy so much of life as they.”

It was evidently a sincere expression of her sentiments.

She was for the Union, but wanted slavery let alone. The strife in Owensboro' had been exceedingly bitter. Nearly all her old friends and neighbours were rampant Secessionists. Secession, like a sharp sword, had cut through society and left it in two parts, as irreconcilable as vice and virtue. There was uncompromising hostility ready to flame out into war at any moment in all the Kentucky towns. There was also on board a loud-talking man who walked the saloon with his hands in

his pockets, looking everybody square in the face; he was intensely loyal to the Union.

"Why don't Buell move? Why don't Halleck move? It is my opinion that they are both of 'em old grannies. I want to see the rebels licked. I have lived in Tophet for the last six months. I live in Henderson, and it has been a perfect hell ever since the rebels fired on Fort Sumter. I have lost my property through the d—d scoundrels. I want a regiment of Union troops to go down there and clean out the devils."

It was early morning when the scream of the *Gray Eagle* roused the usual crowd of loafers from their sleep and inanition at Owensboro'. People came down to the wharf eager to hear the news. Among them was one enthusiastic admirer of Abraham Lincoln. He was bloated, blear-eyed, a tatterdemalion, with just enough whiskey in him to make him thick-spoken, reckless, and irresponsible in the eyes of his liquor-loving companions. While we were at a distance he swung his hat and gave a cheer for Old Abe; as we came nearer he repeated it; and, as the plank was being thrown ashore, he fairly danced with ecstasy, shouting, "Hurrah for Old Abe! He'll fix 'em. Hurrah for Old Abe! Hurrah for Old Abe!"

"Shet up, you drunken cuss. Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" was the response of another blear-eyed, tipsy loafer.

The steamer *Storm* was tolling its bell as the *Gray Eagle* came to the landing at Evansville, bound for Green River. Her decks were piled with bags of corn and coffee. A barge was tethered to her side, loaded with bundle hay and a half-dozen ambulances. We were just in time to reach the deck before the plank was drawn in. Then with hoarse puffs the heavily laden old craft swung into the stream and surged slowly against the swollen tide of the Ohio. Green River joins the Ohio ten miles above Evansville. It is a beautiful stream, with forest-bordered banks.

Among the passengers on the *Storm* was a stout man with an enormous quantity of brown hair, and a thick yellow beard, belonging to Hopkinsville, near the Tennessee line, who had been compelled to flee for his life.

"We got up a cannon company, and I was captain," he

said. "We had as neat a little six-pounder as you ever saw; but I was obliged to cut and run when the rebels came in December; but I buried the pup, and the Secessionists don't know where she is! If I ever get back there I'll make some of them cusses — my old neighbours — bite the dust. I have just heard that they have tied my brother up and almost whipped him to death. They gouged out his eyes, stamped in his face, and have taken all his property."

Here he was obliged to stop his narrative and give vent to a long string of oaths, consigning the rebels to all the tortures and pains of the bottomless pit forever. Having vented his wrath, he said:

"Now, sir, there is a grave judicial question on my mind, and I would like your opinion upon it. If you owned a darkey who should get over into Indiana, a bright, intelligent darkey, and he should take with him ten niggers from your Secession neighbours, and you should happen to know it, would you send them back?"

"No, sir; I should not."

"That is my mind 'zactly. I knew you was a good Union man the moment I sot my eyes on ye." Then came an interesting explanation. He had one slave, a devoted fellow, who had become an active conductor on the underground railroad. The slave had been often to Evansville and knew the country, and had enticed away ten negroes belonging to the Secessionists in the vicinity of Hopkinsville. He had seen them all that morning, and more, had given each of them a hearty breakfast. "You see," said he, "if they belonged to Union men I would have sent 'em back; but they belonged to the — Secessionists who have driven me out, taken all my property, and do you think I'd be mean enough to send the niggers back?"

On board the *Storm* were several other men who had been driven from their homes by the Secessionists. There was one gentleman, a slave-holder from the little town of Volney, between Hopkinsville and the Cumberland River. All of his property had been taken; his negroes, if they were not sold or seized, were roaming at will. He had two brothers in the Confederate army. He was a plain, sensible, well-in-

formed farmer. He lived close upon the Tennessee line, and was acquainted with the Southern country.

"Slavery is a doomed institution," said he; "from Kentucky, from Missouri, from Maryland, and Virginia, the slaves have been pouring southward. There has been a great condensation of slaves at the South where they are not wanted, and where they cannot be supported if the blockade continues. The South never has raised its own provisions. She could do it if she put forth her energies; but she never has and she will not now. The time will come, if the blockade continues, when the master will be compelled to say to the slaves, 'Get your living where you can,' and then the system, being rolled back upon itself, will be broken up. As for myself, I would like to have kept my slaves, because I am getting along in years and I wanted them to take care of me; but, as the Secessionists have taken them and driven me out, it won't make any difference to me whether the system is continued or not."

The steamer made its way up to the town of Calhoun, where the troops comprising the right wing of Buell's army were encamped. It was early morning when we came to the landing. I made my way through the soft mud to a hotel, entered the bar-room, fetid with yesterday's tobacco smoke and odourous with the fumes of whiskey. Entering the dining-room, I found a stalwart negro asleep upon the dining-room table. An hour later I was making my breakfast of fried bacon and corn bread at the table which had served the coloured man for a couch through the night.

Visiting the army, I found a group of soldiers lounging on the piazza of a grocery. Before the coming of the troops the country people could obtain their tobacco and whiskey at the counter of the shanty, but the provost marshal had interdicted the sale of liquor. A brief visit sufficed to show that there was not likely to be any immediate movement on the part of any of Buell's troops, and I took my departure from Calhoun.

CHAPTER V

OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN IN TENNESSEE.

FROM the outset it had been seen that the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers would be military highways. The Confederates had constructed Fort Henry on the banks of the Tennessee, just south of the Kentucky boundary, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland near the little town of Dover. They had violated the neutrality of Kentucky by invading that State and taking possession of the high bluffs at Columbus. It was known that Fort Henry was a mud fortification constructed by slaves, on the east bank of the river, screened by a thicket of willows, with a battery of sixteen guns, one ten-inch, one sixty-pounder, twelve thirty-two, and two twelve-pounders, so arranged that they could be pointed down the river to knock the gunboats into kindling wood or turned inland to throw grape and canister upon an attacking force. Outside the fort was a strong abattis. It was manned by four thousand troops under General Tilghman. At Columbus were twenty-two thousand under General Leonidas Polk; at Fort Donelson twenty thousand under General Floyd, President Buchanan's former Secretary of War, and General Buckner. This formed the western section of the Confederate line of defence. At Bowling Green in central Kentucky, on the south bank of Big Barren River, was General Albert Sidney Johnston with twelve thousand. Confronting Johnston was Buell with a large inactive army. At Cairo was General Grant. Colonel Garfield, by defeating the Confederates on the Big Sandy River, and General Thomas, by his victory at Mill Springs, had given an impetus to the cause of the Union in that section. Where now would be the easiest point for an advance of the Union forces? The two commanders, Commodore Foote and General Grant, were

working in complete harmony, undisturbed by professional jealousy, but animated by the loftiest patriotism.

"I am of the opinion," said the commodore, "that Fort Henry can be carried by the gunboats, aided by the troops."

"If the fort can be taken, it will be easy to operate against Fort Donelson or Columbus from that point," wrote Grant to General Halleck.

On February 2d, the gunboats, followed by a fleet of river steamers, with the regiments, left Cairo and steamed up the Tennessee. The river was overflowing its banks. The troops landed several miles below the fort. Scouts made their way inland.

"You won't take the fort," said a woman at a farmhouse.

"Oh, yes, we shall; the gunboats will knock it to pieces," the scout replied.

"The river is planted with torpedoes."

The information was reported to Commodore Foote, and the sailors, jumping into boats with grappling-irons fished up six iron pots filled with powder and supplied with fuses and concussion caps. It is doubtful if they would have exploded, their construction being exceedingly rude. At the outset of the war the Confederacy was discovering that slavery produced no skilled mechanics.

At the moment I was on my way down the Ohio River from Calhoun, but was too late to accompany the expedition. Fort Henry had been captured and the gunboats had dropped down the river on their way to Cairo when I landed once more upon the levee of the delectable town.

"Can you favour me with an account of the affair?" I asked of Commodore Foote.

"It will give me great pleasure to do so after I have prepared my despatches for Washington," he replied.

It was past midnight when he came to my room. He sat down, and leaned back wearily in his chair. But soon recovering his usual energy, gave the full details of the action. He had prepared his instructions to his crews several days before the battle, and, upon mature thought, saw nothing to change.

To the commanders and crews he said that it was very necessary to success that they should keep cool. He desired them to fire with deliberate aim, and not to attempt rapid firing, for four reasons, viz., that with rapid firing there was always a waste of ammunition; that their range would be wild; that the enemy would be encouraged unless the fire was effectual; that it was desirable not to heat the guns.

With these instructions he led his fleet up the narrow channel under cover of Pine Island, thus avoiding long-range shot from the rifled guns which it was known the enemy had in position to sweep the main channel. He steamed slow, to allow the troops time to gain their position.

He visited each vessel and gave personal directions. He took his own position in the pilot-house of the *Cincinnati*. The *St. Louis* was on his right hand, and the *Carondelet* and *Essex* were on his left, with the *Tyler*, *Connestoga*, and *Lexington* in rear. There is an island a mile and a quarter below the fort. When the head of the island was reached the boats came into line and were within easy range.

"Do just as I do," was his last order to the commanders.

The *Cincinnati* opened, and the other vessels were quick to follow the commodore's example.

"I had a definite purpose in view," said he, "to take the fort at all hazards. It was necessary for the success of the cause. We have had disaster upon disaster, and I intended, God helping me, to win a victory. It made me feel bad when I saw the *Essex* drop out of the line, but I knew that the fort couldn't stand it much longer. I should have opened my broadsides in a minute or two, if Tilghman had not surrendered, and that I knew would settle the question. We were not more than four hundred yards distant."

He said that when the *Essex* dropped behind the Confederates set up a tremendous cheer, and redoubled their fire; but, being excited, their aim was bad.

"There is nothing like keeping perfectly cool in battle," said he.

"When Tilghman came into my cabin," said the commo-

dore, "he asked for terms, but I informed him that his surrender must be final."

"Well, sir, if I must surrender, it gives me pleasure to surrender to so brave an officer as you," said Tilghman.

"You do perfectly right to surrender, sir; but I should not have surrendered on any condition."

"Why so? I do not understand you."

"Because I was fully determined to capture the fort or go to the bottom."

The general opened his eyes at this remark, but replied, "I thought I had you, commodore, but you were too much for me."

"But how could you fight against the old flag?"

"Well, it did come hard, at first; but if the North had only let us alone there would have been no trouble. But they would not abide by the Constitution."

"You are mistaken, sir. The North has maintained all of her constitutional obligations. You of the South have perjured yourselves. I talked to him faithfully," said the zealous officer.

The commodore had become nervously restless, but said, as he rose to go: "I never slept better in my life than I did the night before going into the battle, and I never prayed more fervently than I did yesterday morning, that God would bless the undertaking, and He has signally answered my prayer. I don't deserve it, but I trust that I shall be grateful for it. But I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of those poor fellows on board the *Essex*, who were wounded and scalded. I told the surgeons to do everything possible for them. Poor fellows, I must go and see that they are well cared for."

It was one o'clock in the morning, yet exhausted as he was, he went to see that the sufferers were having every possible attention.

This was on Saturday morning; on Sunday he went to church as usual. The minister was not there, and, after waiting awhile, the audience, one by one, began to drop off, whereupon Commodore Foote entered the pulpit, and conducted the exercises, reading the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel, and

addressed the congregation, urging sinners to repentance, picturing the unspeakable love of Christ, and the rewards which await the righteous, and closing the services by a fervent prayer. It was as unostentatious as all his other acts, undertaken with a dutiful desire to benefit those about him, and to glorify God. That was his aim in life.

The troops which were in and around Fort Henry fled in dismay soon after the opening of the bombardment, leaving all their camp equipage. In the barracks the camp-fires were still blazing, and dinners cooking when our troops entered. Books, letters half written, trunks, carpet-bags, knives, pistols, were left behind and were eagerly seized by the soldiers, who rent the air with shouts of laughter, mingled with the cheers of victory.

A break had been made in the Confederate line. By the Tennessee River the Union gunboats could make their way nearly to Chattanooga, gaining the rear of the Confederates at Donelson, on the Cumberland, and those at Bowling Green. Albert Sidney Johnston was in command of the Confederate troops in Kentucky. When he learned of what had happened at Fort Henry he resolved to concentrate a large portion of his troops at Donelson, and meet the Union troops at that point. He would make the fight for holding the States of Kentucky and Tennessee there,—General John B. Floyd, Gideon J. Pillow, and Simon B. Buckner, with their divisions, numbering from sixteen to eighteen thousand, to hold the works constructed at the little town of Dover, and named Fort Donelson. Floyd had been Secretary of War under Buchanan. He was a Virginian, and had done what he could while Secretary to strip Northern arsenals of arms and ammunition, sending them to the Southern States. He had embezzled money belonging to Government, and was under indictment by a grand jury in Washington from whence he had fled the preceding winter, before the inauguration of President Lincoln. He knew very little about military matters, but had been appointed brigadier-general by Jefferson Davis, and outranked Pillow and Buckner. Pillow had served in the Mexican War, but knew so little about military affairs that he constructed

a fortification at Carmargo, with the ditch on the wrong side of the embankment. He was egotistical, and when in Mexico intrigued against General Scott, and thought himself competent to command the army that entered the Mexican Capital. Buckner was younger than his superiors, but was far abler than either of them. Pillow had quarreled with him and they were not on speaking terms.

General Grant had about fourteen thousand men. He determined with them, aided by the gunboats, to attempt the capture of Donelson. He had no tents, and only a few wagons, yet made preparations to march across the neck of land between the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, twelve miles, and besiege the Confederates. It was a bold, hazardous movement. The Confederates outnumbered him, but troops were on their way and he would soon have from eighteen to twenty thousand. On the morning of the 12th the army began its march. It was a spectacle not often seen in military operations, an inferior force marching to besiege a superior entrenched behind strong fortifications. General McClermand's division took possession of the roads leading south from Dover, General Lew Wallace's division came next, and then General C. F. Smith's.

The battle began with the advance of McClermand, and his repulse, and then the attack of the four iron-clad gunboats on the afternoon of the 14th, Admiral Foote keeping up the advance till within three hundred and fifty yards of the water batteries, when the wheel of the flagship was shot away, and the tiller ropes of the *Louisville*, disabling both vessels, and putting an end to the action. The Confederates yelled with delight. The attack of McClermand and that by the fleet had failed.

The day had been warm, suddenly the wind changed, the mercury went down, and a violent snow-storm set in.

We did not know it then, but before the attack by the gunboats General Floyd called his officers to a council of war. He said the place could not be held with less than fifty thousand. He thought it best to make an attack on McClermand, reopen the roads and thus enable the army to abandon

the fort and return to Nashville. The proposition was agreed to, but the failure of the gunboats led General Pillow to believe the place could be held, and the order was countermanded. But while the snow-storm was raging Floyd again called his officers to a council. He was nervous. Possibly the thought of his being cooped up in a fortification, that he might be taken prisoner, and that an indictment was hanging over him, had something to do with his desire to get away from Donelson, and it was decided that at daybreak Pillow should attack McClernand, and Buckner should advance against Wallace's division.

At daybreak, just as the Union buglers were getting ready to sound the reveillé, the Confederates, under Pillow, assailed Oglesby's brigade, holding the extreme right of the Union line. The battle raged from daybreak till eleven o'clock, the Confederates gradually pushing McClernand back, and gaining possession of the roads. The Confederates had won the victory, gained what they had set out to do. Why did they not do it? The vain and egotistical General Pillow had a vision of greatness. He had led the attack, won the battle, henceforth he would stand before the world a hero, possibly be commander-in-chief of the armies of the Confederacy. He sent a grandiloquent despatch to General Johnston at Bowling Green, ignoring Floyd, and berated Buckner for not doing what he might have done. Escape — retreat? No; he would follow up the victory. Instead of receiving orders from Floyd, he gave orders to Buckner to attack Wallace.

It was mid-afternoon. General Grant through the forenoon had been in consultation with Commodore Foote, not aware of what was taking place. No sound of the cannonades or roar of musketry reached the fleet moored to the trees along the bank of the Cumberland, four miles below Donelson. It was mid-afternoon when he arrived upon the field. General Thayer's brigade had held the Confederates in check.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the position on our right must be retaken."

He looked into the haversack of a Confederate prisoner — saw that it was supplied with three days' rations.

"This is a movement to enable them to escape," he said.

It was remarkable tactics which this quiet, silent commander adopted. Instead of ordering the troops to advance against Pillow, he directed C. F. Smith to assault the works immediately in front of him. Lanman's brigade, the Twenty-fifth Indiana, the Second, Seventh, and Fourteenth Iowa, led the attack, Smith sitting erect on his horse, not behind but in front of them. Though cut through by solid shot and shell, and mowed down by musketry, they advanced over a meadow, through woods and thick underbrush.

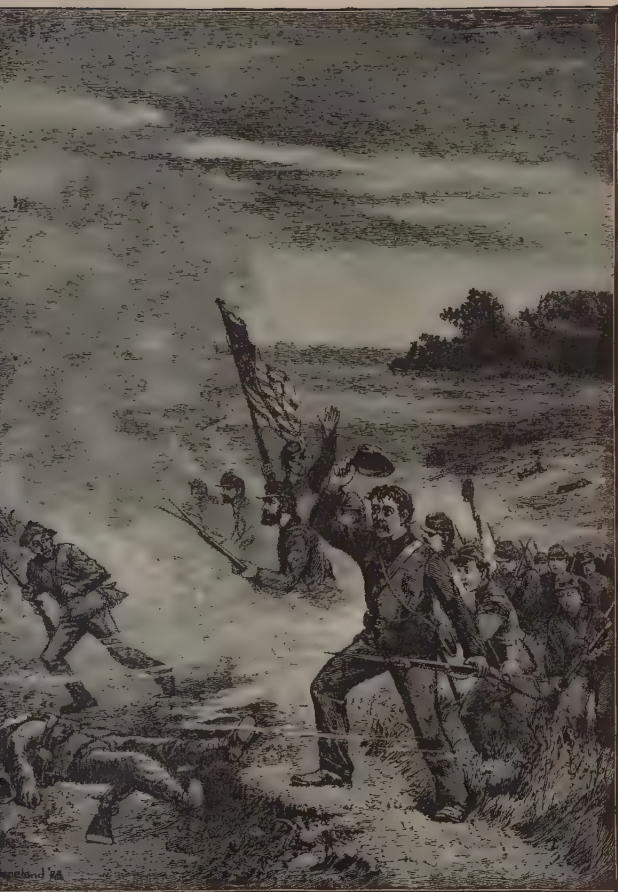
The Confederate cannon opened upon them, but the ranks moved on, the soldiers, stimulated by their brave commander, charging upon the Confederate breastworks and driving the enemy up a steep hill.

Night was coming on and Smith's men crouched behind the works they had gained. Lew Wallace's troops advanced together with McClernand's, and with the going down of the sun the roads, by which the Confederates might have escaped, were once more closed.

Again Floyd called a council of war. It was agreed by all that they could not escape; that they must surrender. Floyd said he could not become a prisoner. Being commander, he put his troops on two steamers, turned the command of the army over to Pillow, and fled to Nashville. Pillow had no intention of being captured, and fled with Floyd, leaving Buckner in command.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, when, just as General Grant was ready to make the assault, a Confederate bugle sounded, and a white flag was seen waving above the Confederate breastworks. Then followed the correspondence between Grant and Buckner, and the demand for unconditional surrender.

The scene at Donelson on Sunday morning, the day of surrender, was exceedingly exhilarating,—the marching in of the victorious divisions,—the bands playing, their flags waving, the cheers of the troops,—the gunboats firing a salute,—the immense flotilla of river steamboats gayly decorated. The *New Uncle Sam* was the boat on which General Grant had



STORMING THE BREASTWORKS.

established his headquarters. The *Uncle Sam*, at a signal from Commodore Foote, ranged ahead, came alongside one of the gunboats, and, followed by all the fleet, steamed up river past Fort Donelson, thick with Confederate soldiers,—past the entrenched camp of log-huts, past a schoolhouse on a hill, above which waved a hospital flag,—and on to Dover, the gunboats thundering a national salute the while.

A warp was thrown ashore, the plank run out. I sprang up the bank and mingled among the disconsolate Confederates, a careworn, haggard, melancholy crowd which stood upon the heights above. They all told one story, claiming that they had fought well; that we outnumbered them; that there was a disagreement among their officers; that we had got General Buckner; that Floyd and Pillow had escaped; that Floyd had taken four regiments of his brigade; that there were four steamers; that they went off crowded with soldiers, the guards sunk to the water's edge.

The town of Dover was the county-seat of Stewart, and a point where the farmers ship their produce. It was a straggling village on uneven ground, and contained perhaps five hundred inhabitants. There were a few buildings formerly used for stores, a doctor's office, a dilapidated church, a two-story, square, brick court-house, and a half-dozen decent dwellings. But the place had suffered greatly while occupied by the Secession forces. Nearly every building was a hospital. Trees had been cut down, fences burned, windows broken, and old buildings demolished for fuel.

I came upon a squad of soldiers hovering around a fire. Some were wrapped in old patched bedquilts which had covered them at home. Some had white blankets, made mostly of cotton. Others wore bright bocking, which had evidently been furnished from a merchant's stock. One had a faded piece of threadbare carpet. Their guns were stacked, equipments thrown aside, cartridge-boxes, belts, and ammunition trampled in the mud. There were shot-guns, single and double-barreled, old heavy rifles, flintlock muskets of 1828, some of them altered into percussion locks, with here and there an Enfield rifle.

A few steps brought me to the main landing, where the Confederate stores were piled, and from which Floyd made his escape. The gunboats were lying off the landing, and a portion of McClernand's division was on the hills beyond, the Stars and Stripes and the regimental banners waving and the bands playing. Away up on the hill Taylor's battery was firing a national salute.

Then there was a dense crowd of Secessionists, evidently the rabble, or the *débris* of the army, belonging to all regiments. Some were sullen, others indifferent, still others who evidently felt a sense of relief. Among them were squads of our own soldiers, with smiling faces, but manifesting no disposition to add to the unhappiness of the captured.

General McClernand's division had marched down to the outskirts of the village, and was keeping guard. A private ran into the court-house and threw the flag of the Union to the breeze from the belfry. In the basement of a store was the Confederate arsenal,—piles of rifles, old shot-guns, many of them ticketed with the owner's name, many hunters' rifles, which had done good service in other days among the mountains and forests of Tennessee, but, for use in battle, of little account.

In another building was the Commissary department, containing hogsheads of sugar, barrels of rice, boxes of abominable soap, and a few barrels of flour. Later in the day I saw soldiers luxuriating like children in the hogsheads of sugar. Many a one filled his canteen with New Orleans molasses and his pockets with damp brown sugar. From a store a squad of soldiers were taking things of no earthly use. One had a looking-glass under his arm, one a paper of files, another several brass candlesticks, one a package of bonnets.

The Mississippians and Texans were boiling over with rage against Floyd and Pillow for having deserted them.

"Floyd always was a d—d thief and sneak," said one.

Just before sunset I took a ramble through the grounds and encampments of the Confederates, who were falling into line preparatory to embarking upon the steamers. Standing on a hill beyond the village, I had at one view almost all their

force. Hogarth never saw such a sight; Shakespeare, in his conceptions of Falstaff's tatterdemalions, could not have imagined the like,—not that they were deficient in intellect, or wanting in courage, for among them were noble men, brave fellows, who shed tears when they found they were prisoners of war, and who swore with round oaths that they would shoot Floyd as they would a dog, if they could get a chance.

The formal surrender of the fort took place in the cabin of the *New Uncle Sam*, in the evening. Buckner sat on one side of the table and General Grant on the other. Buckner was attended by two of his staff. The Confederate commander was in the prime of life, although his hair had turned iron gray. He was of medium stature, having a low forehead and thin cheeks, wore a moustache and meagre whiskers. He had on a light-blue kersey overcoat and a checked neckcloth. He was smoking a cigar, and talking in a low, quiet tone. He evidently felt that he was in a humiliating position, but his deportment was such as to command respect when contrasted with the course of Floyd and Pillow. His chief of staff sat by his side.

Buckner freely gave information relative to his positions, his forces, their disposition, and his intentions. He expected to escape, and claimed that the engagements on Saturday were all in favour of the Confederates. No opprobrious words were used by any one. No discussions entered into. He asked for subsistence for his men, and said that he had only two days' provisions on hand. He had favours to ask for some of his wounded officers, all of which were readily acceded to by General Grant, who was very much at ease, smoking a cigar, and conducting the business with dignity, yet with despatch.

The prisoners were taken on board of the transports, the men on the lower deck, and the officers having the freedom of the boat. The saloons and cabins, berths and staterooms were filled with the wounded of both armies.

"The conditions of surrender have been shamefully violated," said an officer.

"How so?" I asked.

"It was agreed that we should be treated like gentlemen,

but the steward of the boat won't let us have seats at the table. He charges us a half-dollar a meal, and refuses Confederate money."

"Well, sir, you fare no worse than the rest of us. I paid for a stateroom, but the surgeon turned me out and put in a wounded man, which was all right and proper, and at which I have no complaint to make, and I shall think myself well off if I can get hardtack."

While conversing with him, a Mississippi captain came up,—a tall, red-whiskered, tobacco-chewing, ungainly fellow, with a swaggering air. "This is d—d pretty business. They talk of reconstructing the Union, and begin by rejecting our money. I don't get anything to eat," he said.

I directed his attention to a barrel of bacon and several boxes of bread which had been opened for the prisoners, and from which they were helping themselves. He turned away in disgust, saying:

"Officers are to be treated according to their rank,—like gentlemen,—and I'll be d—d if I don't pitch in and give somebody a licking!"

Although Commodore Foote had been wounded in the gunboat attack upon the fort, he intended to push up the river to Nashville, and intercept General Albert Sidney Johnston, who he knew must be falling back from Bowling Green, but he was stopped by a despatch from General Halleck to General Grant:

"Don't let Foote go up the river."

The gunboats could have reached Nashville in eight hours. Floyd and Pillow, who made their escape from Donelson at sunrise, reached the city before noon, while the congregations were in the churches. Had Commodore Foote followed he would have been in the city by three o'clock, holding the bridges, patrolling the rivers, and cutting off Johnston's retreat.

General Halleck had endeavoured to prevent negro slaves from entering the Union lines, but without avail. Just before daybreak on Sunday morning a negro approached the picket-lines and informed General Grant that the Confederates were fleeing. Instead of sending him back to his master, General

Grant allowed the negro to go wherever he pleased. Many slaves came into the lines and became servants to the officers, ready to black their boots, care for their horses, or making themselves handy as cooks. He was thirteen years old, born in Kentucky, but for several years had lived near Dover. His master, he said, was a gentleman, owned twenty-four slaves. He had on a greasy shirt of snuff-coloured jean, the genuine negro cloth, such as one-half the Southern army was compelled to wear. His slouched hat was tipped back upon his head, showing a countenance indicative of intelligence.

"Well, my boy, what is your name," I asked.

"Dick, massa."

"Where do you live?"

"About fourteen miles from Dover, massa, up near de rollin' mill."

"Is your master a Secessionist?"

"He was a Secesh, massa, but he be Union now."

This was correct testimony, the master appearing, with great boldness, at General Grant's headquarters to let it be known he was for the Union.

"Are you a slave, Dick?"

"I was a slave, but I's free now; I's 'fiscated."

"Where were you when the fight was going on at Fort Donelson?"

"At home; but when massa found de fort was took he started us all off for de Souf, but we got away and come down to Dover, and was 'fiscated."

The master was a Secessionist till his twenty-four chattels, which he was trying to run South, became perverse and veered to the North with much fleetness. Not only were those twenty-four started South, but ten times twenty-four, from the vicinity of Dover, and an hundred times twenty-four from Clarksville, Nashville, and all along the Cumberland.

Knowing that the breaking of the Confederate line on the Tennessee and Cumberland would be likely to be followed by a movement of the flotilla on the Mississippi, I hastened to Cairo, and accompanied Admiral Foote in his movement down the river. The Confederates could no longer hold

Columbus. I had the pleasure of accompanying Captain Phelps, of the *Benton*, on shore, and assisting in raising the Stars and Stripes upon the Confederate fortifications. We were not the first, however, for a company of Union cavalry, scouting the country, learning that the Confederates had gone down the river to Island Number Ten, had entered the town, to find it wholly deserted.

I made a hasty visit to the building that had been occupied by the Confederate post-office, and secured Southern newspapers and letters. Joining the fleet again, we moved down the river to the great bend, a short distance above Island Number Ten, where the Confederates had erected formidable batteries to dispute the passage of the fleet.

It was past one o'clock in the afternoon of as beautiful a day as ever dawned upon the earth, when a ball of bunting went up to the top of the *Benton's* flagstaff, and fluttered out into the battle signal. Then came a flash, a belching of smoke from her bows, a roar and a reverberation rolling far away,—a screaming in the air, a tossing up of earth, and an explosion in the Confederate works.

The highest artistic skill cannot portray the scene of that afternoon,—the flashes and flames,—the great white clouds, mounting above the boats, and floating majestically away over the dark gray forests,—the mortars throwing up vast columns of sulphurous cloud, which widen, expand, and roll forward in fantastic folds,—the shells one after another in swift succession rising, rotating, rushing upward and onward, sailing a thousand feet high, their course tracking a light gossamer trail, which becomes a beautiful parabola, and then the terrific explosion,—a flash, a handful of cloud, a strange whirring of the ragged fragments of iron hurled upwards, outwards, and downwards, crashing through the forests!

I was favoured with a position on the *Silver Wave* steamer, lying just above the *Benton*, her wheels slowly turning to keep her in position to run down and help the gunboats if by chance they were disabled. With my glass I could see all that took place in and around the nearest battery. Columns of water were thrown up by the shot from the gunboats,

like the first gush from the hose of a steam fire-engine, which falls in rainbow-coloured spray. There were little splashes in the stream when the fragments of shell dropped from the sky. Round shot skipped along the surface of the river, tearing through the Confederate works, filling the air with sticks, timbers, earth, and branches of trees, as if a thunderbolt had fallen. There were explosions followed by volumes of smoke rising from the ground like the mists of a summer morning. There was a hissing, crackling, and thundering explosion in front and rear and overhead. But there were plucky men in the fort, who at intervals came out from their bomb-proof, and sent back a defiant answer. There was a flash, a volume of smoke, a hissing as if a flying fiery serpent were sailing through the air, growing louder, clearer, nearer, more fearful and terrific, crashing into the *Benton*, tearing up the iron plating, cutting off beams, splintering planks, smashing the crockery in the pantry, and breaking up the Admiral's writing-desk.

While the bombardment was at its height, I received a package of letters, entrusted to my care. There was one postmarked from a town in Maine, directed to a sailor on the *St. Louis*. Jumping on board a tug, which was conveying ammunition to the gunboats, I visited the vessel to distribute the letters. A gun had burst during the action, killing and wounding several of the crew. It was a sad scene. There were the dead,—two of them killed instantly, and one of them the brave fellow from Maine. Captain Paulding opened the letter, and found it to be from one who had confided to the noble sailor her heart's affections—who was looking forward to the time when the war would be over, and they would be happy together as husband and wife.

"Poor girl! I shall have to write her sad news," said the captain.

Day after day and night after night the siege was kept up, till it grew exceedingly monotonous. I became so accustomed to the pounding that, though the thirteen-inch mortars were not thirty rods distant from my quarters, I was not wakened by the tremendous explosions. Commodore Foote found it

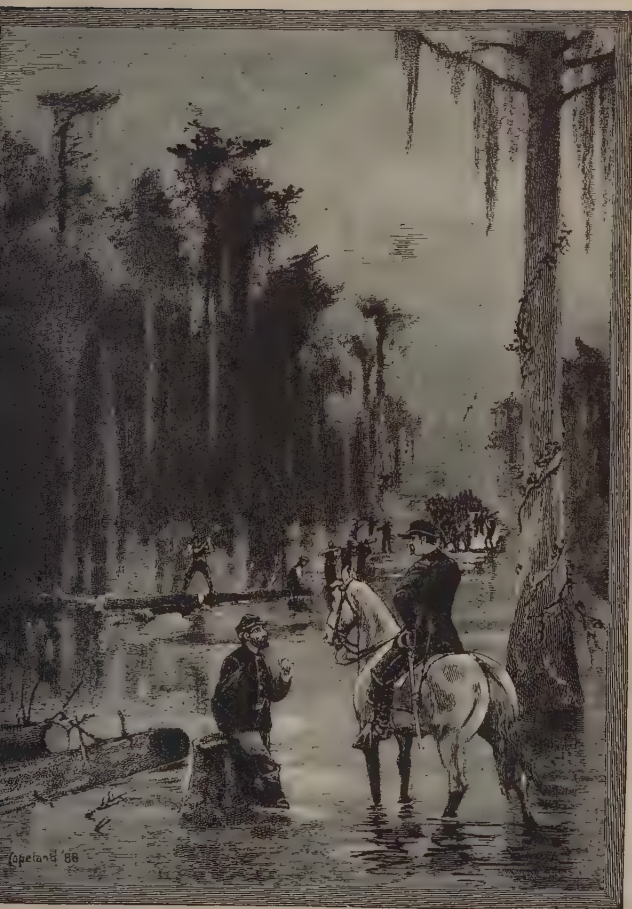
very difficult to fight down-stream, as the water was very high, flooding all the country. Colonel Bissell, of General Pope's army, proposed the cutting of a passage through the woods, to enable the gunboats to reach New Madrid. It was an Herculean undertaking. A light-draft transport was rigged for the enterprise. Machinery was attached to the donkey-engine of the steamer by which immense cottonwood trees were sawed off four feet under water.

There was something very enchanting in the operation,—to steam out from the main river, over corn-fields and pasture lands, into the dark forests, threading a narrow and intricate channel, across the country,—past the rebel batteries. A transport was taken through, and a tugboat, but the channel was not deep enough for the gunboats.

Captain Stembel, commanding the *Benton*,—a brave and competent officer, Commodore Foote's right-hand man,—proposed to run the batteries by night to New Madrid, capture the steamer which Pope had caught in a trap, then, turning head up-stream, take the batteries in reverse. The Commodore hesitated. He was cautious as well as brave. At length he accepted the plan, and sent the *Pittsburg* and *Carondelet* past the batteries at night. It was a bold undertaking, but accomplished without damage to the gunboats. The current was swift and strong, and they went with the speed of a race-horse.

Their presence at New Madrid was hailed with joy by the troops. Four steamboats had worked their way through the canal. A regiment was taken on board each boat. The battery on the other side of the river at Watson's Landing was speedily silenced by the two gunboats. The troops landed, and under General Paine drove the Confederates from their camp, who fled in confusion, throwing away their guns, knapsacks, and clothing.

General Pope sent over the balance of his troops, and with his whole force moved upon General Mackall, who surrendered his entire command, consisting of nearly seven thousand prisoners, one hundred and twenty-three guns, and an immense amount of supplies.



CUTTING A PASSAGE THROUGH THE WOODS.

The troops of General Paine's brigade came across a farm-yard which was well stocked with poultry, and helped themselves. The farmer's wife visited the General's headquarters to enter a complaint.

"They are stealing all my chickens, General! I sha'n't have one left," she exclaimed, excitedly.

"I am exceedingly sorry, ma'am," said the General, with great courtesy; "but we are going to put down the rebellion if it takes every chicken in the State of Tennessee!"

The woman retired, evidently regarding the Yankees as a race of vandals.

CHAPTER VI

PITTSBURG LANDING, FORT PILLOW, AND MEMPHIS

THE battle of Pittsburg Landing or Shiloh, as it has been called, was fought April 6 and 7. I was not present, being with the fleet on the Mississippi at Island Number Ten, but upon learning of the battle made my way over to the scene of action, while yet the *débris* was on the field, learning from the officers and soldiers the incidents of the terrific conflict.

After the success at Donelson the natural strategic movement on the part of the Union troops was up the Tennessee River, the Confederates under Albert Sidney Johnston having retreated to Corinth. General Buell was directed by the military authorities to advance in that direction and join General Grant, who had selected Pittsburg Landing as a suitable locality for the concentration of his troops.

On the part of the Confederates, troops were hurried from every section to Corinth. Beauregard was sent to the department, not superseding Johnston, but to aid him in organising a great army.

Buell marched with much deliberation, giving orders that there should be six miles between the divisions of his army. Pittsburg Landing had some natural advantages for defence — Lick Creek entering the Tennessee at that point.

Nothing was done toward strengthening the line; no orders were issued in anticipation of a battle till the pickets were attacked on Sunday morning, while the troops were cooking their coffee, and while many of the officers were in bed.

Pittsburg is the nearest point to Corinth on the river. The road winds up the bank, passes along the edge of a deep ravine, leading southwest. It forks a half-mile from the Landing, the left-hand path leading to Hamburg up the

river, and the main road leading to Shiloh Church, four miles from the Landing—a little log building with primitive seats, its walls chinked with clay.

A brook meanders through the forest, furnishing water for the worshipping assemblies. South of the church, and across the brook, is a clearing,—an old farmhouse where Beauregard wrote his despatch to Jeff Davis on Sunday night, announcing a great victory. There are other little clearings, which have been long under cultivation. The people were too indolent to make new openings in the forest, where centuries of mould had accumulated. The country was but little further advanced than when Daniel Boone passed through the Cumberland Gap. Civilisation came and made a beginning; but the blight of slavery was there. Within four miles of one of the most beautiful rivers in the world,—in a country needing only industry to make a paradise,—the mourning dove filled the air with its plaintive notes in the depths of an almost unbroken forest, while the few people were shiftless and destitute of the comforts of civilisation.

To General Sherman more than to any division commander is credit due for the victory at Pittsburg Landing. When the first volley of musketry reverberated through the forest on Sunday morning he leaped into his saddle. He was conspicuous everywhere, riding along the lines regardless of the bullets which riddled his clothes. Early in the battle he was wounded in the wrist, but, wrapping a bandage round his arm, continued in the field. Three horses were shot under him. He was a conspicuous mark for the rebel riflemen. His fearless example was inspiring to the men. And so through the long hours of the day he was able to hold his position by the church, till the giving way of Prentiss and Hurlbut, nearer the river, made it necessary to fall back. Here Grant exhibited those qualities of character which have made him the great military commander of the age. "We will beat them yet. They can't pass this ravine," were his words of encouragement as he selected the final line, leading to the landing. The contest was virtually decided at five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when Breckenridge attempted to

cross the gorge near the river and was hurled back with great loss.

Confederate historians have maintained that the death of Albert Sidney Johnston, near nightfall, was a fatality which turned the tide of battle against the Confederates; the news quickly spread and brought on gloom and despondency among the troops.

A study of the battle leads us to a different conclusion. The line of batteries improvised along the northern bank of the ravine—the compacting of Grant's lines—presented a barrier which the Confederates could not face. The Confederates had made an all night's march—fought from day-break till night closed the contest. They were weary, had become, in fact, disorganised by breaking ranks to seize the plunder found in the Union camps. They were in no condition to charge upon Grant's line at sundown. More than this, Nelson's division of Buell's army had arrived and Lew Wallace's fresh division from Crump's Landing was near at hand. The battle was lost to the Confederates when the advancing lines quailed before Grant's batteries along the ravine, a great mistake in attacking at a point within reach of the gunboats. Had they come in on the Purdy road, between Shiloh Church and Crump's Landing, in all human probability there would have been a far different record for the historians of the future. Had they attacked northwest of the church instead of south of it, they would have taken Grant in reverse, and forced him to change the whole front of his army; they would have had no ravine to cross, would have been beyond reach of the gunboats, and would have stood a fair chance of cutting off Lew Wallace, who was at Crump's Landing, from all connection with the main army.

The defeat was decisive, and yet Beauregard sent the following despatch to Richmond:

“CORINTH, APRIL 8, 1862.

“TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR AT RICHMOND:—

“We have gained a great and glorious victory. Eight to ten thousand prisoners, and thirty-six pieces of cannon. Buell

reinforced Grant, and we retired to our entrenchments at Corinth, which we can hold. Loss heavy on both sides.

“BEAUREGARD.

On the same day he sent a flag of truce to General Grant with the following message, also asking leave to bury the Confederate dead:

“Sir, at the close of the conflict yesterday, my forces being exhausted by the extraordinary length of the time during which they were engaged with yours on that and the preceding day, and it being apparent that you had received and were still receiving reinforcement, I felt it my duty to withdraw my troops from the immediate scene of the conflict.”

From Shiloh to the close of the war, Beauregard's popularity was on the wane, and the Southern people lost confidence in him.

Riding over the field and through the woods, I found abundant evidence that the defeat was most disastrous,—that their retreat was hasty. Blankets, knapsacks, haversacks, here and there muskets, wagons, one overturned in a slough, one with its tongue broken, tents, harnesses, oats, corn, flour, tent-poles, were confusedly scattered along the way. The carcasses of dead horses tainted the air. There were piles of earth newly heaped above those who died from their wounds. They fled in a fright on Monday night. I came unexpectedly upon a little log-hut, on a by-path leading toward Monterey. Two of McCook's cavalry rode up in advance of me. A widow woman, middle-aged, with a little girl and two little boys, occupied it. She kindly gave me a drink of water, and informed me that there were three Confederate wounded in the other room. I looked in upon them for a moment. Suffering had wasted them, and they had no disposition to talk of the past or the future. The good woman had been kind to them, but she had seen a great deal of sorrow. On Monday night one hundred wounded were brought to her house. Her two horses had been seized, her corn eaten, and no equivalent

returned. She conversed unreservedly; deplored the war, and wished it over. There were seven new-made graves in her garden, and in her dooryard a heap of cinders and ashes, and charred brands,—fragments of wagons and tent-poles. On the upper Corinth road fifty wounded were lying, cared for by our surgeons.

I recall some of the scenes of the movement upon Corinth. Here is an open forest, undulating land with little or no underbrush; thousands of wagons, all plodding on, not in slow, easy motion, but by fits and starts, with cutting, slashing, shouting, swearing, a chorus of profanity resounding through the forests. A mule sticks fast, he tumbles, his mate falls upon him. The drivers become enraged; then follows a general *melée*, a long halt, frantic attempts to start again, an unloading and reloading. Other trains in the rear, tired of waiting, turn to the right or left, perhaps to pass the little slough safely, only to meet with a similar mishap ten rods farther along. A battery struggles along, with twelve horses attached to a single piece of artillery. The entire forest is cut up by passing teams. Mingled with the thousands of wagons are regiments. They, too, are in confusion. Buell's and Grant's forces have become mixed. The divisions have been ordered to move, but evidently with no pre-arranged system. As far as the eye can see it is one grand hurly-burly,—one frantic struggle to make headway,—and this for a half-dozen miles. What a waste of horse-flesh! Here are six mules attempting to draw six boxes of bread,—weight, perhaps, six hundred pounds. The cavalry bring out their supplies on horses, each cavalryman bringing a bag of oats. There is cursing, swearing, pounding. The army in Flanders could not have been more profane. The brutality of the drivers is terrible. A miserable fellow, destitute of sense and humanity, strikes a mule over the head, felling the animal to the ground. Noble horses are remorselessly cut up by these fiendish beings in human form. There is no check upon their cruelty. You see dead horses everywhere. All the finer sensibilities become callous. One must see, but not feel. There would be pleasure in snatching a whip from the hands

of these savages and giving them a dose of their own medicine.

General Halleck came and assumed command. He advanced with extreme caution. He built four lines of breastworks, each line nearly ten miles long, so that if driven from one he could fall back to another. He sunk deep wells for water, as if preparing to be besieged instead of opening a siege.

General Grant was second in command with nothing to do. Halleck ignored his presence. No orders were issued to him. Doubtless the success of Grant at Donelson, his advancement in the estimation of the people, led Halleck to issue orders which hampered Grant in his movements. Grant had been surprised at Shiloh; had repulsed the enemy, and won the victory, but had been relegated by Halleck to a subordinate position.

I visited the various divisions of the united armies, and observed their discipline. That commanded by General Garfield attracted my attention for its morale, which was far superior to many others. He had broken the Confederate line in eastern Kentucky and was displaying marked qualities as a leader of men.

Some of the brigades were in the woods, sheltered from the May sun by the tall trees, others were located in the fields, from which the last year's cotton had not been gathered.

The Confederate Government was laying its hands upon the able-bodied men, and the negroes were making their way into the Union lines. There were none to speed the plough. The videttes of the two armies were on speaking terms. The Union troops gave the Confederates a little coffee now and then and received plugs of tobacco in return. They drank out of the same canteen. One of the pickets handed me a Memphis paper, which contained an editorial that awakened inquiries as to its meaning. It warned military commanders that the public would hold them responsible were they to give up any important point without a battle. What could be the meaning of it? Reading between the lines, listening to the rumbling trains, I interpreted it as meaning the evacuation of Corinth. Returning to camp, I handed the paper to

Gen. Lew Wallace, who said, "Take that up to General Grant." Calling upon that officer, I found him sitting moodily in his tent, with nothing to do. He read the article, and without making any comment passed it to his chief-of-staff, Adjutant-General Rawlins.

"That means that they are going to abandon Corinth," he said, after reading it. "I wish you would take that to General Halleck," he said.

The commander of the department received me courteously, but gruffly. He did not like newspaper correspondents, but was too much of a gentleman to be discourteous.

"Pooh!" he exclaimed, after reading the article. "That is a blind. Instead of evacuating Corinth, troops are arriving. Beauregard has one hundred thousand men."

He doubted all the reports of his scouts,—disbelieved the stories of negroes who came to him,—issued Order No. 57, that all "unauthorised persons" in his lines should be sent out, especially fugitive slaves and correspondents,—threw up redoubts, dragged his heavy siege-guns through the mud from the Landing,—planted them behind sodded earthworks, erected bomb-proof magazines,—issued his final orders to his army of an hundred thousand men,—opened fire from his heavy guns,—threw forward his skirmishers, and found—a deserted town!

Joining the fleet upon the Mississippi once more on the 3d of June, I found Commodore Davis in command, Admiral Foote having been relieved at his own request. His wound received at Donelson was painful, and he was so debilitated that he was unable to discharge his duties. The idea was generally entertained that the Confederates had evacuated Fort Pillow. The evacuation of Corinth was the basis for expectation of such an event. Fires were seen over the point on the bluffs and beyond, toward Randolph. Of course no one could say what was burning, but it was reasonable to suppose that the evacuation had taken place, inasmuch as there was an ominous silence of rebel batteries. But they suddenly waked up. Ascending to the pilot-house of the steamer, I could see handfuls of white cloud above and beyond the dense foliage

of the forest. Then there came a dull, heavy roar,—boom — boom — boom,—and the nearer explosion of the shells which burst in the air above our gunboats.

This sudden and unexpected demonstration aroused Captain Maynadier, commanding the mortar fleet, and right merrily answered the mortars till noon. Then there was a respite, while the mortar crews sat down beneath the dark green foliage of the forest, sheltered from the burning sun, and ate their rations, and rested the while.

Seven or eight miles below Craighead Point is Lanier's plantation. The proprietor being a Secessionist, burned his cotton, but for some cause he had lost faith, or pretended to lose faith, in the Confederacy, and desired to be permitted to return to his comfortable home, there to remain unmolested. He sent a note to Colonel Fitch, commanding the land forces, soliciting an interview. His request was granted, and he so ingratiated himself into Colonel Fitch's good feeling that he became an occupant of his homestead.

Subsequently it was ascertained that he was supplying the Confederate fleet with ice, spring chickens, garden vegetables, etc. It was decided to spring a trap upon the gentlemen of the Southern navy. A small party was sent out by Colonel Fitch, which reached the locality undiscovered. After a few minutes' reconnoissance, eight men were discovered helping themselves to ice in Mr. Lanier's ice-cellar. They were surprised. One resisted, but was shot, and the rest, after a short parleying, surrendered. They were brought to the *Benton*, but were very uncommunicative and sour.

The loss of a lieutenant and seven men was not well relished at Fort Pillow. Soon after noon the guns on the bluff commenced a vigorous but random fire, as if ammunition cost nothing, and it were mere pastime to burn powder and hurl shell over the point at our fleet. It was interesting to see the round shot plump into the water all around our gunboats, with an occasional shell puffing into cloud overhead, and raining fragments of iron into the river,—for with such random firing, there was but little danger of being hit.

The day had been hot and sultry, but just before nightfall

a huge bank of clouds rolled up in the western horizon, and burst with the fury of a tornado upon the fleet. Some of the transports dragged their anchors before the gale. There was but little rain, but a dense cloud of dust was whirled up from the sandbars.

I was surprised to see, when the storm was at its height, two of our rams steam rapidly down to the point and turn their prows towards the Confederate batteries. They disappeared in the whirling dust-cloud, vanishing from sight like ships at sea when night comes on.

Their mission, at such a moment, was to take advantage of the storm,—of the enveloping dust-cloud,—to ascertain what the Confederates were doing. We could hear the sudden waking up of heavy guns. The rams were discovered, and at once the batteries were in a blaze. Then they quietly steamed across the bend, in face of the batteries, turned their prows up-stream, and appeared in sight once more. The Confederate cannon belched and thundered, firing shot at random into the river. Bang—bang—bang,—two or three at a time,—roared the guns. It was amusing, laughable, to see the rams returning, and hear the uproar below.

The dust-cloud, with its fine, misty rain, rolled away. The sun shone once more, and bridged the Mississippi with a gorgeous rainbow. While admiring it, a Confederate gunboat poked her nose around the point. Then, after a little hesitancy, her entire body, to see what we were up to. Seeing how far off we were, she steamed boldly past the point, up-stream far enough to get a sight of the entire Federal fleet; turned slowly, placed her head downward, to be ready for a quick run home, if need be; then turned her paddles against the current, and surveyed us leisurely. The *Mound City* and *Cairo* being nearest, opened fire upon the craft. A signal was run up from the *Benton*, and immediately from the chimneys of the entire fleet rose heavy columns of blackest smoke, which mingled with the white puffs of steam, and rolled away into the blackness of the receding storm.

At sunset on the 4th of June, the Confederate batteries opened a fierce and sudden fire upon the gunboats. Then

there came heavy explosions, rising columns of smoke, faint and white at first, but increasing in volume and blackness. Another,—a third, a fourth,—expanding into one broad column, all along the height occupied by the batteries. Daylight was fading away, the lurid flames filled the southern sky, and a heaving, surging bank of smoke and flame laid along the treetops of the intervening forest. Occasionally there were flashes and faint explosions, and sudden puffs of smoke, spreading out like flakes of cotton or fleeces of whitest wool. This was all we could see. We were ignorant of what was feeding the flames, whether steamers or bales of cotton, or barracks, or tents, or houses, but we were sure that it was a burning of that which had cost a pile of Confederate notes. After taking possession of the works in the morning, the fleet pursued the retreating enemy down the river.

It was past noon and I was dining with Admiral Davis in the cabin of the flagship, when an orderly entered and touched his cap.

“There’s a Confederate steamer ahead, sir,” he said.

Leaving our chairs and climbing to the upper deck, we saw a river steamer a mile away, attempting to turn her prow down-stream.

Suddenly the thirty-pound rifled cannon, whose muzzle was less than eight feet below me, belched with a roar that made my ears crack. My eyes followed the missile’s flight. It was well aimed and went plump through the upper works of the steamer, boring a six-inch hole as with an auger. Before the gunners could ram home a second projectile, the steamer disappeared behind a bend.

“Send a boat through the chute and cut her off,” said some one.

“The chute! yes, the chute!” shouted a chorus of voices. It was but the work of a moment to transfer a boat’s howitzer and crew to a tug, which went puffing and blowing through the shorter passage, reaching the lower bend in season to prevent the escape of the steamer.

The flagship was soon alongside. Going on board, I found only a negro, the cook. The Confederates had leaped on

shore, leaving the dark-hued chattel to gain his freedom by falling into the hands of the Yankees. His mouth was stretched from ear to ear with joy over the unexpected happiness.

"I think, possibly, we shall have a brush with the enemy's fleet in the morning," said Admiral Davis.

My quarters, as were those of the other correspondents connected with the St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, and New York papers, were on the commissary boat of the fleet.

I do not know that I enjoyed any superior advantage over my fellow correspondents. The officers of the fleet were exceedingly courteous to all, but Commodore Davis's home was in Cambridge, but a stone's throw from Harvard College, and he had invited me to accompany him on the trip in pursuit of the retreating fleet.

"I shall send my despatch boat to the commissary boat at an early hour in the morning; will you please inform your fellow correspondents of the fact and say to them they are at liberty to step on board and see whatever may happen," said the commander, as I bade him good evening.

Possibly the courtesy extended me was not altogether relished by my friends of the press. The message was not kindly received by one or more, who could not let the opportunity slip of giving a fling at Boston.

Daylight was streaming up the east the following morning, when the admiral's boat came puffing alongside the commissary steamer.

With note-book in hand I stepped on board,—the only member of the newspaper fraternity awake and ready at that moment.

The air was clear,—the sky without a cloud. The stars were fading in the west, and the columns of light were rising in the east as we rounded the bend above the city of Memphis. The gunboats—five of them—were in a line across the stream, with the steam escaping from their pipes. The city was in full view. People were gathering upon the banks gazing upon the fleet. A dark column of smoke rose from above the green foliage of the forest opposite the city, but

whether produced by burning buildings, or by the rebel fleet, was wholly a matter of conjecture.

The soldiers were heaving the anchors as we approached the fleet, shouting in chorus, "Yeave ho! yeave ho!" The drummer boys were beating to quarters, the marines were mustering, officers and sailors all were busy.

The commodore was standing on the upper deck with Captain Phelps, commanding the *Benton*, by his side. The commodore was a tall, well-proportioned man, about fifty years old, with gray hair and blue eyes, a perfect gentleman,—kind, courteous, and affable, not only to his officers, but to the crews. Captain Phelps was shorter and smaller in stature, his features sharply cut. He stood erect, looking upon the preparations with keen eyes, giving orders with precision and promptness. The *Benton* in a few moments was ready for action, so quickly were his orders executed.

"Drop down toward the city, sir, and see if you can discover the rebel fleet," was the order of the commander to our captain.

We passed through the fleet, and moved slowly downstream, followed by the *Benton* and *Carondelet*, drifting with the current.

The sun was beginning to gild the spires of the city, and its slant rays came streaming over the waters into our faces. Men, women, and children were gathering upon the levee, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. Every moment the crowd became more dense. Were they assembling to welcome us? Should we steam down to them, and ask them what they thought of the Rebellion? A Confederate flag was flying from the cupola of the court-house, and another from a tall flagstaff on the levee. I remembered that on the 6th of May, thirteen months before, on the evening after the secession of the State, the people had torn down the Stars and Stripes, borne them out to the suburbs of the city, dug a grave, and buried the flag, trampling it in the mire!

Suddenly a gunboat steamed out into the stream, from the shelter of the Arkansas woods;—another,—another,—till eight had ranged themselves in two lines of battle.

"Helm aport!" shouted our captain to the wheelman, and we were rushing up-stream again. The commodore was not quite ready for action, and the *Benton* and *Carondelet* returned to their original position.

The appearance of the Confederate fleet,—the orderly formation of the battle line,—looked like work. The affair of the 10th of May, when the Confederate gunboats stole round Craighead Point above Fort Pillow, and sunk the *Cincinnati*, was sufficiently spirited to warrant the supposition that an engagement would be desperate. Several of the boats of the enemy had been fitted out at Memphis, and were manned by the old rivermen of that city, who would fight with great bravery under the eyes of their fellow citizens, their wives, and sweethearts.

"Let the sailors have breakfast," said the commodore, who believed in fighting on a full stomach. I took mine on deck,—a cup of coffee, hardtack, and a slice of salt junk,—for the movements in front of the city were too interesting to be lost sight of. The *Little Rebel*, the flagship of Commodore Montgomery, was passing from boat to boat. Montgomery was issuing his final orders.

Suddenly the Confederate fleet began to move slowly up-stream. A flag went up to the head of the *Benton's* flagstaff. It was the signal to be ready for action. Sailors dropped their plates, knives, and forks, and sprang to their guns. The *Benton* was nearest the Tennessee shore, then the *Carondelet*, the *St. Louis*, *Louisville*, and *Cairo*. Our own little tug was close by the flag-ship, keeping its place in the stream by the slow working of its engine.

The Confederate fleet was composed of the *Van Dorn*, *General Price*, *General Bragg*, *Jeff Thompson*, *General Lovell*, *General Beauregard*, *Sumter*, and *Little Rebel*, all gunboats and all rams, built expressly with a view of butting our fleet out of existence. The *Beauregard* was nearest the shore, next the *Little Rebel*, then the *General Price*, next the *General Bragg*, and the *General Beauregard*, which composed the front line. Immediately in rear *General Lovell*, near the Memphis shore, her position being directly in front of the city

wharf boat; next the *Van Dorn*, then the *Jeff Thompson*, and lastly the *Sumter*.

How strange, peculiar, and indescribable are one's feelings when going into battle! There is a light-heartedness,—a quickening of all the springs of life,—a thrill in every nerve,—an exhilaration of spirit,—a tension of every fibre. You see every movement, hear every sound, and think not only of what is before you, but of home, of the loved ones there,—of the possibility that you may never behold them again. Some men review their lives, and ask themselves if they have left anything undone which ought to have been done,—if their lives have been complete.

The *Little Rebel* was opposite the *Benton*. There was a flash,—a puff of smoke from her side,—a screaming of something unseen in the air over my head,—a frightful sound. The shot fell far in our rear. Another puff from the *Beauregard*, and the shot fell near the *Benton*. A third came from the *General Price*, aimed at the *Carondelet*, passed very near her larboard ports, and almost took our own boat in the bow. My fear was all gone. I was in the fight. There was no possibility of escaping from it. Wherever the boat went I must go. I should be just as safe to keep cool as to be excited. Besides, it was a new experience,—a new sight,—a grand exhibition. Interest, curiosity, and reason mastered fear. I sat down in an arm chair on the deck beside the pilot-house, and made rapid notes of all that I saw. I transcribe them:

5:40 A.M. *Cairo* opens with a stern gun—shot strikes close under hull of *Little Rebel*. Our boats' bows up-stream. Rebels advancing slowly. Bang—bang—bang—bang from each of the vessels. A whole broadside from *Cairo*. Another from *Louisville*. Air full of strange noises. Shells burst overhead. Pieces raining all round us. Columns of water tossed up. Both fleets enveloped in smoke. Very little wind. Splinters thrown out from *General Price*. Can see a shot-hole with my glass. Rebel fleet half-mile distant. Comes to a standstill. 6:00. *Queen of the West* cutting loose from shore. *Monarch* also. Great black clouds of smoke rolling

up from their stacks. Steam hissing from their pipes. Commodore Ellet on the *Queen*. Stands beside the pilot-house. Sharpshooters looking from loop-holes.

Queen wheels out into stream. Passes between *Benton* and *Carondelet*. Are near enough to say good-morning to Commodore Ellet and wish him success. *Monarch* following *Queen*, passing between *Cairo* and *St. Louis*. 6:25. Rebels moving down-stream. 6:35. Signal from *Benton* to round to and come to close quarters. *Queen* surging ahead under full speed. Ploughs a wide furrow. Aiming for *Beauregard*. Rebel fleet all opening on her. Shot crash through her. Exciting scene. Sharpshooters at work. *Beauregard* puts her helm down. Sheers off. *Queen* rushes by. Has missed her aim. Coming round in a curve. Strikes the *General Price*. Tremendous crash. Men jumping into water. *Beauregard* falling upon *Queen of the West*. Another crash.

Monarch close at hand. Smashes into *Beauregard*. Cracking of rifles and muskets. *Queen of the West* sinking. *Monarch* throwing out a warp. Towing her ashore. *Benton* close upon the *General Lovell*. Shot strikes *Lovell* in bow. Rips from stem to stern. Water full of timber and fragments. *Lovell* sinking. Man on deck. Left arm shattered, crying "Help! help! help!" Commotion on shore. *Lovell* goes down with a lurch. The battle was over. The river was full of men struggling for their lives. The stream was sweeping them away. The *Little Rebel* was fleeing for the Arkansas shore, the *Jeff Thompson* was on fire, the *Beauregard* sinking.

Our boat ran alongside the latter. A piteous spectacle met my eyes. Confederates with ghastly wounds were stretched upon the deck, the side of the vessel spattered with their blood. One wounded officer looked up to us with a piteous appeal. In a moment I was on board, also the captain of our boat. The Confederate vessel was sinking—the water pouring in through the holes made by the balls. Together we lifted him on board our boat. A moment later the Confederate craft was at the bottom of the river.

"You are kinder to me than were my fellow comrades,

for one of them was mean enough to steal my watch and pick my pocket," he said.

Running alongside the Confederate flag-ship, I was reaching out my hand to grasp the halyards of the flag when an officer seized them. A second sooner and I would have obtained the trophy.

The *Jeff Thompson* was burning the while, suddenly timbers, engines, burning planks were lifted high in the air and the fragments were rained down around us.

The battle was over, the Confederate fleet annihilated, all the vessels except one captured or destroyed. It was the glory of the engagement that the sailors of the *Benton* jumped into their boats and saved several of the Confederates from drowning.

The Confederate fleet began the action in good style, but maintained the line of battle a few minutes only. The appearance of the rams threw them into disorder. On the other hand, the line of battle taken by Commodore Davis was preserved to the end. Everything was as systematic and orderly as in a well-regulated household. The thought occurred, as I saw the steady onward movement of the fleet, which, after once starting, did not for an instant slacken speed, that it was clearing the river of all obstructions with the same ease that a housewife sweeps dirt through a doorway. His orders were few. The main thing was to get to close quarters.

The commodore commissioned Captain Phelps to take possession of the city, and kindly gave me permission to accompany him to the shore. We stepped into a small boat and were rowed to the land, where stood the mayor, holding up a white handkerchief, with an excited crowd around him. Some looked exceedingly sour; others disconsolate; a few were defiant; many of the citizens were good-natured, but deeply humiliated. A gentleman, resident of the city, informed me that he did not think the people cared anything about the Union, or had any desire to return to it, but they had an intense hatred of the tyranny to which they had been subjected, and were ready to welcome anything which would relieve them.

The *Avalanche* of that morning, hardly issued when the conflict began, said:

"There was not a little excitement about the levee last night, occasioned by an officer coming down in a skiff announcing that three of the Federal gunboats were in the 'shute' above the Island. The signals and movements of the boats seemed to confirm the report, but we have no idea that it was true.

"Yesterday was quite lively. All reports from Fort Pillow were listened to with interest, and they were not a few. By noon it was known that the fort was evacuated, and there was not a little excitement in consequence. Nearly all the stores were closed, and those that were open, with few exceptions, were rather indisposed to sell. Even a spool of cotton could not be had yesterday in stores which the day before had plenty and to spare. Besides the soldiers from Fort Pillow a fleet made us a visit which attracted much attention and formed the subject of general conversation. All seemed to regret what had been done and wished it were otherwise. So prevailing was the excitement that the common mode of salutation on Main Street was, 'When do you think the Federals will be here?' Each one made arrangements according to the tenor of the reply. Many persons were packing up to leave.

"In a word, all who could began to consider anxiously the question whether to go or stay. There was much running about on the streets, and evidently more or less excitement on every countenance. Some took matters coolly, and still believe that the Federals will never go to Memphis by river. All obstructions to their progress have not been removed and probably will not be. In fact, the prospect is very good for a grand naval engagement, which shall eclipse anything ever seen before. There are many who would like the engagement to occur, who do not much relish the prospect of its occurring very near the city. They think deeper water and scope and verge enough for such an encounter may be found farther up the river. All, however, are rejoiced that Memphis will not

fall till conclusions are first tried on water and at the cannon's mouth."

The "conclusions" had been tried and the people had seen their fleet unceremoniously knocked to pieces.

There were thousands of negroes on the levee, interested spectators of the scene. I asked one athletic man what he thought of it. "O massa, I tinks a good deal of it. Uncle Abe's boats mighty powerful. Dey go through our boats jus lik dey was eggshells." Another one standing by at once became interested in the conversation. Said he, "Captain Jeff Thompson, he cotch it dis time! He! hi! O how de balls did whiz!" There was an unmistakable sign of pleasure on the countenances of the coloured population.

In fifteen minutes after the occupation of the city, enterprising newsboys accompanying the fleet were crying, "Here's the New York *Herald! Times and Tribune!* Chicago and St. Louis papers!"

CHAPTER VII

INVASION OF MARYLAND

WORN down by the hardships of the campaign in Tennessee and on the Mississippi, with malaria in my blood, I returned East, arriving in Boston on a bright June morning.

"You must take the next train for Virginia," said the proprietor of the *Boston Journal*.

The correspondent sent to the Army of the Potomac during my absence in the West had succumbed to the hardships of camp life and the readers of the paper were dependent upon other journals for information.

I hastened to Washington to find myself debarred from reaching the army by the War Department. It was the week of disasters to General McClellan, during which were fought the battles of Gaines' Mills, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, and Malvern Hill. Upon inquiring why I could not as an accredited correspondent join the Army of the Potomac once more, I was informed that the army was short of provisions and the department did not want any more men who were not soldiers about the camp. The answer was a subterfuge. General Halleck had been called from the West to be military adviser. He had attempted to drive the correspondents from the army in Tennessee, and doubtless was somewhat sensitive over the criticisms of the press upon his slowness in advancing upon Corinth, and finding, instead of a great army confronting him, a deserted town.

But the insatiate public must have information; if I could not obtain news from personal observation it must be had second-hand. Baltimore, rather than Washington, was the focal point, there being daily communication by steamers between that city and Fortress Monroe. I hastened to that city, took quarters at the Eutaw House to find a jostling crowd of

army contractors, speculators, sutlers, commissaries, a Babel of voices. It was not difficult to see that many faces in Baltimore brightened over the news of disaster to the Army of the Potomac. The fires of Secession were kindling once more. Men and women whose sympathies were with the South rejoiced at the outcome of the seven days' fighting, the forced retreat of McClellan to the protection of the gunboats in James River.

The boat from Fortress Monroe was due at eight o'clock in the morning. I stood upon the pier and beheld the steamer, its decks swarming with men — soldiers, officers, civilians — as it swept to its accustomed landing.

Amid the crowd I spied a man whom I thought might possibly be a correspondent.

"Yes, I am a correspondent of a New York paper," he said, in response to my inquiry.

"I will sell you my information for fifty dollars," he added.

"Very well, I will give it if you have anything definite. Begin with the first battle and go through to the end."

Two minutes' questioning was sufficient to enlighten me as to his calling,—that of a sutler, who knew nothing as to what had taken place.

The bell of the locomotive was clanging in the railroad station and the train just ready to start for New York. I was sure that among the many men wearing uniforms I should find here and there one who could give me some information. I was not disappointed. Going through the train, I found several who could tell me what they had seen. By the time the train reached New York, my note-book was well filled. Through the night this pen was at work, and the morning trains carried this information to Boston, thus putting the people of New England on a footing with those of the metropolis in the reception of news from the seat of war. It was not a description from personal observation, but after a third of a century the account of the movements of the army, from the first battle at Gaines' Mills, where Stonewall Jackson after his march from the Shenandoah fell upon McClellan's divided army in conjunction with Lee, to the defeat of the Confederates at

Malvern Hill, is, in the main, correct. Very early in the war I learned that unremitting vigilance and energy must be exercised in obtaining and transmitting information for the public. More than this, I learned that a correspondent must exercise a wise discrimination in judging between what was true and what false. Officers of the line saw only what took place around them. Colonels were confident that their individual regiments were especially brave, brigadiers assured me that their commands broke the enemy's line, major-generals detailed the movements of their divisions and informed me that the achievements of their troops were the main features in the engagements. It is not strange that the reports were conflicting or irreconcilable. Few officers took any note of time in a battle. Few can tell just about what orders were issued or what movements were made, amid the noise, the rolls of musketry, the thundering of cannon, the bursting of shells, the cries of the wounded and dying. Men's brains are in a whirl. A commander of a division must not only keep watch of his own men, but must be keenly alive to all the movements of the enemy. When it is all over, when the excitement is gone, it is only a confused and haunting memory of what has taken place. A correspondent must hear all the stories, and exercise his judgment as to the probabilities.

Debarred from joining the army, which had retreated to Harrison's Landing on James River, I waited for whatever might take place. The authorities at Washington, apprehending that the Confederates might make a movement towards the capital, summoned Major-General John Pope from the West to gather up the troops in and around the capital. I had made the acquaintance of General Pope in the advance upon Corinth. In assuming command he made a grave mistake by issuing a proclamation which reflected somewhat upon the Eastern soldiers. His headquarters were in the saddle. It was bombastic, and made it impossible for him to win the confidence of the men whom he was to command. His army had no coherence. He took command at Culpeper. Then came the rapid march of Stonewall Jackson, gaining Pope's rear, and the second Manassas conflict, the withdrawal of the Army of the

Potomac from James River, the concentration of troops in and around Washington.

Day after day the booming of cannon had been heard, borne by the breezes along the wooded valley of the Potomac; far away at first, then nearer at Chantilly and Fairfax Courthouse. Then came the stream of fugitives, the broken, disheartened ranks back to Arlington. The streets of Washington were thick with hungry, war-worn men. Long lines of ambulances wended into the city, with wounded for the hospitals, already overcrowded. The soldiers had pitiful tales to tell of the scenes of the Peninsula, and of the gory field of Manassas,—how near they came to victory,—how Hooker and Heintzelman rolled back the lines of Stonewall Jackson,—how Fitz John Porter lingered within an hour's march of the conflict, hardly coming into line, and moving away when lightly pressed by the enemy. There were curses loud and deep breathed against Porter, Pope, and McClellan. The partisans of Porter and McClellan called Pope a braggadocio, while the soldiers who had fought with obstinacy, who had doubled up Jackson in the first day's battle, retorted that McClellan was a coward, who, through all the engagements on the Peninsula, took good care to be out of reach of hostile bullets or cannon shot. The cause of the Union was gloomy. Burnside had been hurried up from North Carolina to aid in repelling the invader. The sun shone peacefully through the August day,—summer passed into autumn,—

“And calm and patient Nature kept
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness swept
The battle's breath of hell.”

Adversity is a test of faith. In those darkest hours there was no faltering of hope. The heart of the nation was serene. The people believed that God would give them the victory. The soldiers believed it. Those who were passing away from earth, who with quickened sight beheld the events of the hour in the light of eternity, trusted that Providence would give the victory to their companions in arms.

Colonel Broadhead, of Michigan, lying upon the battle-field of Manassas, with the shadow of death stealing over him, wrote a most touching farewell letter to his wife, in which he expressed his convictions as to who was responsible for the defeat.

“MY DEAR WIFE:—

“I write to you, mortally wounded, from the battle-field. We have again been defeated, and ere this reaches you your children will be fatherless. Before I die let me implore that in some way it may be stated that General —— has been outwitted, and that —— is a traitor. Had they done their duty as I did mine, and had led as I did, the dear old flag had waved in triumph. I wrote to you yesterday morning. To-day is Sunday, and to-day I sink to the green couch of our final rest. I have fought well, my darling; and I was shot in the endeavour to rally our broken battalions. I could have escaped, but would not until all our hope was gone, and was shot—about the only one of our forces left on the field. Our cause is just, and our generals—not the enemy’s,—have defeated us. In God’s good time He will give us the victory.

“And now, good-by, wife and children. Bring them up—I know you will—in the fear of God and love for the Saviour. But for you and the dear ones dependent, I should die happy. I know the blow will fall with crushing weight on you. Trust in Him who gave manna in the wilderness.

“Dr. North is with me. It is now after midnight, and I have spent most of the night in sending messages to you. Two bullets have gone through my chest, and directly through my lungs. I suffer little now, but at first the pain was acute. I have won the soldier’s name, and am ready to meet now, as I must, the soldier’s fate. I hope that from heaven I may see the glorious old flag wave again over the undivided country I have loved so well.

“Farewell, wife and friends, we shall meet again.”

The military authorities were often indebted to newspaper correspondents for intelligence concerning the movements of the rebels. One of the most indefatigable of the corps was Mr. U. H. Painter, of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. He was at

Bristow Station when Stuart made his first appearance in Pope's rear, capturing the baggage of that officer. Mr. Painter was taken prisoner, but, true to his profession, kept his eyes and ears open, listening to all that was said by Stuart and his subordinate officers. Being in citizen's dress, he managed to slip through the guard, but not till after he had obtained important information relative to the movements of the enemy. Reaching Washington, he at once sent an attaché of the paper up the Potomac to Point of Rocks, also informed the Government that the rebels were intending to invade Maryland. No credence was given to his assertion; the Government believed that Washington was the point aimed at. The rebels made their appearance at Point of Rocks, the messenger on watch gave Mr. Painter information by telegraph that Stuart was crossing. That gentleman informed the Government of the fact, and forwarded a despatch to his paper. The Washington papers in the afternoon contained semi-official denials of the despatch to the *Inquirer*. But information from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company that the rebels had possession of the road at Point of Rocks could not be disputed. Even then the Government was slow to believe that the rebels seriously intended a movement upon Maryland.

General Lee was flushed with success. He had reason to think well of himself and of his troops. He had raised the siege of Richmond, transferred the war to the vicinity of Washington, had defeated Pope on the old battle-ground of Manassas, and driven the Union forces into the defences of the capital. His troops believed that they could accomplish anything—overcome all obstacles—sweep away the Union army and march to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.

Lee entered Maryland as a liberator, believing that the people would rise *en masse* to welcome him; but he was greatly mistaken.

Taking the train from Philadelphia, I went to Harrisburg, Lancaster, and York in Pennsylvania, and thence into western Maryland. Everywhere the people were arming. All the able-bodied men were drilling. All labour was at a standstill. The fires of the foundries went out; the farmers left

their uncut grain in the field. Men worth millions of dollars were in the ranks as privates. Members of Congress, professors of colleges with their classes, iron-masters with their workmen, ministers, and able-bodied men of their congregations, were hastening to the rendezvous. The State Capitol grounds were swarming with men, receiving arms and ammunition. It was a glorious exhibition of patriotism; yet I could but think that they would offer a feeble resistance in the open field to well-drilled troops. At Bunker Hill raw militia stood the fire of British veterans; but such instances of pluck are rare in history.

Going up the Cumberland Valley I reached Greencastle on the 14th of September, ten miles from Hagerstown. I could hear a dull and heavy booming of cannon to the south, in the direction of South Mountain; but the rebels were at Hagerstown, and had made a dash almost up to Greencastle. The only troops in the place were a few companies watching the border, and momentarily expecting the enemy to appear. Citizens of Maryland, some from Virginia, Union men, were there, ready to run farther North on the slightest alarm.

The little village was suddenly excited by the cry, "They are coming!" "They are coming!" It was not a body of Confederates, however, but the Union cavalry, which had cut their way out from Harper's Ferry in the night before the pusillanimous surrender of Colonel Miles. They crossed the pontoon bridge, moved up the Potomac, through wood paths and byways, twice coming in contact with the rebel pickets, and falling in with Longstreet's ammunition trains between Hagerstown and Williamsport, consisting of one hundred wagons, which were captured. Many of the teamsters were slaves, who were very glad to see the Yankees. They were contented under their capture.

"Were you not frightened when you saw the Yankees?" I asked of one.

"Not de leastest bit, massa. I was glad to see 'em. Ye see, we all wanted to get Norf. De captain of de guard, he tell me to whip up my horses and get away, but I done cut for de woods right towards de Norf."

He chuckled merrily over it, and said, "I's in de service of de Union now."

He was driving the horses with evident satisfaction at the sudden change in his fortunes.

When John Brown woke the world from its dreaming, at Harper's Ferry, he had an accomplice named Cook, who escaped and concealed himself in the mountains of Pennsylvania, but who was hunted down by Fitz Hugh Miller, of Chambersburg. Among the rebel prisoners was this same Fitz Hugh, dressed in a suit of rusty gray, with a black ostrich plume in his hat, sunburned, dusty, having a hang-dog look. He was a captain in the rebel service. The Dutch blood of the citizens, usually as calm and steady in its flow as the rivers of their Fatherland, came up with a rush.

"Hang him! Down with the traitor! Kill him!" they shouted. They rushed to seize him, but the guards kept the populace at bay. The excitement increased. Miller appealed to the guards to protect him. He was quickly hurried into the jail, which was strongly guarded. A great change had taken place in the opinions of the people. They had been indifferent to the questions of the hour, but the rebel raid, by which they had lost their horses, had taught them an excellent lesson. Self-interest is sometimes a stimulant to patriotism. They even began to look with complacency upon what John Brown had done.

The Confederates evacuated Hagerstown on the morning of the 16th of September, and an hour later I entered it on the first train, which was greeted by the people with shouts and hurrahs and demonstrations of joy, as if it brought emancipation from long bondage. Some of the citizens had manifested sympathy with the Southern troops. Still there were groups of excited men in the streets, shouting, "We'll hang the cusses. We've spotted them, and if they ever come back we'll be the death of them, as sure as there's a God."

The battle of South Mountain had been fought, and the hostile armies were concentrating for a trial of strength along the peaceful banks of the Antietam.

I was awakened at daylight on the morning of the 17th of

September by the booming of cannon. It was a dull, leaden morning. The clouds hung low upon the mountains, and swept in drifts along the hillsides. The citizens of Hagerstown were astir,—some standing on the housetops, listening to the increasing thunder of the cannonade, some in the church steeples, others making haste to visit the field of battle. I had no horse, but finding a stable keeper, was soon the owner of one. The horse dealer was quite willing to dispose of his animals. "Horse-flesh is mighty onsartin' these days," said he. "The rebels took my best ones, and if they should come here again, I reckon they would clean me out."

My first impulse was to push directly down the Sharpsburg turnpike and gain the rear of the Confederates, enter their lines as a citizen, and see the battle from their side.

"Don't do it, sir," said a citizen.

Upon reflection, it appeared to be good advice, and so turning about (for I had already gone a mile or more in that direction) I took the Boonsboro pike and rode rapidly towards the battle-field. Two or three miles out I came across a Confederate soldier,—bareheaded, pale, sallow, worn out by hard marching, lying under an oak-tree by the roadside. His gun was by his side. He raised his head and held up his hand, as if to implore me not to harm him. He belonged to a Georgia regiment, and had dropped by the way, too feeble to keep his place in the ranks. Citizens came and cared for him.

Striking off from the turnpike in a by-path, then across fields, through oak groves, directed by the roar of battle, descending a steep hill, and fording the Antietam, I gained the battle-field in rear of the right wing, where Hooker was in command. Passing beyond the field hospitals, I reached the hill, on Poffenberg's farm.

The fire was raging fearfully in front of Sumner; but Hooker's and Mansfield's cannon were silent, cooling their brazen lips after the morning's fever. In the hollow behind the ridge, east of Poffenberg's house, the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps—what was left of them—were lying, sad, yet not disheartened. How changed from what they were a year before, then fifteen thousand strong!

"We cannot lose many more," said one, as I talked of the morning's action. Gibbon's brigade, of Hooker's corps, had crossed the turnpike and was holding the grounds in the woods between it and the Potomac.

Ascending the ridge, I came upon Battery B, Fourth Artillery, also Cooper's and Easton's Pennsylvania batteries, the New Hampshire Ninth, and Rhode Island Fifth,—thirty pieces bearing on the corn field and the wood-crowned hills, where, alas! hundreds of as brave men as ever breathed were lying, who just before had moved to meet the enemy, but who never again would engage in battle.

The firing was hot and heavy a few rods south.

The fight began with the pickets in the night, and was taken up by the artillery at daylight. The enemy had concentrated a heavy force on their left, we on our right, because the lay of the land required it, the right being our strongest ground, and their left their weakest. The ridge behind Poffenberg's house was the door-post on which our fortunes hinged. Not so with them,—theirs was a double door, its hinge being in the woods bordering the turnpike south of the tollhouse.

Hooker gave Meade, with the Pennsylvania Reserves, the right, Ricketts the left, and placed Doubleday in support in rear. Mansfield joined Hooker's left, but was an hour behind time. Sumner was slow to come into action. Hooker advanced, drove in the pickets, found a battery on his extreme right, which, as soon as he came within its range, began to plough him with a flanking fire. Meade obliqued to the right, poured in a few volleys, and drove the enemy across the turnpike. This was the extreme left of the enemy's line. Hooker crossed the turnpike a few rods north of Poffenberg's, marched through the fields to the ridge by the corn field. Having obtained possession of the ridge east of Poffenberg's, he planted his batteries and opened a vigorous cannonade which lasted several minutes.

The lips of the cannon were cooling, and there was a lull in the strife. Desiring to obtain a nearer view of the enemy, I rode down the slope through Poffenberg's door yard where were lying two horses killed by a cannon shot which smashed

the head of one and tore open the neck of the other. The dead of the Pennsylvania Reserves were lying under the palings of the garden fence. The gable of the house was torn to pieces by a shell. A little farther on dead men in blue and dead men in gray were thickly strewn; and still farther out, along the narrow lane which runs southwest from the house, they were as thick as the withered leaves in autumn. How the battle-storm howled through those woods, fiercer than the blasts of November! It was a tornado which wrenched off the trunks of oaks large enough for a ship's keelson,—riving them, splintering them with the force of a thunderbolt.

I rode down the turnpike toward the large farmhouse of Mr. Miller, unconscious that I was almost upon the Confederate line, till accosted by a soldier lying prostrate upon the ground behind the fence, who informed me that I had reached the skirmish line, and suggested that a man horseback would be a fine mark for the Confederates secreted in the corn rows of the adjoining field. Acting upon the suggestion, I returned to Poffenberg's, and rode south along the Union line. It was a pleasure to come upon Brigadier-General O. O. Howard. He greeted me cordially. Since seeing him he had lost an arm at Williamsburg. He had just been placed in command of the right wing, Hooker having been wounded, and Mansfield killed.

We were in the open field, a few rods southeast of Poffenberg's barn. General Howard rode forward a few steps, looked through the leafy branches of the oaks along the turnpike. We could see the dark lines of the enemy moving through the corn field. "Tell the batteries to give them the heaviest fire possible," he said. It was spoken as deliberately as if he had said to his servant, "Bring me a glass of water." How those thirty pieces of artillery opened! Crack! crack! crack! The gray lines wavered, swayed to and fro, and disappeared, finding shelter behind an intervening ridge.

Sumner's division was coming into position. General McClellan's plan, so far as I could comprehend any method of attack, was to have Hooker's and Mansfield's divisions assault Lee's left flank and that Sumner was to support them, but

Hooker had attacked singly and had been repulsed; so had Mansfield. It was twenty minutes past seven in the morning when Sumner received his orders to cross the Antietam River. For thirty-six hours he had been doing nothing. He had heard the uproar of battle and at last received orders to march to the support of the other two divisions. It was too late to support them; he must attack independently. He was getting on in years, past seventy, brave, grim,—a cavalry officer, who had endured great hardships in frontier service. He had had little experience with infantry and formed his troops in a peculiar manner, in columns of brigades with no wings to protect his flanks.

Looking across an open field, I could see a small brick building, behind which was a grove of oaks. It was the Dunker meeting-house, and the Confederate line was but a short distance beyond it. Sedgwick's division was to move across the field and fall upon the Confederates. French's and Richardson's divisions were to move farther south. Quite likely Sumner thought that they would be sufficient to protect his left flank. Possibly they might if they had advanced with Sedgwick, but they were not in position when Sedgwick, with Dana's brigade in front, Gorman's immediately behind it, and Howard's next in line, advanced. Hot blasts from the Confederate artillery beat upon them as Dana's men crossed the Hagerstown turnpike, north of the church. Gorman was a little east of it, when suddenly a line of men in gray rose, seemingly out of the earth, on their left flank. General Sumner at this moment was talking with Major Philbrick of the Massachusetts Fifteenth Regiment. The major was the first to espy the men in gray. The brave old man gazed a moment, then dashed up to Dana.

"Change front?" he shouted. The advancing line came to a halt. Cannon shot were ploughing through the ranks, shells exploding, and volleys of musketry rolling from the east of the ledge of stone behind the church. Dana's men had been marching southwest; the order directed them to swing the line and face southeast, which would bring them under an enfilading fire. General Howard saw the Confederates folding around

his left flank, held by the Seventy-second Pennsylvania. The troops swing as best they can, but for want of room become confused. The struggle is short, but men go down in heaps. In a few minutes, more than two thousand are killed or wounded, and the whole division is compelled to fall back. The Confederates, having repulsed Sedgwick, fall back and disappear in the hollow from which they came. The Fifteenth Massachusetts advanced with 582 men; in twenty minutes 343 had been killed or disabled. The Confederate loss was less severe, but General Hood regarded it as one of the most terrific struggles he had ever seen.

The uproar died away. During the lull in the storm General McClellan, whose headquarters were in a fine old farm mansion, east of the Antietam, visited the field. I was sitting on my horse in the edge of a grove, north of Mr. Musna's house, when he rode up accompanied by his staff. The soldiers gave no hurrah of welcome, but gazed at him in silence. He took a brief survey of the field through his glass, closed it, turned his horse once more toward the Antietam, and reached his headquarters.

It was an inspiring scene — if there can be anything inspiring in war, when French's and Richardson's divisions moved down the fields a little farther south. The gun-barrels and bayonets were gleaming in the sunlight. The flags of the regiments and brigades were fluttering in the breeze, and the ranks were in admirable alignment. Following the commander-in-chief, I crossed the Antietam, and reached the mansion where he had established his headquarters. McClellan and the members of his staff, with their field-glasses, were watching the advance of French and Richardson. Fitz John Porter's corps, numbering twelve thousand, was in line behind a ridge — McClellan was holding it in reserve. I was in position to see every movement of the advancing troops. General French's division moved towards the house of Mr. Musna; Richardson's towards the house of Mr. Rulet. French had Weber's, Kimball's, and Morris's brigades. Weber was in front, then Morris, and lastly Kimball. Morris's troops were entering their first battle. Suddenly the hills above them

burst into flames, and the smoke of the Confederate cannon drifted towards them. Shells exploded above them; iron bolts tore through their ranks. A little nearer and handfuls of white cloud burst from the windows of Musna's house, which the Confederates were using as a shelter.

The Union skirmishers came to a burial-ground where the white marble headstones stood out in bold relief against the deep green of the grass grown graves. Crouching down, resting their muskets upon the verdant mounds, the skirmishers gave shot for shot, and sent the Confederates running from the building, first setting it on fire. The dark pillar of smoke, the flashing of cannon, the advancing troops make up the picture.

Weber's brigade advanced steadily, throwing down fences, scaling walls; not so the new troops under Morris, which became confused.

General French saw that the time had come for a quick, decisive movement.

"Tell General Kimball to move to the front and come in on the left of Weber," he said to one of his staff.

Kimball's troops were veterans, commanded by a cool-headed, brave, self-reliant officer. The brigade swung to the left, entered a ravine, and moved towards the house of Mr. Rulet, sweeping through an orchard, and along a narrow roadway leading to the house. Just beyond the house is a road, which has been used for many years. The rains have washed it till it has sunk below the surface of the adjoining fields, forming a natural fortification. We who beheld the spectacle did not know that D. H. Hill's Confederate division was lying in the road, awaiting the onset. The advancing troops did not know it. We could only see the Confederate batteries flaming farther up the slope, and the Union batteries on the right of French, in the grove east of the Dunker church, sending their shells in the direction of the general Confederate line.

The advancing troops reached the crest of the hill, and suddenly beheld a rail fence between them and the road, and a line of men rising from the ground. Instead of halting appalled before the sudden apparition, with a hurrah they rushed

forward and poured a volley into the Confederate ranks. The men in gray went down in heaps. In a twinkling the Confederate line was annihilated. The few who were left fled into a corn field, sloping up the hillside. The Union troops tore down the fence, leaped across the line of dead and dying, and followed the fugitives into the corn rows.

There are turning-points in the lives of men. General McClellan was sitting in an armchair beholding the scene. He does not comprehend that a great moment has come; that now is the supreme moment for him to hurl Fitz John Porter's corps of twelve thousand men upon the broken Confederate lines, and drive it like a wedge into Lee's centre, fold back two wings of the Confederates, and drive Lee pell-mell back upon the Potomac, with only one avenue of escape at Shepards-town. Had he seen it and given the order, there can be little doubt as to the result, for at that hour Jackson's troops, on their way from Harper's Ferry, had not joined Lee; they were several miles away.

While French was thus breaking the Confederate centre, Richardson was engaging Longstreet, south of Rulet's, driving the Confederates from that section of the sunken road. In the *mélée*, Richardson received a mortal wound. Nearly six hundred Confederates were taken prisoners, and Longstreet's line forced back to the village of Sharpsburg.

It was an auspicious moment for decisive action on the part of McClellan. Near his headquarters, screened from the enemy's view, were eleven thousand men under Fitz John Porter waiting for orders, which never came to them. They could hear the roar of the battle, the rolls of musketry like the ground swell of the waves of the ocean, the thunder of the cannonade. They were in a position from whence they could have been hurled in mass upon the broken Confederates. Through the day they stood there, doing nothing.

The Antietam River was crossed by four stone bridges. Hooker and Mansfield had crossed the two upper ones. The next was on the road leading from Theedysville to Sharpsburg; the fourth, farther down-stream, was twelve feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet in length. General McClellan

planned to have it carried by General Burnside. Upon the western bank is a limestone quarry and a stone wall, making a natural fortress, held by a brigade of Confederates under General Howell Cobb, who had been Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan. Burnside planted his batteries on the eastern side, and all through the forenoon they had rained solid shot and shell upon the quarry, with little effect.

It was a peremptory order from McClellan which a member of his staff carried to Burnside.

"You are to carry the bridge, gain the heights beyond, advance to Sharpsburg, and gain the rear of the enemy."

There was no need for such an order. The water in the Antietam was so low that it could be forded at almost any point. I myself crossed it several times during the day, and in no instance did my horse go above his knees into the water. It is fair to conclude that neither McClellan nor Burnside made any effort to discover whether or not the stream could be forded.

To carry the bridge the attacking troops must wind down a hill, cross a level plateau, rush across the bridge, climb the steep bank beyond, with cannon pouring canister into their ranks and a brigade of Confederates at close range mowing down the assaulting troops. Several attempts were made by Burnside during the forenoon, resulting in failure. McClellan seemed to think that the only chance for victory lay in carrying the bridge. He sent Colonel Key with an imperative order to have the bridge carried with the bayonet, no matter at what sacrifice of life.

The assault was made, the Seventh Connecticut leading. There was a fearful slaughter, but the Confederates were driven from the limestone quarry, and the way was open for an advance toward Sharpsburg. After the bridge had been carried it was discovered that the stream could be forded, and a large number of the regiments waded the water to the Western bank.

At three o'clock the whole Ninth Corps advanced. I rode down to the bridge, and from the hill near by saw the movement over the hills. There was an evident commotion in the

Confederate ranks. I could see in the sunlight the gleam of bayonets above the heads of regiments running southward from Longstreet's position. It was a critical moment with Lee, but his heart was cheered by the arrival of A. P. Hill's division of Jackson's corps, coming upon the double quick from Harper's Ferry, marching seventeen miles in seven hours. They formed in the fields south of Sharpsburg just in season to hold Burnside in check.

The sun was going down, red and large, through the murky battle-cloud. All of the Confederate and many of the Union batteries were flaming, but with the gloaming the thunder died away. Groping my way among the bivouac fires, I came upon a group of soldiers, who had eaten their rations of biscuit and beef, and were whiling the hours away talking of the incidents of the day, and singing songs. Their laughter, boisterous at times, died away when one sang the song:

"Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear
To know at this moment some loved one
Were saying, 'I wish he were here.'"

Through the night the troops rested on their arms. With the rising of the sun the cannonade began again. General Cook's division of fresh troops had arrived, which, with Porter's corps, gave McClellan twenty-five thousand fresh troops. I could not discover any preparations for a renewal of the battle. Eighty thousand troops were there, but for some reason, never explained, McClellan gave no order. He believed that Lee had one hundred thousand, yet it was plain from the different views I had of the Confederate lines that McClellan had by far the largest number of men.

A flag of truce came out from the Confederate lines, asking for an armistice to gather up the wounded, between the two armies. The request was granted. I walked over the field in front of the Dunker church, where a large number were lying. Upon the breast of one Union soldier lay a pocket Bible, upon the fly-leaf of which was written, doubtless by a loving mother: "We hope and pray that you may be per-

mitted by a kind Providence after the war is over to return"—a prayer not to be granted. He had given his life to the country. Many a mother, many a wife mourned for a loved one they never again would see.

The day passed without the issuing of any order by McClellan. Another morning dawned, and the Confederate army was once more in Virginia.

After the retreat of Lee, I rode over the ground and surveyed the field from every point. The dead were thickly strewn. A Confederate battery had occupied the ground around the Dunker church, a small brick building on the turn-pike, a mile south of Poffenberg's. At its door-step lay a major, a captain, and eleven men, all dead. A wounded horse, unable to lie down, was standing near a dismantled caisson. Almost human was the beseeching look of the dumb creature. I rode along the sunken road, where the Confederate dead were lying as they had fallen.

I judged from a little counting that a thousand of the enemy's dead were in the road and the adjoining field. A shell had thrown seven into one heap,—some on their faces, some on their backs,—fallen, as a handful of straws would fall when dropped upon the ground. But not they alone suffered. The bloody tide which had surged through all the morning between the ridges above, along the right, had flowed over the hill at this noontide hour. The yellow soil became crimson; the russet corn-leaves turned to red, as if autumn had put on in a moment her richest glory.

Now that Lee was across the river, the order was given for the army to push on. I was in the village of Sharpsburg when McClellan and his staff rode up. Fitz John Porter's troops cheered him, but Hooker's men received him with sullen silence. Porter's corps, in advance, came upon Lee's rear guard at Shepardstown, but was repulsed.

I had witnessed a great battle and made notes of the terrible conflict. Then came a midnight ride to Hagerstown, a journey to Boston, the writing of the story in the cars. I had seen the entire battle with the exception of Hooker's attack, in the morning. I was honoured by the *Baltimore American* in

a republication of my account, of which many thousand copies were sold to the soldiers. It has even been a pleasure to receive assurances of its correctness from those who participated in that battle. The newsboys did a thriving business in selling the Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York papers.

CHAPTER VIII

INVASION OF KENTUCKY

SIMULTANEOUS with Lee's advance into Maryland was the advance of the Confederates under General Bragg into Kentucky, flanking General Buell, and compelling him to retreat from the banks of the Tennessee in Northern Alabama to Louisville. The Confederates were warmly welcomed by those whose sympathies were with the South. Bragg was quartered in Frankfort, the capital. A provisional government was organised. Many of the citizens kept open house to the Confederate officers.

General Bragg was dining with the accomplished Mrs. Preston, when a messenger dashed into town with the intelligence of the advance of the Union troops. Governor Harris,—six hours a Governor,—packed his carpetbag in great haste. The brilliant throng of officers mounted their horses, the ladies took down their miniature flags, while the citizens of the place prepared to change their politics. The Confederate force in the town consisted of two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, guarding the turnpike bridge across the Kentucky River.

The Union cavalry came thundering down the hill. It was in the evening; and without halting to ascertain who or what they were to encounter, dashed across the bridge. The Confederates gave one irresolute volley and fled precipitately from the town, which was once more and for a finality in the hands of the Union men. Four days later the battle of Perryville was fought, and then the invaders retired from the State with their booty.

Their visit was at once a curse and a blessing,—a curse, because of the havoc, the desolation, and pillage; a blessing, because it brought Kentuckians to a sharp corner. The President had issued his Proclamation of freedom, and Ken-

tucky slaveholders were grumbling, and were ready to shake hands with the Confederates. They had welcomed their Southern friends, who had robbed and plundered them without stint.

The Union men, on the other hand, hailed with joy the advance of the men in blue. Probably in no State was the loyalty of those who stood by the Union more intense than in eastern Kentucky, Tennessee, and the western section of North Carolina. The people of the mountain section never wavered in their allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

The Army of the Potomac the while was doing nothing, and, seeing no signs of any immediate movement, I hastened West once more to Louisville. Six months had sufficed to bring about a marked change in Kentucky. Men who, the preceding winter, had been non-committal on public affairs, had become outspoken for the Union.

President Lincoln had announced his intention of issuing a proclamation emancipating the slaves in States that had seceded and joined the Confederacy. Kentucky had remained in the Union and the owners of slaves were to be compensated for their slaves by the general Government. I made the acquaintance of gentlemen who were kind to their slaves, providing them with comfortable cabins, and supplying them with good food. When too old to work, they could sit all day by their cabin doors basking in the sunshine. This was slavery at its best. On plantations owned by these gentlemen the field hands were not greatly overworked. There were fields in tobacco, — the broad green leaves ripening in the sun. Negro men and women were harvesting the plant. Of all the negro labourers not one manifested any interest in his work. Slavery offered no incentive to energetic action. It was enforced labour; time was of no account. Indolence was a virtue.

There was much difference of opinion in regard to the course pursued by President Lincoln. Those who loved the union of the States, who comprehended the blessings that come from the Constitution, saw that slavery was doomed, and accepted the wiping out of the institution as a logical and inevitable conclusion.

The Louisville *Journal* condemned the Proclamation, giving utterance to the voice of the slaveholders, declaring that the Proclamation would have no binding force in that State; but the soldiers hailed it with joy. They felt that slavery was the cause of the war, and were longing to see it overthrown. Bragg having left the State, many masters began to look up their slaves, some of whom had fled to the Union lines for protection.

One wing of the army was resting at Williamstown, about twenty-five miles south of Cincinnati, in which was a division commanded by General Q. A. Gillmore; then a brigadier who, in common with many other officers, believed in what was called the "Kentucky Policy." When the army began forward movement in pursuit of Bragg, General Gillmore issued an order, known as General Order No. 5, which reads as follows:

"All contrabands, except officers' servants, will be left behind when the army moves to-morrow morning. Public transportation will in no case be furnished to officers' servants.

"Commanders of regiments and detachments will see this order promptly enforced."

Among the regiments of the division was the Twenty-second Wisconsin, Colonel Utley, an officer who had no sympathy with slavery. He had a cool head and a good deal of nerve. He had read the Proclamation of President Lincoln, and made up his mind to do what was right, recognising the President as his Commander-in-chief, and not the State of Kentucky. There were negroes accompanying his regiment, and he did not see fit to turn them out. Three days later he received the following note:

"October 18, 1862.

"COLONEL: You will at once send to my headquarters the four contrabands, John, Abe, George, and Dick, known to belong to good and loyal citizens. They are in your regiment, or were this morning.

"Your obedient servant,

"Q. A. GILLMORE, *Brigadier-General.*"

Colonel Utley, instead of sending the men, replied:

"Permit me to say that I recognise your authority to command me in all military matters pertaining to the military movements of the army. I do not look upon this as belonging to that department. I recognise no authority on the subject of delivering up contrabands save that of the President of the United States.

"You are, no doubt, conversant with that Proclamation, dated Sept. 22, 1862, and the law of Congress on the subject. In conclusion, I will say, that I had nothing to do with their coming into camp, and shall have nothing to do with sending them out."

The note was despatched to division headquarters. Soon after an officer called upon Colonel Utley.

"You are wanted, sir, at General Gillmore's headquarters."

Colonel Utley made his appearance before General Gillmore.

"I sent you an order this evening."

"Yes, sir, and I refused to obey it."

"I intend to be obeyed, sir. I shall settle this matter at once. I shall repeat the order in the morning."

"General, to save you the trouble and folly of such a course, let me say that I shall not obey it."

The colonel departed. Morning came, but brought no order for the delivery of the contrabands to their former owner.

As the regiment passed through Georgetown, a large number of slaves belonging to citizens of that place fled from their masters, and found shelter in the army. Some of the officers who had less nerve than Colonel Utley gave them up, or permitted the owners to come and take them. A Michigan regiment marching through the town had its lines entered by armed citizens, who forcibly took away their slaves. Colonel Utley informed the inhabitants that any attempt to take contrabands from his lines would be resisted.

"Let me say to you, gentlemen," he said to a delegation of the citizens, "that my men will march with loaded muskets, and if any attempt is made upon my regiment, I shall sweep your streets with fire, and close the history of Georgetown. If

you seriously intend any such business, I advise you to remove the women and children."

The regiment marched the next morning with loaded muskets. The citizens beheld their negroes sheltered and protected by a forest of gleaming bayonets, and wisely concluded not to attempt the recovery of the uncertain property.

The day after its arrival in Nicholasville, a large, portly gentleman, lying back in an elegant carriage, rode up to the camp, and, making his appearance before the colonel, introduced himself as Judge Robertson, Chief Justice of the State of Kentucky.

"I am in pursuit of one of my boys, who I understand is in this regiment," he said.

"You mean of your slaves, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. Here is an order from the general, which you will see directs that I may be permitted to enter the lines and get the boy," said the judge with great dignity.

"I do not permit any civilian to enter my lines for any such purpose," said the colonel.

The judge sat down, not greatly astonished, for the reputation of the Twenty-second Wisconsin, as an abolition regiment, was well established. He began to argue the matter. He talked of the compromises of the Constitution, and proceeded to say:

"I was in Congress, sir, when the Missouri Compromise was adopted, and voted for it; but I am opposed to slavery, and I once wrote an essay on the subject, favouring emancipation."

"Well, sir, all that may be. If you did it from principle, it was commendable; but your mission here to-day gives the lie to your professions. I don't permit negro-hunters to go through my regiment; but I will see if I can find the boy, and if he is willing to go I will not hinder him."

The colonel went out and found the negro Joe, a poor, half-starved negro. He told his story. He belonged to the judge, who had let him to a brutal Irishman for \$50 a year. He had been kicked and cuffed, starved and whipped, till he could stand it no longer. He went to the judge and complained, but had been sent back only to receive a worse thrashing for

daring to complain. At last he took to the woods, lived on walnuts, green corn, and apples, sleeping among the corn shucks and wheat stacks till the army came. There were tears in Joe's eyes as he rehearsed his sufferings.

The colonel went back to the judge.

"Have you found him?"

"I have found a little yellow boy, who says that he belongs to a man in Lexington. Come and see him."

"This man claims you as his property, Joe; he says that you ran away and left him," said the colonel.

"Yes, sah, I belongs to him," said Joe, who told his story again in a plain, straightforward manner, showing a neck scarred and cut by the whip.

"You can talk with Joe, sir, if you wish," said the colonel.

"Have not I always treated you well?" the judge asked.

"No, massa, you hasn't," was the square, plump reply.

"How so?"

"When I came to you and told you I couldn't stand it any longer, you said, 'Go back, you dog!'"

"Did not I tell you that I would take you away?"

"Yes, massa, but you never did it."

The soldiers came round and listened. Joe saw that they were friends. The judge stood speechless a moment.

"Joe," said the colonel, "are you willing to go home with your master?"

"No, sah, I isn't."

"Judge Robertson, I don't think you can get that boy. If you think you can, there he is, try it. I shall have nothing to do with it," said the colonel, casting a significant glance around to the soldiers who had gathered about them.

The judge saw that he could not lay hands upon Joe. "I'll see whether there is any virtue in the laws of Kentucky," he said, with great emphasis.

"Perhaps, judge, it will be well for you to leave the camp. Some of my men are a little excitable on the subject of slavery."

"You are a set of nigger-stealers," said the judge, losing his temper.

"Allow me to say, judge, that it does not become you to call us nigger-stealers. You talk about nigger-stealing,—you who live on the sweat and blood of such creatures as Joe! Your dwellings, your churches, are built from the earnings of slaves, beaten out of them by brutal overseers. You hire little children out to brutes,—you clothe them in rags,—you hunt them with hounds,—you chain them down to toil and suffering! You call us thieves because we have given your Joe food and protection! Sir, I would rather be in the place of Joe than in that of his oppressor!" was the indignant outburst of the colonel.

"Well, sir, if that is the way you men of the North feel, the Union never can be saved,—never! You must give up our property."

"Judge, allow me to tell you what sort of Unionism I have found in Kentucky. I have not seen a half-dozen who did not damn the President. You may put all the pure Unionism in Kentucky in one scale, and a ten-pound nigger baby in the other, and the Unionism will kick the beam. Allow me to say further, that if the perpetuity or restoration of the Union depends upon my delivering to you with my own hands that little half-starved dwarf of a slave, the Union may be cast into hell with all the nations that forget God!"

"The President's Proclamation is unconstitutional. It has no bearing on Kentucky. I see that it is your deliberate intention to set at naught the laws," said the judge, turning away and walking to General Gillmore's headquarters.

"You are wanted at the general's headquarters," said an aid, soon after, to Colonel Utley.

The colonel obeyed the summons, and found there not only Judge Robertson, but several fine old Kentucky gentlemen; also Colonel Coburn, the commander of the brigade, who agreed with General Gillmore in the policy then current. Colonel Coburn said:

"The policy of the commanding generals, as I understand it, is simply this: that persons who have lost slaves have a right to hunt for them anywhere in the State. If a slave gets inside of the lines of a regiment, the owner has a right to enter

those lines, just as if no regiment was there, and take away the fugitive at his own pleasure."

"Precisely so. The Proclamation has no force in this State," said the judge.

"I regret that I am under the necessity of differing in opinion from my commanding officers, to whom I am ready at all times to render strict *military* obedience, but (the colonel raised his voice) *I reverse the Kentucky policy!* I hold that the regiment stands precisely as though there were no slavery in Kentucky. We came here as free men, from a free State, at the call of the President to uphold a free government. We have nothing to do with slavery. The Twenty-second Wisconsin, while I have the honour to command it, will never be a regiment of nigger-catchers. I will not allow civilians to enter my lines at pleasure; it is unmilitary. Were I to permit it, I should be justly amenable to a court-martial. Were I to do it, spies might enter my lines at all times and depart at pleasure."

There was silence. But Judge Robertson was loth to go away without his flesh and blood. He made one more effort. "Colonel, I did not come to your lines as a spy, but with an order from your general. Are you willing that I should go and get my boy?"

The colonel reflected a moment.

"Yes, sir, and I will remain here. I told you before that I should have nothing to do with it."

"Do you think that the men will permit me to take him?"

"I have no orders to issue to them in the matter; they will do just as they please."

"Will you send the boy into some other regiment?"

This was too much for the colonel. He could no longer restrain his indignation. Looking the judge squarely in the face, he vented his anger in scathing words.

The judge departed, and at the next session of the court Colonel Utley was indicted for man-stealing; but he has not yet been brought to trial. The case is postponed till the day of judgment, when a righteous verdict will be rendered.

The judge returned to Lexington, called a public meeting, at

which he made a speech, denouncing the Twenty-second Wisconsin as an abolition regiment, and introducing resolutions declaring that the Union never could be restored if the laws of the State of Kentucky were thus set at defiance. This from the judge, while his son was in the rebel service, fighting against the Union.

But the matter was not yet over. A few days later, the division containing the Twenty-second Wisconsin, commanded by General Baird, *vice* Gillmore, was ordered down the river. It went to Louisville, followed by the slave-hunters, who were determined to have their negroes.

Orders were issued to the colonels not to take any contrabands on board the boats, and most of them obeyed. Colonel Utley issued no orders.

A citizen called upon him and said:

"Colonel, you will have trouble in going through the city unless you give up the negroes in your lines."

The regiment was then on its march to the wharf.

"They have taken all the negroes from the ranks of the other regiments, and they intend to take yours."

The colonel turned to his men and said, quietly, "Fix bayonets."

The regiment moved on through the streets, and reached the Gault House, where the slaveholders had congregated. I was standing on the sidewalk looking at the passing troops. Among the spectators I noticed several men who appeared to be somewhat excited. A half dozen approached the regiment rather cautiously, but one bolder than the rest sprang into the ranks and seized a negro by the collar.

A dozen bayonets came down around him, some not very gently. He let go his hold and sprang back again quite as quickly as he entered the lines.

There was a shaking of fists and muttered curses, but the regiment passed on to the landing, just as if nothing had happened.

General Granger, who had charge of the transportation, had issued orders that no negro should be allowed on the boats without free papers.

General Baird saw the negroes on the steamer, and approaching Colonel Utley, said :

"Why, colonel, how is this? Have all of those negroes free papers?"

"Perhaps not all, but those who haven't, *have declared their intentions!*" said the colonel.

The Twenty-second took transportation on the steamer *Commercial*. The captain of the boat was a Kentuckian, who came to Colonel Utley in great trepidation, saying: "Colonel, I can't start till those negroes are put on shore. I shall be held responsible. My boat will be seized and libelled under the laws of the State."

"I can't help that, sir; the boat is under the control and in the employ of the Government. I am commander on board, and you have nothing to do but to steam up and go where you are directed. Otherwise I shall be under the necessity of arresting you."

The captain departed and began his preparations. But now came the sheriff of Jefferson County with a writ. He wanted the bodies of George, Abraham, John, and Dick, who were still with the Twenty-second. They were the runaway property of a fellow named Hogan, who a few days before had figured in a convention held at Frankfort, in which he introduced a series of Secession resolutions.

"I have a writ for your arrest, but I am willing to waive all action on condition of your giving up the fugitives which you are harbouring contrary to the peace and dignity of the State," said the sheriff.

"I have other business to attend to just now. I am under orders from my superiors in command to proceed down the river without any delay, and must get the boat under way," said the colonel, bowing, politely.

"But, colonel, you are aware of the consequences of deliberately setting at defiance the laws of a sovereign State," said the sheriff.

"Are you all ready there?" said the colonel, not to the sheriff, but to the officer of the day, who had charge of affairs.

"Yes, sir."

"Then cast off."

The game of bluff had been played between the Twenty-second Wisconsin and the State of Kentucky, and Wisconsin had won.

The sheriff jumped ashore. There were hoarse puffs from the steampipes, the great wheels turned in the stream, the *Commercial* swung from her moorings, and the soldiers of Wisconsin floated down the broad Ohio with the Stars and Stripes waving above them.

By their devotion to principle, by the firmness of their commander, they had given the cause of Freedom a mighty uplift in the old State of Kentucky.

The army under Buell was waiting for orders to move, but no orders came. Buell had no plans. It was in the Blue Grass region where there was an abundance of fresh provisions. The soldiers helped themselves to sweet potatoes in the fields. Spare-ribs were roasted by bivouac fires, which were not accounted for by the regimental commissary in his returns to the general Government. Advices from the East led me to conclude that the Army of the Potomac would, ere long, begin a new campaign, and I hastened once more to Washington.

CHAPTER IX

FROM HARPER'S FERRY TO FREDERICKSBURG

THE Army of the Potomac was encamped along the upper Potomac from Harper's Ferry to Point of Rocks. It had been reorganised. New regiments had arrived, and it was in superb condition. The Confederate Army under Lee was in the Shenandoah Valley, mainly at Winchester and holding the gap in the Blue Ridge.

President Lincoln visited the army and was enthusiastically received by the troops. Most of the soldiers rejoiced over the issuing of the Proclamation foreshadowing the downfall of slavery. On the other hand, there were officers in the army, notably on General McClellan's staff, who were openly antagonistic to the President's course.

In a private letter General McClellan has written the following in regard to the visit of President Lincoln.

"His ostensible purpose is to see the troops and the battlefield. I incline to think that the real purpose of his visit is to push me into a premature advance into Virginia. I may be mistaken, but I think not. The real truth is that my army is not fit to advance. The old regiments are reduced to skeletons and are completely tired out. They need rest and filling up. The new regiments are not fit for the field, cavalry and artillery horses are broken down, so it goes. These people don't know what an army requires and therefore act stupidly."

Day after day the sun shone from a cloudless sky. The army was ready to move, but McClellan issued no orders. The picket guard looking across the country could see the white tents reaching miles away. The view from the heights of the South Mountain was inspiring. Daily the wonder increased over the inactivity of the commander-in-chief. Again, as in 1861, all was quiet along the Potomac.

Word comes to President Lincoln that one of the members of General McClellan's staff, Major John J. Key, had uttered sentiments which were regarded as disloyal. The people of the Northern States were wondering why McClellan did not attack Lee on the morning of September 18th, and why the Confederates were allowed to slip away without any attempt to prevent Lee's escape.

"Why," asked Major Turner, "was not the rebel army bagged at Antietam?"

"That," replied Major Key, "is not the game. The object is that neither army shall get much advantage of the other, that both shall be kept in the field till they are exhausted, when we will make a compromise and save slavery."

The two officers were summoned to appear at the White House in Washington to explain matters. Major Key did not deny that he had used the language as reported, but said that he was loyal to the Union. President Lincoln heard what he had to say and said:

"If there is a game among Union men to have our army not take advantage of the enemy when it can, I propose to break it up. In my view it is wholly inadmissible for any gentleman holding a commission from the United States to utter such sentiments as Major Key is proved to have done; therefore let him forthwith be dismissed from the military service of the United States."

The army present and fit for duty on October 1st numbered 100,000, besides 73,000 under General Banks in and around Washington, yet it did not move, nor had McClellan any plan.

The telegraph, October 16th, flashed a dispatch from General Halleck informing McClellan that the President directed him to cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy and drive him south. Notwithstanding the order, nothing was done. Four days later General Stuart, commanding the Confederate cavalry, rode down the Cumberland valley to Chambersburg, Penn., burned the railroad buildings, turned eastward to Emmetsburg, made his way southward and recrossed the Potomac at Leesburg. He had trotted around McClellan in Maryland as he

had once before on the Peninsula. It was most humiliating to the commander of the Army of the Potomac, whose only excuse was that the cavalry horses were broken down.

"Will you pardon me," wrote the President, "for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?"

I chanced to be at the headquarters of General Burnside when General McClellan called upon that officer. A glance at his countenance showed that he was ill at ease. Courtesy demanded my retirement, and I joined Burnside's staff. The two commanders walked away by themselves a short distance. Of what was said there is no record. McClellan laid both hands on Burnside's shoulders, and the two stood in that attitude face to face, several minutes, McClellan speaking, Burnside making little reply. It seems probable that McClellan had been disturbed by a letter which we now know he received from the President. Not till the last week in October was there any movement, when pontoons were laid at Berlin and the army began its crossing. General Lee, cognisant of all that was going on, leisurely returned towards the Rappahannock. The Union army marched deliberately — bivouacking at night — the bivouac fires illuming all the country.

General McClellan was sitting in his tent on the evening of November 7th, when General Buckingham placed a letter in his hands, relieving him from command and appointing Burnside as his successor.

General McClellan rode along the lines of the army, receiving the hurrahs of the troops under Fitz John Porter and several brigades in other commands, but only respectful silence from others. I was present at a luncheon of cold tongue and ham, spread upon a table in a farmhouse, where the health of the departing commander was drunk by the corps and division commanders present. It was far from being a hilarious occasion.

The commander who had come before the country with such *éclat* from western Virginia, sixteen months previous, was departing for his home in New Jersey, discredited by those who were waging earnest warfare for the preservation of the Union.

The great opportunities of military achievement, several times within his grasp, had gone by never to return.

General Burnside took the command reluctantly; but he was quick in deciding upon a plan. General McClellan's line of march had been towards Gordonsville. He decided to move upon Fredericksburg. The movement was made with great rapidity, and he only failed of seizing the place because the pontoons were not there at the time appointed. Lee came and occupied the town, threw up his earthworks, and planted his batteries. Burnside planned to have Franklin cross the Rappahannock below Port Royal, Hooker above it, while Sumner was to cross opposite the town; but a heavy storm frustrated the movement.

It was generally supposed that the army would go into winter quarters, and many of the correspondents accordingly returned to their homes.

The press of the country, reflecting the feelings of the people, pronounced the campaign at an end. The friends of General McClellan were clamorous for his return. Congress and political advisers in Washington demanded that Burnside should move somewhere. They knew nothing of the obstacles in his path.

In a letter to the newspaper for which I corresponded, I gave the following views of the situation, on December 9th:

"It is a clear, cold morning. The sky is without a cloud. Standing near General Sumner's quarters, I have a wide sweep of vision. The quarters of the veteran general commanding the right grand division are in a spacious mansion, newly constructed, the property of a wealthy planter, whose estate is somewhat shorn of its beauty by the ravages of war. The fences are all gone, the forests are fast disappearing, the fine range of cedars which lined the Belleplain road are no longer to be seen. All around are the white tents of the command, the innumerable camp-fires sending up blue columns of smoke. The air is calm. You hear the rumbling of distant baggage-trains, the clatter of hundreds of axes felling the forests for fuel,— the bugle-call of the cavalrymen, and the rataplan of

the drummers and mingling with all, the steady, constant flow of the falling waters of the winding stream.

"Looking far off to the southeast, across the interval of the river, you see a white cloud of steam moving beneath the fringe of a forest. It is a locomotive from Richmond, dragging its train of cars with supplies for the rebel camps. The forests and hills beyond are alive with men. Resting my glass against the side of the building to keep it steady, I can count the men grouped around the camp-fires, turning at times to keep themselves warm. Others are bringing in wood. An officer rides along. A train of wagons is winding down the hill toward the town. All along the range of hills are earthworks with sand-bag embrasures, and artillery behind,—not quaker guns, I think, but field artillery, so arranged that a movement directly across the river would be marching into the jaws of death,—as hazardous and destructive as the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

"I know that there is a clamour for an onward movement, a desire and expectation for an advance; but I think there are few men in the country who, after taking a look at the rebel positions, would like to lead in a movement across the stream.

"Looking into the town of Fredericksburg, we see but few smokes ascending from the chimneys, but few people in the streets. It is almost wholly deserted. The women and children have gone to Richmond, or else are shivering in camp. Close upon the river bank on either side face the pickets, within easy talking distance of each other. There has been no shooting of late. There is constant badinage. The rebel picket asks the Yankee when he is going to Richmond. The Yankee asks the rebel if he don't want a pair of boots. I am sorry to say that such conversation is mixed with profane words. Each party seems to think that hard words hit hard.

"Last night the southern sky was red with the blaze of rebel camp-fires. Far off to the southeast I see a hazy cloud, and columns of smoke, indicating the presence of a large army. I do not doubt that if we attempt to cross we shall meet with terrible opposition from a force nearly if not quite as large as our own.

"If the President or General Halleck insist upon Burnside's making the movement, it will be made with whatever power, energy, determination, and bravery the army can exhibit. I am as anxious as any one can be to see a great blow given to the Rebellion; but I am not at all anxious to see the attempt made against such disadvantages as are apparent to the most casual observer from this position."

It was an unreasonable demand which the public made upon Burnside. He had been just one month in command of the army. His first plan had failed through the remissness of others; his second effort to move had been made abortive by the storm. He could not attempt again the movement with any hope of success, for Lee had taken precautions against an attack upon his flank. Neither the public, the politician, nor the War Department would consent to his going into winter quarters. He had no alternative other than to devise a new plan. These considerations are to be kept in remembrance in reviewing the battle of Fredericksburg.

General Burnside obtained correct information of the position held by General Lee. Jackson's corps was separated from Longstreet's by a ravine, but Lee had constructed a road through the woods and across a ravine, by which troops could be readily marched to the right or left, as they might be needed. He was satisfied that Lee did not expect him to cross at the town, but lower down the river. He decided, therefore, to cross the Rappahannock, and made a desperate push to obtain possession of the road, which would divide Lee's army.

The plan was accepted by a council of officers on the 10th of December. Preparations were made that night for the passage of the river in three places. The artillery was drawn in position along the bank,—about one hundred and fifty pieces, some of which were thirty-pounders. Orders were issued to the troops to be ready at a moment's warning. General Woodbury, with a brigade of engineers, was ordered down to the river.

Soon after dark on the night of the 10th, the brigade, with its long train of boats on wheels, came down from the Stafford

hills. Boats sufficient for the construction of two bridges halted near the railroad; enough for two more went a third of a mile down stream, opposite the lower end of the town, while the remainder went a mile and a half farther down, almost to Mr. Bernard's house. Sumner and Hooker were to use those opposite the town, and Franklin those at Burnard's. A brigade of troops was ordered to protect the engineers in their work. The gunners stood beside their guns, ready to open fire if the rebels opposed them. The engineers took the boats from the wagons, pushed them out over the thin ice, anchored them in the stream, and commenced laying the timbers and planks. A dense fog hung over the river, which concealed their operations, and before daybreak the bridges were two-thirds completed. The Seventeenth and Eighteenth Mississippi regiments of Barksdale's brigade, and the Eighth Florida, of Perry's brigade were on picket along the river, while the Thirteenth and Twenty-first Mississippi and Third Georgia were in reserve in the town.

Lee was wary. He expected an advance of the Union army. His scouts were alert. All the commanders were ordered to be vigilant. So, keeping a sharp look out, the sentinels walked the bank through the long winter night, peering into the darkness, and listening to catch the meaning of the confused hum which floated to them across the stream.

CHAPTER X

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG

AT five o'clock on the morning of the 11th of December two signal-guns were fired on the heights of Fredericksburg. Deep and heavy their roar, rolling along the valley, echoing from hill to hill, and rousing the sleepers of both armies. We who listened upon the Falmouth hills knew that the crossing was not a surprise. As the day dawned there came a rattling of musketry along the river. The enemy's pickets opened the fire. The gunners at the batteries were quick to respond, and sent grape and canister across the stream. The pickets at the lower bridges soon retired, and the engineers completed their work. But in the town the Mississippians took shelter in the buildings, and poured a deadly fire upon the bridge-builders. Almost every soldier who attempted to carry out a plank fell. For a while the attempt was relinquished.

"The bridge must be completed," said General Burnside. Once more the brave engineers attempted it. The fog still hung over the river. Those who stood on the northern bank could only see the flashes of the rifles on the other shore. The gunners were obliged to fire at random, but so energetic was their fire the engineers were able to carry the bridge within eighty or ninety feet of the shore, and then so deadly in turn was the fire of the Confederates that it was murder to send men out with a plank.

General Burnside stood on the piazza of the Phillips House, a mile from the pontoons. General Sumner and General Hooker were there. Aids and couriers came and went with messages and orders.

"My bridge is completed, and I am ready to cross," was Franklin's message at half-past nine.

"You must wait till the upper bridge is completed," was the reply to Franklin.

Two hours passed. A half-dozen attempts were made to complete the upper bridge, without success. Brave men not belonging to the engineers came down to the bank, surveyed the scene, and then, volunteering their services, seized planks and boards, ran out upon the bridge, but only to fall before the sharpshooters concealed in the cellars of the houses not ten rods distant. Captain Brainard of the Fiftieth New York, with eleven men, volunteered to finish the nearly completed work. They went out upon the run. Five fell at one volley, and the rest returned. Captain Perkins of the same regiment led another party. He fell, with a ghastly wound in his neck. Half of his men were killed or wounded. These were sacrifices of life with nothing gained. It was soul-inspiring to witness such heroic devotion, but heart-sickening to stand on the bank and see them slaughtered,—their blood turning to crimson the turbid waters of the Rappahannock.

General Burnside had no desire to injure the town, but under the usages of war he had a right to bombard it; for the Confederates had concealed themselves in the houses, making use of them to slaughter his men.

"Bring all your guns to bear upon the city and batter it down," was the order issued to General Hunt, chief of artillery. Colonel Hays had eight batteries on the right; Colonel Tompkins had eleven batteries on the right centre, opposite the upper pontoons,—some of them in the yard of Mr. Lacey's house near the river; Colonel Tyler had seven batteries a little farther down on the left centre; while Captain De Russey had seven batteries opposite the lower pontoons. There were in all thirty-five batteries, with a total of one hundred and seventy-nine guns, all bearing upon the town. The artillerymen received the orders to prepare for action with a hurrah. They had chafed all the morning, and longed for an opportunity to avenge the death of their gallant comrades.

The hour had come. They sprang to their pieces. The fire ran from the right to the left,—from the heavy twenty-four-pounders on the heights of Falmouth to the smaller pieces on

the hills where Washington passed his boyhood. The air became thick with murky clouds. The earth shook beneath the terrific explosions of the shells, which went howling over the river, crashing into the houses, battering down walls, splintering doors, ripping up floors. Sixty solid shot and shells a minute were thrown, and the bombardment was kept up till nine thousand were fired. No hot shot were used, but the explosions set fire to a block of buildings, which added terrible grandeur to the scene.

The fog lifted at last and revealed the town. The streets were deserted, but the houses, the church steeples, the stores were riddled with shot; yet no impression had been made on the Mississippians.

Burnside's artillerymen could not depress their guns sufficiently to shell them out. A working party went out upon the bridge, but one after another was killed or wounded.

The time had come for a bold movement. It was plain that the Mississippians must be driven out before the bridge could be completed, and that a party must go over in boats, charge up the hill, and rout them from their hiding-places. Who would go? Who attempt the hazardous enterprise? There were brave men standing on the bank by the Lacey house, who had watched the proceedings during the long hours. They were accustomed to hard fighting: Hall's brigade, composed of the Seventh Michigan, Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, and Forty-second New York. They had fought at Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Glendale, Malvern, and Antietam. The Twentieth had been in all these battles, and also at Ball's Bluff.

"We will go over and clean out the rebels," shouted the men of the brigade.

"You shall have the privilege of doing so," said General Burnside.

There were not boats enough for all — not enough for one regiment even. A portion of the Seventh Michigan was selected to go first, while the other regiments stood as a supporting force.

The men run down the winding path to the water's edge jump into the boats, and push out into the stream. It is a mo-

ment of intense anxiety. No one knows how large the force opposing them. The rebel sharpshooters are watching the movement from their hiding-places. They have a fair view and can pick their men. The men in the boats know it, yet they move steadily onward, steering straight across the stream, without a thought of turning back, though their comrades are falling,—some headlong into the river, others dropping into the boats. The oarsmen pull with rapid strokes. When one falls another takes his place. Two-thirds the distance over,—the boats ground in shoal water. The soldiers wait for no word of command, but with a common impulse, with an ardour which stops not to count the cost, they leap into the water, wade to the shore, and charge up the bank. Some fall to rise no more, but their surviving comrades rush up the slippery slope. A loud hurrah rings out from the soldiers who watch them from the Falmouth shore. Up, up they go, facing death, firing not, intent only to get at the foe and win victory with the bayonet! They smash the windows, batter down doors, driving or capturing the foe.

Loud and hearty the cheers of the regiments upon the other shore. The men of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts would give anything to be there. All the while the cannon are roaring, hurling solid shot and shell into the doomed city.

When the bridge-builders saw the soldiers charge up the hill, they too caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and finished their work. The other regiments of the brigade, before the last planks were laid, rushed down the bank, ran out upon the bridge, dashed up the bank, joined their comrades, and drove the Confederates from the streets nearest the river.

History furnishes but few records of more daring exploits than this action of the Seventh Michigan. Their work was thorough and complete. In fifteen minutes they cleared the houses in front of them, and took more prisoners than their own party numbered.

I stood upon the bank of the river and beheld the scene in the deepening twilight. Far up the streets there were bright flashes from the muskets of the Confederates, who fired from

cellars, chamber windows, and from sheltered places. Nearer were dark masses of men in blue, who gave quick volleys as they moved steadily on, demolishing doors, crushing in windows, and searching every hiding-place. Cannon were flaming on all the hills, and the whole country was aglow with the camp-fires of the two great armies. The Stafford hills were alive with men,—regiments, brigades, and divisions moving in column from their encampments to cross the river. The sky was without a cloud. The town was lighted by lurid flames. The air was full of hissings—the sharp, cutting sounds of the leaden rain. The great twenty-pounder guns on the heights of Falmouth were roaring the while. There were shouts, hurrahs, bells, and groans from the streets.

When the soldiers of the Seventh Michigan leaped into the boats, a drummer-boy joined them,—Robert Henry Hendershot. He was only twelve years old, but his dark eyes flashed brightly under the excitement of the moment. His drum was upon his neck.

“Get out, you can’t go,” said an officer.

“I want to go,” said Robert.

“No, you will get shot. Out with you.”

Robert jumped into the water, but instead of going ashore, remained, to push off the boat; and then, instead of letting go his hold, clung to the gunwale, and was taken across.

As the boat grounded upon the other shore, a piece of shell bore through his drum. He threw it away, seized the gun of a fallen soldier, rushed up the hill, and came upon a soldier, lightly wounded. “Surrender!” said Robert, pointing his gun at him. The man gave up his gun, and Robert marched him to the rear. When he returned to the other side of the river, General Burnside saw him, and said:

“Boy, I glory in your spunk! If you keep on in this way a few more years, you will be in my place.”

As the Confederates had used the houses for a defence, the soldiers, now that they were in possession of the town, appropriated to their own use whatever suited their fancy. Their great desire was to obtain tobacco, and the tobacco shops were first broken open. A large quantity had been thrown into the

river by the authorities, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Yankees; but the soldiers soon fished it up, dried it by their bivouac fires, and through the long night, while keeping watch, enjoyed their pipes at the expense of the enemy. Those who did not care for tobacco helped themselves to flour, meat, potatoes, sugar, and molasses. They had a merry night cooking bacon and eggs, frying pork, making hot cakes in the kitchens. The houses were ransacked; beds, blankets, carpets, sofas, rocking-chairs, settees, and lounges were carried into the streets. Some dressed themselves in old-fashioned and antiquated clothes which they found in the chambers.

It was a carnival night. One fellow appropriated a heavy volume of Congressional documents, which he carried about several days. Another found a stuffed monkey in one of the houses, which he shouldered and bore away. One soldier had a dozen custard-cups on a string around his neck. Another, finding a nice beaver hat, threw aside his old cap and took his place again in the ranks, the sport of all his comrades, for being so nice a gentleman. It was not, however, an indiscriminate pillage of the whole town. A great many dwellings were not entered at all, and the owners, after the evacuation of the city, found their premises but little injured. In the houses nearest the river the soldiers felt that they were entitled to whatever they could lay their hands on. But those who had taken mattresses and bedding were obliged to give them up. The surgeons in charge of the hospitals seized the articles for the benefit of the wounded.

"Rev. Arthur B. Fuller is killed," said an acquaintance, as I stood upon the bank of the river. "His body is lying in the street."

He had been chaplain of the Massachusetts Sixteenth through all the Peninsula campaign, working hard day and night in the hospital, till his health had given out, and he had been honourably discharged. He had preached his last sermon on the Sunday before; but although no longer in the service, knowing that there was to be a great battle, so intense was his patriotism that he could not go away, but remained to do what he could.

He took a musket, became a volunteer, and went over with the regiments.

"I must do something for my country. What shall I do?" he asked of Captain Dunn in the streets of Fredericksburg on that fatal evening.

"Now is a good time for you, fall in on the left," said the captain, who saw that he was cool and collected, although the bullets were falling thick and fast around them. He stood in front of a grocery store, loaded his musket and fired, and then coolly loaded again. He was taking aim once more when he was shot by a sharpshooter. The Confederates advanced, and Captain Dunn was obliged to fall back. He lay where he fell till the enemy were driven from the town, when his body was recovered. The soldiers of his regiment, who had listened to his teachings in life, came in groups to gaze with silent sorrow upon the marble brow of him who had been a faithful teacher, and who gave his life freely for his country.

Foothold having been secured on the southern bank of the Rappahannock, the army began to cross. A third pontoon bridge was constructed at the lower end of the town. A thick fog hung over the river on the morning of the 12th. The air was calm, and I could distinctly hear the confused hum of preparation for the great battle. Burnside's troops were moving into position, and so were Lee's; but all the movements of both armies were concealed by the fog.

At noon the fog disappeared, drifting up the Rappahannock. Suddenly the batteries on the hills above the town began to throw shells upon the Second Corps, which had crossed the upper bridge and was forming in the streets. Colonel Tyler, who commanded the heavy guns on the Falmouth hills, was quick to reply. The batteries in the centre also opened, as did those on the left.

The First and Sixth Corps, under Franklin, had crossed at the lower bridge by the house of Mr. Bernard, and were moving over the wide plain. The house, in which Franklin had established his headquarters, was a fine old mansion surrounded by trees. Beyond the house there was a smooth intervale, with,

here and there a hollow, where the troops could find shelter from the artillery fire of the enemy.

General Stoneman was moving down from the Falmouth hills with Birney's and Sickles's divisions. Opposite Falmouth, on the Confederate left, was Longstreet's corps, with Anderson's division on Stanisbury Hill,—his pickets stationed along the canal which winds around its base. Next to Anderson was Ransom's division, on Maryee's Hill, directly in rear of the town. Two roads run up the hill, leading west,—the Gordonsville Plank road and the Orange turnpike. Mr. Maryee's house stands between them. It is a fine brick dwelling, with a stately portico before it, with a beautiful lawn sloping towards the city, shaded by oaks and adorned with flowering shrubs. From the roof of the mansion General Longstreet can obtain a fair view of what is going on in the Union lines. He can see the troops gathering in the streets and behold the dark masses under Franklin moving out past the Burnard house.

At the base of the hill he can see some of his own soldiers, sheltered behind a stone wall along the Old Telegraph road, which is dug like a canal into the side of the hill. It is a sheltered position, and their rifles and muskets will sweep the level field in front towards the town. His heaviest cannon and his largest howitzers are in position around Maryee's house, behind earthworks. The Washington Artillery, which was in the first battle of Manassas, and which fought through all the battles of the Peninsula, at Groveton and Antietam, is there.

Ransom's division extends to Hazel Run,—a stream which comes down through a deep ravine from the west, gurgling over a rocky bed, and turning the great wheel of a grist-mill, just hid from sight as you look up the river from the town. An unfinished railroad embankment is thrown up in the run,—the Gordonsville road,—which was in construction when the war broke out. There is a hollow in the smooth field in front of the telegraph road,—a place to be kept in remembrance. There is a higher elevation beyond Maryee's house, which overlooks the town, and all the plain below, called Lee's Hill, where Lee has placed his guns of longest range.

Across the ravine is McLaw's division, behind an embankment which extends up the hill and into the woods along the Telegraph road. Beyond McLaw's is Pickett's division; then Hood's division, which forms the right of Longstreet's command, and reaches to Deep Run. Longstreet's headquarters are in rear of Hood.

Across Deep Run are the headquarters of Lee, who can stand by his tent and look down upon the battle-field. He can see what Couch and Wilcox are doing in the town. He is directly in front of Burnard's mansion, and can also behold all the movements of the Union troops on the plain. A. P. Hill's division of Jackson's corps is in front of him,—Hill's left resting on Deep Run, and his right reaching to Captain Hamilton's house, where the railroad crosses the old Richmond road. Hill's troops are partially concealed in the woods. Behind Hill are the divisions of Early and Taliaferro,—Taliaferro being on the right, near Hamilton's house. Farther in the rear, on the hill, is D. H. Hill's division, which is held in reserve.

Mr. Bernard has been a large slaveholder. His estate is known in the country round by the name of Mansfield. His negroes live in humble homes,—in cabins near the railroad, out towards Hamilton's. There, around the cabins, Jackson has placed twenty-one guns. To the right of these, and between Burnard's and the railroad, are twelve guns.

The road from Fredericksburg to Port Royal runs parallel to the river, about half a mile distant from the stream.

General Stuart, with two brigades of cavalry and his batteries of light artillery, holds the road. The Louisiana Guards are sent down to aid him. His line runs nearly at right angles with Jackson's infantry line, and extends from the railroad to the river. His batteries will have a cross-fire upon the First and Sixth Corps, whenever they attempt to move out from Bernard's to gain possession of the railroad at Hamilton's.

Such is the field,—a smooth plain, a mile wide and two miles long, around Bernard's, reaching up to the town. Bernard's farm is cut across by the Port Royal road, the old road to Richmond, and by the railroad. The Port Royal road

is bordered by cedars, thick-set hedges, and a deep ditch. There are fences dividing the intervale into fields. Deep Run is fringed with alders. Maryee's Hill is quite steep. The rebel cannon sweep all the plain, the field at the base of Maryee's, and the town itself. The Confederate troops have the protection of the sunken road, of the rifle-pits along the crests of the hills. They are sheltered by woods, by ravines, by the hedges and fences, but Burnside has no cover for his troops. They must march out upon the plain, charge up the hillsides, and receive the fire of a sheltered foe.

To win a victory, even with a superior force, under such circumstances, there must be not only great courage and self-possession, but a well-laid plan and harmonious action of all subordinate commanders.

Burnside's plan was to make a vigorous movement with a large portion of his army to gain the railroad at Hamilton's house, and at the same time rout Longstreet from his position on Maryee's Hill. If he succeeded at Hamilton's, even if he failed at Maryee's, Lee would be compelled to evacuate the town, because Burnside would hold the railroad over which Lee received his supplies.

In the council of officers, held on the night of the 11th, General Franklin, who had about sixty thousand men, urged such a movement on the left. There was delay in issuing the orders, which gave Lee ample time to strengthen his position. The plan adopted was substantially that which Franklin had urged. These were Burnside's directions to Franklin:

"General Hardee will carry this despatch to you, and remain with you through the day. The general commanding directs that you keep your whole command in 'position' for a rapid movement down the old Richmond road; and you will send out at once a division, at least, to pass below Smithfield, to seize, if possible, the heights near Captain Hamilton's, on this side of the Massaponax, taking care to keep it well supported and its line of retreat open. He has ordered another column of a division or more to be moved from General Sumner's command, up the Plank road to its intersection with the Telegraph road, where they will divide, with a view of

seizing the heights on both these roads. Holding these heights, with the heights near Captain Hamilton's, will, he hopes, compel the enemy to evacuate the whole ridge between these points."

In a letter to General Halleck, written on the 19th, a week after the battle, General Burnside explains his plan more fully.

"The enemy," he says, "had cut a road in rear of the line of heights where we made our attack, by means of which they connected the two wings of their army and avoided a long *détour* around through a bad country. I obtained from a coloured man information in regard to this road, which proved to be correct. I wanted to obtain possession of this road, and that was my reason for making my attack on the extreme left. I did not intend to make an attack on the right till that position was taken, which I supposed would stagger the enemy, cutting their line in two; and then I proposed to make a direct attack in front and drive them out of their works."

The day (the 12th) passed, and night came on before the army was in position to make the attack. At sunset the batteries along the lines opened fire, but the shells for the most part burst harmlessly, and the soldiers, accustomed to danger, cooked their coffee by the glimmering bivouac fires, spread their blankets on the ground, and lay down to sleep, giving no heed to the cannon's roar or the constant firing along the picket lines.

The morning of the 13th dawned. A thick fog hung over the river, so dense that it was hardly possible to distinguish objects a hundred yards distant. General Sumner's headquarters were by the house of Mr. Phillips, north of the river. General Burnside rode down from his own headquarters, and met General Sumner and General Hooker, and other officers. He wore an anxious look, and justly, for it was the most responsible hour of his life. Up to that time all of his well-laid plans had failed. He had hoped to cross the river and surprise the enemy, but two days had passed since the beginning of the movement, giving Lee time to strengthen his defences. Now the fog hung over the river, and he was afraid

of collision between different divisions of his troops. But a password was whispered along the lines, and orders were issued to go forward.

While the troops were waiting for the advance the mails arrived. How eagerly were the letters and papers grasped by the soldiers! It was affecting to see them, as they read the words of love from home, dash the tears from their eyes. Home was dear to them just then.

The fog began to drift along the valley. It was like the drawing aside of a curtain. The entire battle-field was in view. Two signal-guns were fired in quick succession by the Confederates far down on the left in front of Franklin. There was a quick mounting of horses at Burnside's headquarters. The officers had received their final orders, and dashed away to carry them into execution.

The main attack was to be led by Franklin. He had his own two corps, numbering forty thousand; Stoneman was moving to his support with twenty thousand, and Butterfield, with the Fifth Corps, could be called to aid him if needed.

I had a fair view of the entire battle-field. The position was below the town, near the lower bridge, on the Washington farm. Confederate officers were riding to and fro around Maryee's house. The gunners of the Washington Artillery were leaning upon their pieces, watching the movements in the town. The Second Corps had moved out from the streets past the old burying-ground, and was near the gas-works. The right of the line extended north of the Plank road to the monument erected to the memory of Washington's mother.

General French's division of the Second Corps was on the right; General Hancock's was next in the line, with Howard's division, as reserve, in the rear. The Second Corps batteries were standing in the streets of the town, the officers vainly seeking positions where they could fire upon the Confederate batteries, which looked down upon them from Maryee's Hill.

The Ninth Corps under Wilcox was joined to the Second Corps, and occupied the lower end of the town. General Sturgis's division was in front, with Whipple's, forming the second line. Burns's division was in reserve, near Deep Run.

The Confederate ammunition trains were in sight far up Hazel Run, and on the distant hill there was a group of officers around Longstreet's headquarters. Troops and teams were passing to and fro between Hood's and Pickett's divisions.

The battle was begun by General Meade, his division having been selected to lead the advance towards the railroad crossing. The Bucktails, who had been in nearly all the engagements on the Peninsula, who first exhibited their valour at Drainsville, who were under Hooker at Antietam, were first engaged. They moved over the open field beyond Bernard's, and drove the enemy's skirmishers. The rebel batteries — Latham's, Johnson's, McIntosh's, Pegram's, and Crenshaw's — opened a heavy fire. Jackson knew the importance of holding the position at Hamilton's and had massed these batteries, which gave a concentrated fire upon the advancing force. Reynolds's artillery galloped into position and replied; and so for an hour the pounding of the batteries went on along the left.

Meade's division was composed of three brigades.

Sinclair's brigade was in the front line, and Magilton's three hundred paces in rear of it. Jackson's was in rear of the left of the two lines, with his men in column of regiments, about one hundred paces in rear of Magilton's line. These three brigades numbered about six thousand men.

It was just nine o'clock when Meade moved from his position near the Bernard house.

He turned the head of his column to the south, and moved to the Bowling Green or old Richmond road, where he was obliged to stop while the pioneers could cut away the hedges, level the sod fences, and bridge the ditches, in order that his artillery could pass. While he was doing this, Stuart's batteries opened fire. They were on Meade's left flank and enfiladed his lines, throwing shells directly up the road. Meade apprehended an immediate attack on his left flank, and swung his second brigade towards Stuart, facing east, while his first brigade was still facing south towards Hamilton's crossing. His line thus made two sides of a square. There was a little knoll on the left of the First Brigade.

"That is the place for you," said Meade to Cooper and

Ransom. The batteries were quickly wheeled into the position indicated. The gunners had a fair view of the rebel batteries over the level plain. Simpson brought his battery up and placed it in front of the Third Brigade, and replied to Pegram: Such was the opening of the battle.

Meanwhile Doubleday was pushing down by the river. When the Confederate batteries opened fire, he brought his own into position and gave a cross-fire, which was so severe that Stuart's Rockbridge battery was quickly silenced and the guns withdrawn. While this was going on, a body of Confederate sharpshooters crept up by the hedges and commenced firing; but two companies of marksmen were sent out by General Jackson's brigade, which drove them back.

An hour passed before Meade was ready to move again. Doubleday had advanced towards Stuart, but Gibbon was not yet upon Meade's right.

Stonewall Jackson, seeing that Doubleday was moving down the river, thought that it was Franklin's intention to turn his right flank. D. H. Hill's division, which was close by Hamilton's house, was sent upon the double-quick to help Stuart hold his line.* This weakened his centre. It was at this auspicious moment that Meade's division advanced alone to pierce the rebel line.

It was twelve o'clock, and Franklin's force was in the following position: Doubleday on the left, well down towards Stuart, his batteries in full play; Meade thirty or forty rods beyond the Bowling Green road, in the open field; Gibbon and Newton just over the road; Howe up to it; Birney and Sickles filing out from the bridges, a mile in rear of Meade.

All of Franklin's batteries which were in position, one hundred and sixteen guns, commenced a rapid fire upon the woods beyond the railroad, to protect Meade in his advance. De Russey opened with his sixty pieces from the hills north of the Rappahannock, throwing shells over the heads of the advancing troops.

Jackson's batteries were equally active. There were twenty-one guns by the negro cabins in front of Howe, twelve in

* Jackson's Report.

front of Newton, fourteen in front of Meade, while other single batteries under Stuart were playing on the left. More than two hundred and fifty pieces were roaring as Meade advanced.

It was a magnificent spectacle; but it was a moment of anxiety to Burnside, who could only judge of the progress of the battle by the following despatches, received from time to time.

“HEADQUARTERS, FRANKLIN’S GRAND DIVISION,
December 13, 7.40 A. M.

GENERAL BURNSIDE:—

“General Meade’s division is to make the movement from our left; but it is just reported that the enemy’s skirmishers are advancing, indicating an attack upon our position on the left.”

“9 o’clock A. M.

“General Meade just moved out. Doubleday supports him. Meade’s skirmishers engaged, however, at once with enemy’s skirmishers. Battery opening, on Meade, probably, from position on old Richmond road.”

“11 o’clock A. M.

“Meade advanced half a mile, and holds on. Infantry of enemy in woods in front of extreme left, also in front of Howe. No loss, so far, of great importance. General Vinton badly, but not dangerously wounded.”

“Later.—*Reynolds has been forced to develop his whole line.*

“An attack of some force of enemy’s troops on our left seems probable, as far as can now be judged. *Stoneman has been directed to cross one division to support our left.* Report of cavalry pickets from the other side of the river, that enemy’s troops were moving down the river on this side during the latter part of the night. Howe’s pickets reported movements in their front, same direction. Still they have a strong force well posted, with batteries, there.”

“12 o’clock M.

“Birney’s division is now getting into position. That done, Reynolds will order Meade to advance. Batteries over the

river are to shell the enemy's position in the woods in front of Reynolds's left. He thinks the effect will be to protect Meade's advance. A column of the enemy's infantry is passing along the crest of the hills from right to left, as we look at it."

" 12.05 P. M.

"General Meade's line is advancing in the direction you prescribed this morning."

" 1 o'clock P. M.

"Enemy opened a battery on Reynolds, enfilading Meade. Reynolds has opened all his batteries on it; no report yet. Reynolds hotly engaged at this moment. Will report in a few moments again."

" 1.15 o'clock P. M.

"Heavy engagements of infantry. Enemy in force where battery is. Meade is assaulting the hill. Will report in a few minutes again."

" 1.25 o'clock P. M.

"Meade is in the woods in his front; seems to be able to hold on. Reynolds will push Gibbon in, if necessary. The battery and woods referred to must be near Hamilton's house. The infantry firing is prolonged and quite heavy. Things look well enough. Men in fine spirits."

" 1.40 o'clock P. M.

"Meade having carried a portion of the enemy's position in the woods, we have three hundred prisoners. Enemy's battery on extreme left retired. Tough work; men fight well. Gibbon has advanced to Meade's right; men fight well, driving the enemy. Meade has suffered severely. Doubleday to Meade's left—not engaged."

" 2.15 o'clock P. M.

"Gibbon and Meade driven back from the woods. Newton gone forward. Jackson's corps of the enemy attacks on the left. General Gibbon slightly wounded. General Bayard mortally wounded by a shell. Things do not look as well on Reynolds's front; still, we'll have new troops in soon."

" 2.25 P. M.

"Despatch received. Franklin will do his best. New troops gone in. Will report soon again."

" 3 o'clock P. M. "

" Reynolds seems to be holding his own. Things look better, somewhat."

" 3.40 o'clock P. M. "

" Gibbon's and Meade's divisions are badly used up, and I fear another advance on the enemy on our left cannot be made this afternoon. Doubleday's division will replace Meade's as soon as it can be collected, and, if it be done in time, of course another attack will be made.

" The enemy are in force in the woods on our left, towards Hamilton's, and are threatening the safety of that portion of our line. They seem to have detached a portion of their force to our front, where Howe and Brooks are now engaged. Brooks has some prisoners, and is down to the railroad. Just as soon as the left is safe, our forces here will be prepared for a front attack, but it may be too late this afternoon. Indeed, we are engaged in front, anyhow. Notwithstanding the unpleasant items I relate, the *morale* generally of the troops is good."

" 4.30 o'clock P. M. "

" The enemy is still in force on our left and front. An attack on our batteries in front has been repulsed. A new attack has just opened on our left, but the left is safe, though it is too late to advance either to the left or front."

Such was the intelligence which reached General Burnside of the operations on the left. It was not very encouraging. He expected that Franklin, with sixty thousand men at his disposal, would sweep Jackson from his position by Hamilton's and thus gain the rear of Lee's left flank, which would make it easy for Sumner with the right wing to break through the line in rear of the town. Instead of throwing forty thousand men upon Jackson, as he could have done, dealing a blow which might have broken the enemy's lines, Meade's division alone was sent forward. The fire of the batteries was terrific as he advanced, and so severe was the cannonade that the Confederate batteries which had been advanced from the main line were forced to retire, with two caissons blown up and several guns disabled.

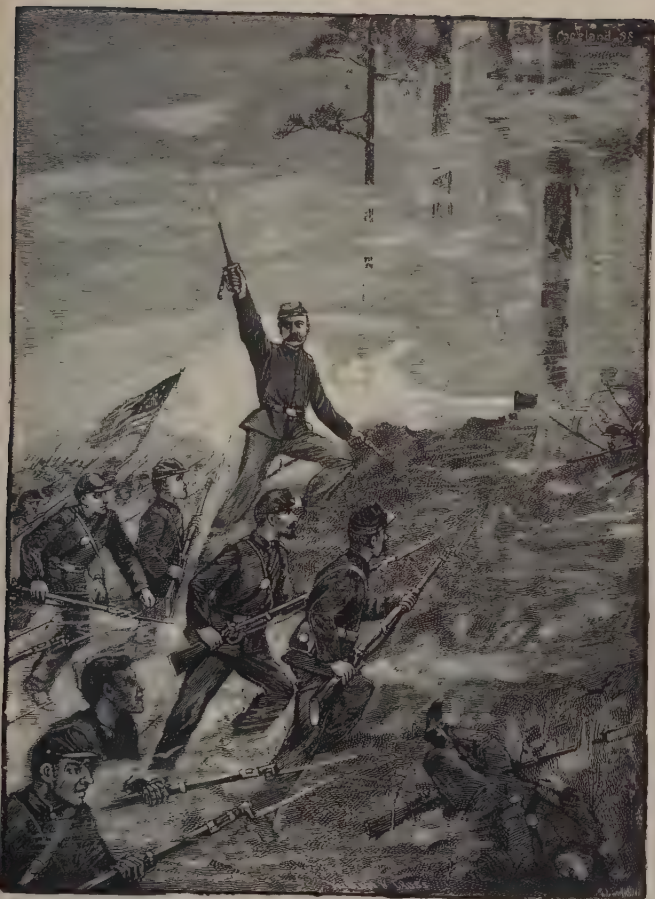
As the troops moved on they came to a hollow before reaching the railroad. They halted a moment on the edge of the depression and corrected their lines. It was a clear field to the railroad embankment, behind which they could see the gleaming of the sunlight on the bayonets of A. P. Hill's division.

Meade's three brigades were now in line, the First on the right, with the Sixth Regiment of the Reserves thrown out as skirmishers; the Second in the centre, and a Third on the left.

The direction of Meade's advance brought him against Lane's and Archer's brigades. They were on the railroad and in the woods. There was a gap between the brigades, and there Meade drove the entering wedge. It was a fierce and bloody contest along the railroad, in the woods, upon the hillside, in the ravine, on the open plain, and on the crest of the ridge. The fourteen guns on the hill poured a murderous fire into Meade's left flank. The guns by Deep Run, in front of Pender's brigade, enfiladed the line from the right, while in reserve were two full brigades,—Thomas's and Gregg's,—to fill the gap. But notwithstanding this, Meade, unsupported, charged down the slope, through the hollow, up to the railroad, and over it, routing the Fourteenth Tennessee and Nineteenth Georgia, of Archer's, and the whole of Lane's brigade. With a cheer the Union troops went up the hill, crawling through the thick underbrush, to the crest, doubling up Archer and knocking Lane completely out of the line. It was as if a Herculean destroyer had crumbled, with a sledge-hammer stroke, the keystone of an arch, leaving the whole structure in danger of immediate and irretrievable ruin.

Archer shifted the Fifth Alabama from his left, but was not able to stop the advancing of the Union troops. He had already sent to Gregg for help, and that officer was putting his troops in motion. He had sent to Ewell, who was by Hamilton's, and Trimble and Lawton were getting ready to move, Lane was still running and the gap was widening between Archer and Pender.

Gibbon ought to have been following Meade, driving up the hill through the gap, but he halted at the railroad; his men were loath to move, for Pender's batteries were cutting across



"WITH A CHEER THE UNION TROOPS WENT UP THE HILL."

his flank. Howe and Newton and Brooks were by the Bowling Green road, showing no signs of advancing. Sickles and Birney were almost back to Burnard's mansion. Doubleday was holding the flank against Stuart, and Meade was struggling alone.

Gibbon, the nearest support to Meade, was nearly half a mile distant. That officer was wounded while the fight was hottest, but of the part which he was performing he says:

"As soon as the enemy's guns slackened fire, I saw General Meade's troops moving forward into action, and I at once sent orders to my leading brigade to advance and engage the enemy. Shortly afterwards I ordered up another brigade to support the first. The fire was very heavy from the enemy's infantry, and I ordered up the Third Brigade and formed it in column on the right of my line, and directed them to take the position with the bayonet, having previously given that order to the leading brigade. But the general commanding that brigade told me that the noise and confusion was such that it was impossible to get the men to charge, or to get them to hear any order to charge. The Third Brigade—my last brigade—went in and took the position with the bayonet, and captured a considerable number of prisoners. During the fighting of the infantry I was establishing the batteries which belonged to my division in position to assist in the assault. I had just received the report of the success of this Third Brigade, when, shortly after, I saw a regiment of rebel infantry come out on the left of my line between myself and General Meade. I rode up towards a battery that was on their left, and directed them to open fire upon that regiment. I was riding back towards the right of my line, when I was wounded, and left the field about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, I think."

It will be seen by Franklin's despatches that Meade had broken the line before Gibbon was engaged. At 1.15 P. M., he telegraphed to Burnside, "Meade is assaulting the hill." Ten minutes later, at 1.25 P. M., "*Reynolds will push Gibbon in if necessary.*" At 1.40 P. M., "Meade has carried a portion of the enemy's position in the woods. We have three hundred prisoners. Gibbon has advanced to Meade's right."

It was in this advance to the railroad, when Gibbon came in collision with Pender's and Thomas's brigades, that Gibbon was wounded.

While this was going on in front, the Second and Third Brigades of Meade were enveloping Gregg's brigade of South Carolinians, which had been hurried up to retrieve the disaster to the line. There was a short but bloody contest. Three hundred South Carolinians fell in that struggle, including their commander, General Gregg, who was mortally wounded.

It was a critical moment with Stonewall Jackson. The whole of Ewell's division, under the command of General Early, was brought up to regain the ground. Lawton's brigade came first upon the Pennsylvanians, followed by Hayes's, Trimble's and Field's brigades, with Early's own, commanded by Colonel Walker.

Had Newton, Howe, Brooks, Sickles, and Birney been near at hand, or had Gibbon been pushed promptly and effectively to Meade's support, the record of that bloody day would have been far different from what it is. But they were not there. They had not even been ordered to advance!

The divisions of Howe and Newton and Sickles were slightly engaged later in the day, but only in repulsing a second advance of the Confederates. The attack which Meade had opened so gallantly, and which was attended with such good success, had failed. Less than ten thousand men had broken the enemy's line, and opened the way to victory. Of the sixty thousand men at Franklin's disposal not more than sixteen or eighteen thousand were engaged during the day, and of those not more than eight thousand at any one time.

General Franklin, in vindicating himself from censure for not attacking with a larger force and more vigorously, falls back on the clause in Burnside's order, "to attack with one division at least, and to keep it well supported." It would have been better if Burnside had given explicit instructions. There must have been some latitude allowed to subordinates, but there are very few men who, without particular instructions, can enter fully into the plans and intentions of the com-

mander-in-chief. Franklin was constitutionally sluggish in his movements. The attack on the left required boldness, energy, and perseverance. Sumner was the man for the place. Burnside was peculiarly unfortunate in the selection of commanders to carry out the particular features of his plan; but Sumner having been first to arrive at Falmouth, and having taken position, it was not easy to make the change.

While the battle was raging on the left I rode over the plain. The cavalry under General Bayard was drawn up in rear of the grove surrounding the fine old Burnard mansion. General Bayard was sitting at the foot of a tree, waiting for orders, and watching the advancing columns of Meade and Gibbon. There was a group of officers around General Franklin. Howe's and Newton's divisions were lying down to avoid the rebel shells, hurled from the heights beyond the railroad. All of Franklin's guns were in play. The earth shook with the deep concussion. Suddenly the Confederate batteries opened with redoubled fury. A shot went over my head, a second fell in front of my horse, and ploughed a furrow in the ground; a third exploded at my right, a fourth went singing along the line of a regiment lying prostrate on the earth. Meade was driving up the hill. Wounded men were creeping, crawling, and hobbling towards the hospital. Some, slightly wounded, were uttering fearful groans, while others, made of sterner stuff, though torn and mangled, bore their pains without a murmur.

A soldier, with his arms around the necks of two of his comrades, was being brought in. "O dear! O Lord! my foot is torn all to pieces!" he cried.

There was a hole in the toe of his boot where the ball had entered.

"It has gone clear through to the heel, and smashed all the bones. O dear! O dear! I shall have to have it cut off!" he cried, moaning piteously as his comrades laid him upon the ground to rest.

"Better cut off your boot before your foot swells."

"Yes,—do so."

I slipped my knife through the leather, and took the boot

from his foot. The ball had passed through his stocking. There was but a drop or two of blood visible. I cut off the stocking, and the bullet was lying between his toes, having barely broken the skin.

"I reckon I shan't help lug you any farther," said one of the men who had borne him.

"Wal, if I had known that it wasn't any worse than that I wouldn't have had my boot cut off," said the soldier.

Returning to the Bernard mansion, I saw a commotion among the cavalry, and learned that their commander was mortally wounded. He had been struck by a solid shot while sitting by the tree; and they were bearing him to the hospital. He was a brave and gallant officer.

Returning to Burnside's headquarters, I learned that orders were being issued for Sumner to attack Lee's left on Marye's heights, and crossed the bridge into the town. The troops selected to make the assault were clustered under the hill at the foot of the slope. It seemed to me that the attempt must inevitably end in failure and that it would result in a terrible sacrifice of life.

Selecting a position where I could have it in full view, with many forebodings I awaited the movement.

It was a solid body of men. I can only liken it to the cluster of bees sometimes seen on bright June days upon the outside of a hive. There stand the men in blue ready to obey orders, although they know many of their number will be killed in the onset.

The fifteen thousand in a compact body move to the edge of the plateau. The hills instantly are aflame. All of Longstreet's guns are thundering. Shells burst in the ranks. The Confederate skirmishers, concealed in the houses and behind fences, fire a volley and fall back to the main line.

Onward move the divisions. We who behold them from the rear, although we know that death stands ready to reap an abundant harvest, feel the blood rushing with quickened flow through our veins, when we see how gallantly they move forward, firing no shot in return.

Now a sheet of flame bursts from the sunken road, and an-

other from half-way up the slope, and yet another from the top of the hill. Hundreds fall; but still on, nearer to the hill rolls the wave. Still, still it flows on; but we can see that it is losing its power, and, though advancing, it will be broken. It begins to break. It is no longer a wave, but scattered remnants, thrown back like rifts of foam. A portion of Sturgis's division reaches the hollow in front of the hill and settles into it.

The Eleventh New Hampshire, commanded by Colonel Harriman, is in the front line. They are new troops, and this is their first battle; but they fight so gallantly that they win the admiration of their general.

"See!" said Sturgis to an old regiment which quailed before the fire. "See the Eleventh New Hampshire! a new regiment, standing like posts driven into the ground."

Hancock and French, unable to find any shelter, are driven back upon the town. The attack and the repulse have not occupied fifteen minutes.

It is a sad sight, that field thickly strewn with dying and dead men. But in battle there is no time for the wringing of hands over disaster. The bloody work must go on.

Sturgis is in the hollow, so near the hill that the rebel batteries on the crest cannot be depressed sufficiently to drive him out. He is within close musket-shot of Cobb's brigade, lying behind the stone wall at the base of the hill. Sturgis's men lie down, load and fire deliberately, watching their opportunity to pick off the gunners on the hill. In vain are all the efforts of Longstreet to dislodge them. Solid shot, shells, canister, and shrapnel are thrown towards the hollow, but without avail. A solitary oak-tree near is torn and broken by the artillery fire, and pitted with musket-balls, and the ground is furrowed with the deadly missiles; but the men keep their position through the weary hours.

A second attempt is made upon the hill. Humphrey's division, composed of Tyler's and Brigg's brigade of Pennsylvanians, nearly all new troops, leads the advance, followed closely by Morell's division of veterans. The lines move steadily over the field, under cover of the batteries which have

been brought up and planted in the streets. Sturgis pours a constant stream of fire upon the sunken road. Thus aided, they reach the base of the hill in front of Maryee's, deliver a few volleys, and then with thinned ranks retire once more to the shelter of the ridge.

The day is waning. Franklin has failed. He telegraphs that it is too late to make another attack on the left. Not so does Sumner think on the right. He is a brave old man, fearless in battle, counting human life of little value if victory can be won by its sacrifice. He walks to and fro by the Lacy house like a chained lion. Burnside will not let him cross the river. Time has plowed deep furrows on his face. His hair is white as the driven snow. He is grim and gruff; his voice is deep, and he has rough words for those who falter in duty; but he has a tender heart. He dotes upon his son, and calls him "Sammy," familiarly. He cannot bear to have him gone long from his side, and yet is ready to send him into the thickest of the fight. He cannot see the day lost without another struggle, and orders a third attack.

Humphrey, Morell, Getty, Sykes, and Howard, or portions of their divisions, are brought up. The troops have been under arms from early daylight. They have had no food. All day they have been exposed to the fire of the rebel batteries, and have lost heavily. Brooks's division of the Sixth Corps moves up Deep Run to engage in the last attack. All the batteries on both sides of the river are once more brought into action. Getty moves up Hazel Run to take the rebels in flank, who are protected by the sunken road at the base of the hill.

It is sunset. The troops move out once more upon the open plain and cross the field with a cheer. The ground beneath them is already crimson with the blood of their fallen comrades. They reach the base of the hill. Longstreet brings down all his reserves. The hillside, the plain, the crest of the ridge, the groves and thickets, the second range of hills beyond Maryee's, the hollow, the sunken road, are bright flashes. Two hundred cannon thunder fierce defiance,— forty thousand muskets and rifles flame!

The rebels are driven from the stone walls, and the sunken road, and the rifle-pit midway the hill. The blue wave mounts all but to the top of the crest. It threatens to overwhelm the Confederate batteries. But we who watch it behold its power decreasing. Men begin to come down the hill singly and in squads, and at length in masses. The third and last attempt has failed. The divisions return, leaving the plain and the hillside strewn with thousands of brave men who have fallen in the ineffectual struggle.

There was no fighting on Sunday, the 14th, but General Burnside was preparing to make another attack. He had eighteen of his old regiments in the Ninth Corps, who would go wherever he sent them. He thought that they would carry the heights.

"I hope," said General Sumner, "that you will desist from an attack. I do not know of any general officer who approves it, and I think it will prove disastrous to the army."

Sunday morning dawned, with the rising sun shining from a cloudless sky, its refulgent light revealing the battle-field strewn with the killed and wounded. Humanity demanded that the wounded should be cared for. The white flag was displayed and the ambulances of both armies gathered up the wounded. The soldiers fraternized, the men in blue giving those in gray rations of coffee in exchange for tobacco. Burnside had lost more than twelve thousand, the Confederates between five and six thousand. It was plain that any attempt to force the Confederate lines would end in failure. There was but one thing to be done—withdraw the army. We now know that Stonewall Jackson wanted Lee to allow him to make a night attack and drive the Union troops into the river. Lee objected, saying that in the darkness his men would probably become confused. Jackson said he would have a strip of white cotton cloth tied around their arms to distinguish them. Lee still objected. He would stand wholly on the defensive. It seems probable that such an attempt on the part of Jackson would have been a failure, for the Union troops rested on their arms, and the double line of sentinels would have prevented a surprise.

The wind on Tuesday night blew a gale from the southwest. Hay and straw were laid upon the bridges to deaden the sound of the artillery wheels. It began to rain before morning; and the Confederates, little dreaming of what was taking place, remained in their quarters.

Before daylight the whole army recrossed the river, and the bridges were taken up. Great were their amazement and wonder when the Confederates looked down from the heights and saw the Union army once more on the northern bank, beyond the reach of their guns.

The defeat was disheartening to the army. But, though repulsed, the soldiers felt that they were not beaten; they had failed because General Burnside's plans had not been heartily entered into by some of the officers. But the patriotic flame burned as brightly as ever, and they had no thought of giving up the contest.

CHAPTER XI

WINTER OF 1863

AFTER the battle of Fredericksburg, both armies prepared for the winter. Two great cities of log-huts sprang up in the dense forests on both sides of the Rappahannock, peopled by more than two hundred thousand men. It was surprising to see how quickly the soldiers made themselves comfortable in huts chinked with mud and roofed with split shingles. These rude dwellings had a fireplace at one end, doors hung on leathern hinges, and bunks one above another, like berths in a steamboat.

There the men told stories, played checkers and cards, read the newspapers, wrote letters to their friends far away, and kept close watch all the while upon the enemy.

By mutual understanding the pickets did not fire at each other, but paced their beats on friendly terms, sometimes chafing each other, often exchanging newspapers, not unfrequently making petty bargains — the Union picket giving coffee in exchange for tobacco.

But there were dark days and dreary nights. It tried their endurance and patriotism to stand all night upon picket, with the north wind howling around them and the snow whirling into drifts. There were rainy days, and weeks of mud, when there was no drilling, and when there was nothing to do. Then chaplains, with books and papers under their arms, were welcomed everywhere.

It was a gloomy winter, but the Sanitary and Christian Commissions gave their powerful aid towards maintaining the health and morals and spirits of the army.

The Sanitary Commission had its origin in a convention between Rev. Henry W. Bellows and Dr. Elisha Harris, of New York, in April, 1861. Both gentlemen saw the need of some organization to look after the sick and wounded, beyond the

regular hospital service of the army. A large number of women in New York had already been talking about doing something for the comfort of the soldiers. After consultation a meeting was held, and the "Woman's Central Relief Association" was formed. A committee, of whom Dr. Bellows was chairman, went to Washington to confer with the military authorities. They were coldly received. The army officers did not want any interlopers. The committee urged the benefit of outside help, as seen in the Crimean War, but in vain. General Scott declined their active assistance, but was willing they should give advice. The committee met a more cordial reception from Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War. President Lincoln at first was inclined to accept the statements of the Medical Bureau, but, being a man of the people, saw that a project emanating from the people was not to be summarily disposed of, and authorized the formation of an association for inquiry and advice. The committee soon discovered that the intense patriotism of the hour had caused the enlistment of many boys who were too young, and who would in all probability break down. It was soon seen that the patriotism of the women of the North must find some way of expressing itself, and it came in the formation of local organizations and contributions aggregating more than fifteen million dollars. Many women left their homes to become nurses in the hospitals, and Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Mercy.

The Christian Commission was formed to supply the army with religious reading, but it was seen that the physical needs of the soldiers were quite as imperative as the intellectual and spiritual, and the Commission soon broadened into that class of assistance, supplementing the work of the Sanitary Commission. The Commission opened six stations in the army from which they dispensed supplies of books and papers, and food for the sick, not regularly furnished by the medical department. Religious meetings were held nightly, conducted by the soldiers, marked by deep solemnity. Veterans who had passed through all the trials and temptations of a soldier's life gave testimony of the peace and joy they had in believing in Jesus. Others asked what they should do to obtain the

same comfort. Many who had faced death unflinchingly at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Malvern, and Antietam, who had been ever indifferent to the claim of religion, became like little children as they listened to their comrades singing,—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

It was not sentimentalism. A soldier who has been through a half-dozen battles is the last person in the world to indulge in sentiment. He, above all men, understands reality. Thus, led by the sweet music and the fervent prayers of their comrades, they rejoiced in the hope that they had found forgiveness of sins through the blood of the Son of God.

At Falmouth, an old tobacco warehouse on the bank of the river, within hail of the pickets, was cleared of rubbish, the broken ceiling and windows covered with canvas, a rude pulpit erected, where on Sunday afternoons and every evening meetings were held, a Sunday school was organised, also a day school. One of the soldiers established a school for the instruction of the children of the village. Often in the calm twilight of the mild winter days the picket pacing his beat upon the opposite bank stoppèd, and, leaning upon his gun, listened to the hymns of devotion wafted on the evening air.

He could have sent a bullet whistling through the building, but there was a mutual understanding among the pickets not to fire, and so the meetings were undisturbed.

Said a chaplain:

“I am besieged by those who want something good to read. In my rounds I am followed at my elbow, ‘Please, sir, can you spare me one?’ They hail me from a distance: ‘Are you coming down this way, chaplain?’ It is a pleasant thing to pause in these travels through the parish and look back upon the white waves that rise in the wake of one’s course. Sports are hushed, swearing is charmed away, all are reading—Sabbath has come.”

In some regiments, where the officers coöperated with chaplains to elevate the morals of men, few oaths were heard.

One day General Howard started out with a handful of

leaflets on swearing, with the intention of giving one to every man whom he heard using profane language. He went from regiment to regiment and from brigade to brigade of his division, and returned to his tent without hearing an oath.

"I have been all through my division to-day," he said, "visiting the hospitals, and I haven't heard a single man swear. Isn't it strange?"

One of the citizens of Falmouth came to General Howard for a guard.

"You favoured Secession, I suppose," said the General.

"I stuck for the Union till Virginia went out of the Union. I had to go with her."

"You have a son in the rebel army."

"Yes, sir; but he enlisted of his own accord."

"The soldiers steal your chickens, you say?"

"Yes, they take everything they can lay their hands upon, and I want a guard to protect my property."

"If you and all your neighbours had voted against Secession, you would not need a guard. No, sir, you can't have one. When you have given as much to your country as I have, I will give you one, but not till then," said the General, pointing to his empty sleeve. He lost his right arm at Williamsburg.

The Proclamation of Emancipation was beginning to have its effect upon the coloured population of Virginia. Although there was a river to cross, negroes made their way into the army. From the hills behind Fredericksburg they could see "Mars Linkum's" white tents, the other side of the stream.

General Burnside planned a movement up the river, intending to cross the Rappahannock at United States ford, and turn Lee's left flank. The army started, but suddenly rain began to fall, and before night the cannon carriages and wagons were hub deep in mud. Teams were doubled, horses and men alike sank to their knees. All day long the rain fell in torrents. For two days the army struggled, and then, aware that the movement must end in failure, Burnside gave the order for its return.

It was a foregone conclusion that officers and soldiers would lose confidence in a commander who had so signally failed.

They knew he was thoroughly loyal, but regarded him as not possessing needful qualifications as a commander. The command had been thrust upon him. He had expressed himself as not having ability to direct a great army. He asked the President to accept his resignation as Major-General. Mr. Lincoln knew how loyal and true he was, and, instead of acceding to the request, made him Commander of the Ohio, and selected General Hooker as his successor in command of the Army of the Potomac.

The people of the North were despondent. Now sickness set in among the soldiers. They were tired of war, disheartened by failures. When Hooker took command of the army soldiers were sent to the hospital at the rate of two hundred a day. Discipline had become lax. Nearly three thousand officers and eighty-two thousand men were absent. Every day colonels were besieged by the soldiers, asking if they couldn't go home and see the old folks once more. Most of those absent had been granted furloughs, but had failed to return. In Washington a company of ladies and gentlemen called upon the President and asked if he had any word of encouragement. He acknowledged that the prospect was very discouraging.

"There are," he said, "regiments that have two-thirds of the men absent—a great many by desertion and a great many more on leave granted by company officers, which is almost as bad. There is a constant call for more troops and they are sent forward. To fill up the army is like undertaking to shovel fleas; you take up a shovelful, but before you can dump them they are gone."

"Isn't death the penalty of desertion?" a lady asked.

"Yes."

"Why not enforce it?"

"Oh, no, you can't do that! you can't shoot men by the hundreds for deserting. The country would not stand it, and ought not to stand it. It would be barbarous. We must change the condition of things in some way."

General Hooker saw that the first thing to be done was to eradicate homesickness, which had become a disease. Although so many were absent, the first order issued by him provided that

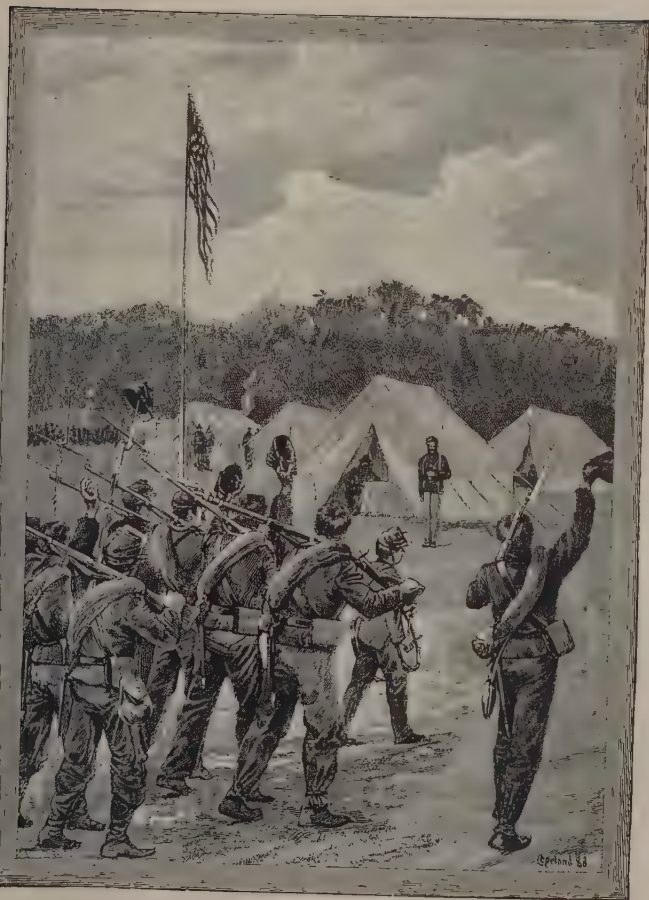
one brigade commander, one field officer, two line officers of regiments, and two men out of every hundred might be absent at one time, not exceeding ten days to the near States and fifteen days to the States farther away.

"You have ruined the army. They will go from Dan to Beersheba, you never will get them back again," was the despatch from President Lincoln.

"Let me try it for three weeks," said Hooker, in reply.

The President consented. The departing soldiers were upon their honour. If they did not return at the appointed time their comrades could not have a furlough. The result manifested the wisdom of General Hooker. It was an affecting and exhilarating scene in the ranks when the lots were cast — the lightening of the faces of those departing. They were to see father and mother, wife and children, to be clasped in loving arms. Those not included in the lot knew that two weeks later their turn might come. The effect upon the army was almost instantaneous. It was the rekindling of patriotic fervour. Under daily drill and strict discipline there was a marked change for the better.

We are not to think that the army remained perfectly quiet through these months; on the contrary reconnoitering parties marched to upper Rappahannock and sometimes crossed at one of the fords to feel of the enemy, for Hooker's scouts reported that General Lee evidently was getting ready to invade the North.



RETURN OF A RECONNOITERING PARTY.

CHAPTER XII

THE ATLANTIC COAST

THE encounter between the *Merrimack* and the *Monitor* had set the world agog on the matter of armoured vessels. A fleet of ironclads had been prepared, with the special object in view of recapturing Fort Sumter. It was an event looked forward to with intense interest, not only in the North, but throughout the civilised world. Having a desire to witness that attack, I proceeded South, leaving New York on the 7th of February, 1863, on board the steamer *Augusta Dinsmore*, belonging to Adam's Express. Captain Crowell, her commander, was a sharp-eyed Connecticut Yankee, who kept the lead constantly going as we ran down the coast, and who was as well acquainted with all the soundings as the skipper of Nantucket, who detected the soil of Marm Hackett's garden by smell and taste, although Nantucket had sunk.

The vessel was to call at Newberne, North Carolina, in possession of the Union forces. Sixty hours from New York brought the steamer to Point Lookout. Just where the Point might be the captain did not know, the coast being shut from view by a fog-bank. The whistle screeched, and the twelve-pound howitzer banged its loudest thunder for a pilot. We could hear the surf tumbling on the beach. The white-winged gulls circled around us and then flew landward as if to tantalise us by their freedom. Hours passed but no pilot appeared, and the *Dinsmore* became a cradle of the deep, rolling till the taffrail touched the waves. Suddenly the fog-curtain was drawn aside and a pilot in a cockle-shell boat came alongside, climbed on deck, took the helm, and we glided into the harbour. Before the anchor dropped a score of officers were climbing the sides of the steamer to welcome expected friends. A train was in waiting to take fifty thousand letters in Uncle Sam's

mail-bags to his soldiers holding Newberne and the surrounding country. Few regiments from Massachusetts were in North Carolina.

We found the town a straggling village with broad, well shaded streets, with here and there a substantial house, but most of the houses were rudely built, unpainted structures, with rickety sheds and outhouses leaning earthwards, giving to the town a general air of dilapidation. Two of the most prominent clergymen of Boston were serving as chaplains — Rev. Mr. Manning, pastor of the Old South, and Rev. A. L. Stowe, of Park Street Church. A third was Rev. Mr. James, editor of the *Congregationalist*. A large number of the soldiers were from their congregations.

The steamer *R. S. Spaulding* came into Beaufort Harbour, having Major-General Foster and staff as passengers. He was on his way from Port Royal to Washington to see whether he or General Hunter had jurisdiction in South Carolina. He had been sent with a portion of his troops to Port Royal in a department where General Hunter was in command, but being senior in rank thought himself entitled to the position — a claim which Hunter would not acknowledge; hence the voyage to Washington, at Government expense, to find out who was who.

From Beaufort the *Dinsmore* steamed on to Port Royal, making it through a heavy sea.

The harbour was crowded with shipping. General Foster's force from North Carolina had just arrived, to participate in a land movement. The officers and soldiers at Port Royal, weary with doing nothing, had fitted up a theatre. The building was used for church services on Sunday. Attending the morning service the day after our arrival, I found an audience of about one hundred persons, among them General Hunter and staff. The clergyman, an Episcopalian, in a rusty black gown, stood upon the stage. A soldier played a melodion and conducted the singing. In the afternoon there was a business meeting in the African Baptist church, which I also attended. Rev. Abraham Murchison, a tall copperhued negro, was pastor, and presided over the deliberations. He had been a slave in Sa-

vannah, but made his way to our lines, was a store-keeper or huckster on week-days, and preached on Sunday. The building had been erected by order of General Mitchell, for an African church. There were two rows of benches, a plain pine pulpit, a ventilated ceiling, from which three or four glass lamps were suspended. The congregation were singing when we entered —

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green,
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.”

The leader was a round-headed, compact, energetic negro, twenty-five years of age, whose zeal was bounded only by the capacity of his lungs. It was the well-known tune “Jordan,” sung by millions in times past and present. The women occupied one side of the house, the men sitting opposite. It was a dusky view, looking down the aisle from my seat at the right of the pulpit. They were countenances not types of beauty, not attractive intellectually. But there was perfect decorum and solemnity. All heads were bowed when the preacher prayed. It was a prayer full of supplications and thanksgiving, expressed in fitting words.

The church had a case of discipline. Their sexton had been remiss in lighting the lamps, and was arraigned for trial. The pastor called the sexton to the front, and thus indicted him:

“John, my son, you are arraigned for not doing as you have agreed and covenanted to do. We pay you one hundred and twenty dollars a year for lighting these yere beautiful lamps which the church has so generously provided, and, sir, you have been remiss in your duty. On Thursday night, when we were assembled for holy prayer, we were in darkness. You did wrong. You broke your obligations. You must be punished. What say you? Brethren, we will hear what he has to say.”

“I lighted the lamps, sah, but they went out; de oil was bad, I reckon,” said the sexton.

The pastor called upon one of the deacons to take the chair. He was of middle age, black as anthracite coal, bald-headed, and was dressed in trousers and coat made of sail-cloth. By

his side sat his colleague, wearing a United States soldier's blue overcoat. The preacher, taking his stand in the aisle, laid aside his clerical authority, and became one of the brethren. "Brother cheerman," he said, "our brother am presumptus. He say he light de lamps and dey go out. How does he know dey go out? He ought to stay and see dey don't go out. He am presumptus and should be punished. I move, sir, dat our brother be set aside from comin' to de Lord's table till he make satisfaction."

A brother seconded the motion, and the question was put by the deacon. Two or three voted affirmatively, but nearly all negatively. The question was not understood. The preacher explained: "You is discomposed in your minds. You do not understand de question. Can any of you tell me how you voted?"

The question was put a second time, and the offending member was unanimously debarred the privileges of the church.

After the discipline a candidate for admission was presented, a stout young man, named Jonas.

"Well, my son, where are you from?" said the pastor.

"From Charleston, sir."

"Was you a member of the church there, my son?"

"Yes, sir, I was a member of the church."

"Does any one here know anything about Jonas?"

A half-dozen responded "Yes," all agreeing that his deportment was correct.

"Did you bring your c'tificate with you?"

"No, sir; I came away in a hurry, and hadn't any time to get one."

"Yes, my son; we understand that you were obliged to leave in a hurry or not at all. But what made you become a Christian?"

"Because I felt I was a sinner."

"Did you pray, my son?"

"Yes, sir; and I feel that through the mercy of Jesus Christ my sins are pardoned."

It was a simple narrative, and expressed with evident consciousness of the solemnity of the declaration.

In the evening Rev. Mr. Murchison preached from the text, "And they shall call upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon them," etc.

It was a crude, disjointed discourse, having very little logic, a great many large words, some of them ludicrously misapplied, yet contained striking thoughts, and appropriate similes. This was a congregation standing on the lowest step of civilisation. Minister and people were but a twelvemonth out of bondage. All behind them was barbarism. Before them was a future, unrevealed, but infinitely better than what their past had been. Their meeting was orderly, and I have seen grave legislative bodies in quite as much of a muddle over a simple question as that congregation of black men emerging from their long night of darkness.

On the following Sunday I was present at a service on Ladies' Island. The owner of the plantation where the meeting was held erected his house in full view of Beaufort, and near the bank of the stream where the tide ebbs and flows upon the sandy beach. It was standing on posts, to give free circulation to the air underneath. In hot summer days the shade beneath the house was the resort of all the poultry of the premises. Thousands of hard-working New England mechanics live in better houses, yet from Beaufort the place made an imposing show, surrounded by orange and magnolia trees. The sandy acres of the plantation stretched towards St. Helena. A short distance from the planter's house were the weather-beaten cabins of the negroes, mere hovels, without window-panes, with mud chimneys,—the homes of generations who had gone from the darkness and hopelessness of a wearying life to the rest and quiet of the grave.

On that morning when Admiral Dupont shelled the Confederates out of the forts at Hilton Head and Bay Point, the owner of these acres made a hasty exit from his house. He sent his overseer to the cabins to hurry up the negroes, but to his surprise not a negro was to be found. The colored people had heard the thundering down the bay. They knew its meaning. It set their hearts beating as never before. It was the sweetest music they had ever heard. A horseman came riding

furiously up to the house, with terror in his countenance. The master hastened out to know how the battle was going.

"The Yankees have taken the forts!" said the messenger. The master became pale.

"You had better get your negroes together, and be ready for a move," said the messenger.

Sharp ears had heard all this,—the ears of Sam, a colored man, who, seeing the herald arrive in hot haste, had the curiosity to hear what he had to say, then bounded like a deer to the cabins, running from door to door, whispering to the inmates, "To the woods! to the woods! De Yankees hab taken de forts,—massa is going to de mainland, and is going to take us wid him."

The cabins were deserted in an instant; and five minutes later, when the overseer came round to gather his drove of human cattle, he found empty hovels. The planter and his overseer were obliged to do their own hasty packing up.

The plantation was in the hands of a warm-hearted Christian gentleman from Massachusetts, Mr. Norton. The people of the estate gathered for worship in the large parlor of the house.

The room was eighteen or twenty feet square, and had a wide-mouthed fireplace, in which a cheerful fire of pitch knots was blazing. There was a settee, a mahogany sideboard, where the former owner was accustomed to quaff his wines and liquors. Seats and chairs were brought in. The big dinner-bell was rung, and the people, thirty or forty in number, came in, men, women, and children. Some of the women brought their infants. Uncle Jim, the patriarch of the plantation, was too feeble to attend. The superintendent, Mr. Norton, comforted his heart by reading to him a chapter in the Bible and offering prayers in the miserable cabin, where the old man was lying on a pile of rags. Uncle Jim was a sincere Christian. The word of God was sweet to him. His heart overflowed with thanks and praise, for the display of God's great goodness to him and his people.

A hymn was lined off by Mr. Norton, after the fashion of our fathers. William, a stout, middle-aged man, struck into

St. Martin's and the congregation joined, not reading the music exactly as good old Tansur composed it, for there were crooks, turns, slurs, and appoggiaturas, not to be found in any printed copy. It was sung harshly, nasally, and dragged out in long, slow notes.

A pure-blooded negro, Sancho, offered prayer. He had seen great hardship in life and had suffered more than his namesake, the squire, who was once unceremoniously tossed in a blanket. His prayer was the free utterance of a warm heart. He improved the opportunity to mingle an exhortation with his supplication. He thus addressed the unconverted:

"Oh, my poor, impenitent fellow sinner, what you think you are doing? Where you think you are going? Death will ride up soon in a big, black carriage and take you wid him down to de regions of deep darkness. Why don't you repent now, and den he will carry you up into de light of paradise!"

Looking forward to the hour of the Christian's release from the bondage of this life, he said, in conclusion: "And now, good Lord, when we have done chaw all de hard bones and swallowed all de bitter pills, we trust de good Lord will take us to Himself."

After an address from the superintendent, Sancho rose.

"My beloved friends," said he, "I neber 'spected to see such a day as dis year. For twenty years, I hired my time of old massa, I was 'bleeged to pay him twelve dollars a month in advance, and if I didn't hab de money ready, he wolopped me. But I's a free man now. De good Lord hab done it all. I can't read. It is de great desire ob my heart to learn to read, so dat I can read de Bible all my own self; but I's too old to learn. But I rejoice dat my chillen can hab de opportunity to study de precious word. De Lord is doin' great tings for us in dese yere days. Ole massa was a purty good massa, and I prays de Lord to make him lay down his weapons ob rebellion and become a good Union man and a disciple ob de Lord Jesus, for Jesus tells us dat we must lub our enemies."

After the exercises of the religious meeting were concluded, the chairs were set aside, and they began a "praise meeting,"

or singing meeting. Most of their music was plaintive. The piece frequently commences with a recitative by one voice, and at the end of the first line the chorus joins. The words are often improvised to suit the occasion.

A favorite song was "Roll, Jordan, roll," in which the progression of the melody is very descriptive of the rolling of waves upon the beach. There are many variations of the melody, but that here given is as I heard it sung by the negroes of Blythewood.

The verses vary only in recitation. If Mr. Jones was present he would hear, "Mr. Jones is sitting on the tree of life." There was no pause, and before the last roll was ended the one giving the recitative placed another personage on the tree, and thus Jordan continued to roll along.

As the song goes on the enthusiasm rises. They sing louder and stronger. The recitative is given with increased vigour,

Roll, Jordan.

Lit-tle chil-dren sit-ting on the tree of life To hear the Jor-dan roll; O
 roll, Jor-dan roll, Jor-dan roll, Jor-dan roll, We march the an-gel march, O
 march the an-gel march, O my soul is ris-ing heavenward, To hear the Jordan roll.

and the chorus swells with increasing volume. They beat time, at first, with their hands, then their feet. They rise from their seats. William begins to shuffle his feet. Anna, a short, thick-set woman, wearing a checkered dress and an apron, which once was a window-curtain, claps her hands, makes a short, quick jerk of her body, stamps her feet on the unaccented part of the measure, keeping exact syncopation. Catherine and Sancho catch the inspiration. They go round in a circle, shuffling, jerking, shouting louder and louder, while those outside of the circle respond with increasing vigour, all stamping, clapping their hands, and rolling out the chorus. William seems to be in a trance, his eyes are fixed, yet he goes on with a double-shuffle, till the perspiration stands in beads upon his face. Every joint seems hung on wires. Feet, legs, arms, head, body, and hands swing and jump like a child's dancing Dandy Jim. Sancho enters into it with all his heart, soul, mind, and might, clapping his hands, rolling his eyes, looking upward in ecstasy and outward upon the crowd, as if he were their spiritual father and guardian.

Thus it went on till nature was exhausted. When the meeting broke up, they all came round in procession, shaking hands with the superintendent and the strangers present, and singing a parting song,—

“There's a meeting here to-night!”

The superintendent informed me that the children who attended school could not be coaxed to take part in those praise meetings. They had learned to sing Sunday school songs, and evidently looked upon the plantation songs of their fathers and mothers as belonging to their bondage and not worthy to be sung now that they were free.

A short distance from Hilton Head was the town of Mitchellville, laid out by the lamented astronomer, General Mitchell, who fell a victim to the yellow fever in the summer of 1862. The town was on a broad sandy plain, bordered by groves and thickets of live-oak, palmetto, and the coast pine.

At that time there were about seventy houses,—or cabins rather,—of the rudest description, built of logs, chinked with

clay brought up from the beach, roofs of long split shingles, board floors, windows with shutters,—plain board blinds, without sash or glass. Each house had a quarter of an acre of land attached. There was no paint or lime, not even white-wash, about them. It was just such a place as might be expected in a new country, where there were no saw-mills or brick-kilns,—a step in advance of a hole in the ground or a bark wigwam. It was the beginning of the experiment of civilisation on the part of a semi-barbarous people just released from abject bondage, and far from being free men.

I looked into the first cabin, and seeing an old man sitting before the fire, greeted him with "How do you do, uncle?" the sobriquet of all middle-aged negro men.

"'Pears how I'm rather poorly,—I's got de chills, boss."

He had been a slave in Florida, but made his escape from his master's plantation fifty miles inland, reached Fernandina, and entered the lines of the Union army. He was dressed in trousers made of old sail-cloth, and the tattered cast-off blouse of a Union soldier. The room was about twelve feet square. I could see through the chinking in a hundred places. At the coping of the roof, where it should have joined the wall, there was a wide opening all around, which allowed all the warmth to escape. The furniture consisted of three tables, four chairs, a mahogany wash-stand, all of which once stood in the mansion of some island planter. Upon the hearth was a Dutch oven, pots, kettles, baskets, and bags, and a pile of rags, old blankets which the soldiers had thrown aside. It required but a few words to thaw out Uncle Jacob, who at once commenced fumbling in his pockets, producing, after a studious search, a brown paper, carefully folded, enclosing the name of a gentleman in New York who had taken home Uncle Jacob's nephew. He wanted me to read it to him,—the name, the street, the number,—that he might learn it by heart.

"He is learning to write, boss, and I shall have a letter from him by and by," said the old man, in glee. He handed me three letters, all from men who once were slaves, not written by them individually, but by amanuenses. One was a sailor on the gun-

boat *Ottawa*, off Charleston; one was in New York City, and the third in Ohio.

"Please, boss, I should like to hab you read 'em," he said.

It was a pleasure to gratify the kind-hearted man, who listened with satisfaction beaming from every line of his countenance.

Uncle Jacob had been five months in the employ of the United States, unloading vessels at Hilton Head, and had received only his rations and a little clothing.

"Well, Uncle Jacob, which would you rather be, a freeman or a slave?" I asked.

"Oh, Lor' bless you, boss, I wouldn't like to be a slave again."

"Do you think you can take care of yourself?"

"Jes let Gubberment pay me, boss, and see if I can't."

It was spoken with great earnestness.

In the next cabin I found Peter, who had taken the name of Brown, that of his former master. Slavery gave its victims but one name. General Mitchell said that they were entitled to another name, and he ordered that they should take that of their former masters; hence there are Peter Beauregards, James Trenholms, Susan Rhett, Julia Barnwells, on the plantations of the Sea Islands.

"Mr. Brown, did you ever hear about the Abolitionists?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, tank you, I's he'd of 'em."

"What did you hear about them?"

"Oh, dey is a werry bad sort of people, sir. Old massa said dat if dey could get a chance dey would take all our pick-innies and smash der brains out again de trees!"

"Did you ever see an Abolitionist?"

"No, sir, tank you, nebber saw one."

"Well, Mr. Brown, I am one."

Mr. Brown started involuntarily. He looked me all over from head to feet, giving a keen search. "'Pears how I shouldn't tink you could hab de heart to do it, sir."

"Do I look as though I should like to kill your little ones?"

"No, sir, I don't tink you would."

I told him who the Abolitionists were, and what they wished to do,—that they were friends of the slaves, and always had been. He grasped my hand, and said, "God bless you, sir." And then burst into hearty laughter.

Having been informed that it would be impossible to obtain a fowl of the negroes at that season of the year, I made the attempt; but though I offered treble the value, not one would part with a hen. They were looking forward to broods of chickens which would bring them in "heaps" of money in the fall of the year.

While waiting for the ironclads, I made frequent visits to the plantations on the islands, riding through forests of live-oak and gum-trees, whose trunks were wreathed with climbing vines. From the wide-spreading branches festoons and trails of gray moss swayed in the gentle breeze.

The "freedmen," as they were called at the time, had little to do. It was not possible for the military authorities to give them employment, and they had abundant time to sing and dance. The Government gave them rations, so they had no fear of starvation. It was a happy-go-lucky life, with no overseer following them with a whip to the cane-brake or rice field.

Entering the headquarters of the commanding officer one day, I saw a thin, spare coloured woman sitting before the fire. She nodded and smiled, ran her eyes over me, as if to take in every feature or peculiarity of my person and dress, then gazed into the fire and seemed absorbed in her own thoughts. A friend said, "That is our Sojourner Truth."

The original "Sojourner Truth" was a negro woman of remarkable character, who piloted many slaves from bondage to freedom, during the years of Antislavery agitation. The woman before me had brought several companies of negroes from the mainland and had given much information in regard to the movements and positions occupied by the Confederates. Many negroes made their way singly or in companies to the Union lines through her accounts of the condition of the freedmen at Port Royal,—how they were kindly cared for. She had pen-

etrated swamps, endured hardships, eluded rebel pickets, visiting the plantations at midnight, and conversing with the slaves.

"I can travel all through the South, I reckon," she said.

"Are you not afraid that the rebels will catch you?"

"Well, honey, I reckon they couldn't keep me," she said, with a smile.

She had exhibited such remarkable shrewdness and finesse in her exploits, and had rendered such valuable services to the department, that she was held in high esteem.

The original "Sojourner Truth" lives in modern art, the sculptor, W. W. Stacy, having taken her for his ideal of the Libyan Sibyl, exhibited at the London World's Fair 1862. She also lives in literature — Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe having portrayed her character and given many incidents of her life, to be found in articles published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Upon the plantations of W. Helen were men and women of the despised race, who were endowed with rare abilities. The men were ready to enlist and fight for the man who had given them their freedom.

The enlistment of negro troops began at Port Royal in the fall of 1862, and by midwinter the First South Carolina, commanded by Colonel Higginson, had its ranks nearly full. There was strong prejudice in the army against employing negroes. The New Jersey troops in the department of the South were bitterly hostile. Colonel Stevenson, of Massachusetts, a gallant officer, having imprudently given utterance to his feelings upon the subject, was arrested by General Hunter, which caused a great deal of excitement in the army, and which attracted the attention of the country to the whole subject.

The day after the arrest of Colonel Stevenson, a scene illustrating the sentiments of the hour occurred in the cabin of the steamer *Wyoming*, plying between Beaufort and Hilton Head. The party consisted of several ladies, one or two chaplains, fifteen or twenty officers, four newspaper correspondents, and several civilians.

A young captain in the Tenth New Jersey opened the conversation.

"I wish," said he, "that every negro was compelled to take

off his hat to a white man. I consider him an inferior being."

"You differ from General Washington, who took off his hat and saluted a negro," I replied.

"General Washington could afford to do it," said the captain, a little staggered.

"Are we to understand that in this age a captain in the service of the United States cannot afford to equal a negro in politeness?"

"Do you want to be buried with a nigger, and have your bones touch his in the grave?"

"As to that I have no feeling whatever. I do not suppose that it will make much difference to the bones of either party."

"Well, when I die I want twenty niggers packed all around me," shouted the captain, excitedly, turning to the crowd to see the effect of his sarcasm.

"I presume, sir, you can be accommodated, if you can get the consent of the twenty negroes."

The captain saw that he was losing his argument by losing his temper, and in calmer tones said: "I want to see the negro kept in his proper place. I am perfectly willing he should use the shovel, but it is an outrage upon the white man,—an insult, to have him carry a musket."

"I would just as soon see a negro shot as to get shot myself. I am perfectly willing that all the negroes should help put down the Rebellion," said the correspondent.

"I am not willing to have them act as soldiers. Put them in the ditches, where they belong. They are an inferior race."

One of my fellow correspondents broke in. "Who are you, sir?" said he; "you who condemn the Government? You forget that you as a soldier have nothing to say about the orders of the President or the laws of Congress. You say that the negro is an inferior being; what do you say of Frederick Douglass, who has raised himself from slavery to a high position? Your straps were placed on your shoulders, not because you had done anything to merit them, but because you had friends to intercede for you,—using their political influence,—or because you had money, and could purchase your commission. You hate the negro, and you want to keep him in slavery, and

you allow your prejudice to carry you to the verge of disloyalty to the Government which pays you for unworthily wearing your shoulder-straps."

The captain and the entire company listened in silence while another correspondent took up the question.

"Gentlemen, you denounce the negro; you say that he is an inferior being. You forget that we white men claim to stand on the highest plane of civilisation,—that we are of a race which for a thousand years has been in the front rank,—that the negro has been bruised, crushed, trodden down,—denied all knowledge, all right, everything; that we have compelled him to labour for us, and we have eaten the fruit of his labours. Can we expect him to be our equal in acquisition of knowledge? Where is your sense of fair play? Are you afraid that the negro will push you from your position? Are you afraid that if you allow him to aid in putting down the Rebellion, that he too will become a free man, and have aspirations like your own, and in time express toward you the same *chivalric* sentiments which you express toward him? How much do you love your country if you thus make conditions of loyalty?"

The captain made no reply. The whole company was silent. There were smiles from the ladies. The captain went out upon the deck, evidently regretting that the conversation had fallen upon so exciting a topic.

The First South Carolina Regiment of loyal blacks was in camp on Smith's plantation, four miles out from Beaufort. We rode over a sandy plain, through old cotton fields, pine-barrens, and jungles, past a dozen negro huts, where the long tresses of moss waved mournfully in the breeze. The men had gathered a boat-load of oysters, and were having a feast,—old and young, gray-headed men, and curly-haired children, were huddled around the pans, steaming and smoking over the pitch-knot fires.

Smith's plantation is historic ground,—the place where the Huguenots built a fort long before the *Mayflower* cast anchor in Cape Cod harbour. The plantation was well known to the coloured people before the war as a place to be dreaded,—a place for hard work, unmerciful whippings, with very little to

eat. The house and the negro quarters were in a delightful grove of live-oaks, whose evergreen leaves, wide-spreading branches, thick foliage, and gnarled trunks, gave cooling shade. In front of the house, leading down to the fort, was a magnolia walk. Behind the house, in a circular basin,—a depression often found on sandy plains,—was the garden, surrounded by a thick-set, fantastic palmetto hedge. The great oak between the house and the garden was the whipping-post. One of the branches was smooth, as if a swing had been slung there, and the bark had been worn by the rope swaying to the merry chattering and light-hearted laughter of children. Not that, however. There the offender of plantation law,—of a master's caprice,—had paid the penalty of disobedience; there men, women, and children, suspended by the thumb, stripped of their clothing, received the lash, their moans, groans, cries, and prayers falling unheeding on overseer, master, and mistress.

The plantation jail was in the loft of the granary, beneath a pitch-pine roof, which, under the heat of a midsummer sun, was like an oven. There was but one little window in the gable for the admission of air. There were iron rings and bolts in the beams and rafters, to which the slaves were chained.

The owner of the plantation was not unmindful of the religious wants of his fellow Christians. Near by was the chapel with a belfry and bell, which on week-days—at daylight—summoned the slaves to their unrequited tasks in the cotton fields. On Sunday its silver tones called them to come and worship Almighty God, who, according to eminent doctors of divinity, had ordained slavery as a divine missionary institution for the welfare of the human race. The law forbade their master or any one else to teach the alphabet so that they might read the Bible. In this rude building, with its oaken benches, one of their own number, as unlearned as themselves, might preach to them, while their masters and mistresses worshipped at St. Michael's or St. Phillip's in Charleston. On the morrow preacher and congregation might be sold on the auction block, or their backs cut to pieces by the overseer's lash. It was upon one of these plantations that a minister of the gospel from Boston, beneath the wide-spreading oak, and the fragrant

magnolias, a short time before the secession of the Southern States, wrote a book setting forth the blessings of slavery — a volume which reads strangely to-day.

Time had brought great changes. On this same plantation the First South Carolina Regiment of coloured troops was encamped. They had already been under fire upon the steamer *Darlington* moored near by. I breakfasted with the captain who showed me the bullet marks on the boat, made during a reconnoissance up one of the estuaries.

"How did the negroes stand fire?" I asked.

"They fought resolutely," he replied.

The boat was at anchor in a cove near the shore. The path leading down to the water was beneath drooping festoons of moss trailing from the branches of the overarching trees. It was a place where one could sit and give himself to meditations upon the mutations which time had brought since that April morning when the flag was humiliated at Sumter.

CHAPTER XIII

THE IRONCLADS IN ACTION

AFTER vexatious delays, the iron-clad fleet was ready for action. It was deemed desirable to test their armour, before attacking Sumter, by making a reconnoissance of Fort McAllister, on the Ogeechee.

It was late on the afternoon of March 1st, when the steamer *George Washington* left Hilton Head for a trip to Ossabow Sound. The *Passaic*, *Montauk*, *Nahant*, and *Patapsco*, iron-clads of the *Monitor* pattern, were already there. The *Washington* took the "inside" route up Wilmington River and through the Rumley marshes. The gunboat *Marblehead* was guarding the entrance to the river. It was past sunset, and the tide was ebbing.

"You had better lie here till morning; there are indications that we shall hear from those fellows up there," said the commander of the *Marblehead*. Looking westward into the golden light of the departing day, we could see the spires of Savannah, also nearer the Confederate gunboats moving up and down the river.

The anchor dropped, the chain rattled through the hawse-hole, the lights were extinguished, the guns put in trim; the lookout took his position; the sentinels passed to and fro, peering into the darkness; a buoy was attached to the cable, that it might be slipped in an instant; all ears listened to catch the sound of muffled oars or plashing paddle-wheels, but there was no sound save the piping of the curlew in the marshes and the surging of the tide along the reedy shores. At three o'clock in the morning we were away from our anchorage, steaming up Wilmington River. The moonlight lay in a golden flood along the waters, revealing the distant outline of the Confederate earthworks. How charming the trip! exhilarating, and suffi-

ciently exciting, under the expectation of falling in with a hostile gunboat, to bring every nerve into action. It was sunrise when the *Washington* emerged from the marshes and came to anchor among the ironclads. The *Montauk* had just completed a glorious work,—the destruction of the *Nashville*. We had heard the roar of her guns, and the quick, ineffectual firing from Fort McAllister.

The *Nashville*, which began her piratical depredations by burning the ship *Harvey Birch*, ran into Savannah, where she had been cooped up several months. She had been waiting many weeks for an opportunity to run out to sea again. One Saturday morning, the last day of February, a dense fog hung over the marshes, the islands, and the inlets of Ossabow. The *Montauk* lay at the junction of the Great and Little Ogeechee Rivers, when the fog lifted and the *Nashville* was discovered aground above the fort.

The eyes of Captain Worden sparkled as he gave the command to prepare for action. He had not forgotten his encounter with the *Merrimack*. The *Montauk* moved up-stream, came within range of the fort, which opened from all its guns, but to which Captain Worden gave no heed. Taking a position about three-quarters of a mile from the *Nashville* and half a mile from the fort, he opened with both guns upon the grounded steamer, to which the *Nashville* replied with her hundred-pounder. The third shell from the *Montauk*, exploded inside the steamer, setting her cotton on fire. The flames spread with great rapidity. Her crew fled to the marshes, the magazine soon exploded, and the career of the *Nashville* was ended.

At high tide on the morning of the 3d of March the *Passaic*, *Patapsco*, and *Nahant* moved up the Ogeechee, and opened fire on the fort, to test the working of their machinery. The fire was furious from the fort, but slow and deliberate from the ironclads. Several mortar-schooners threw shells in the direction of the fort. The monitors were obliged to retire with the tide. They were struck repeatedly, but the balls fell harmlessly against the iron plating. It was evident that at the distance of three-fourths of a mile, or a half-mile even, the iron-

clads could withstand the heaviest guns, while on the other hand the fire of the monitors must necessarily be very slow. The attack was made, not with the expectation of reducing the fort, but to test the monitors before the grand attack upon Fort Sumter.

The first attack on Sumter occurred on the 7th of April. The fort stood out in bold relief, the bright noon-sun shining full upon its southern face, fronting the shallow water towards Morris Island, leaving in shadow its eastern wall toward Moultrie. The air was clear, and we who were on shipboard just beyond the reach of the rebel guns, looking inland with our glasses, could see the city, the spires, the roofs of the houses thronged with people. A three-masted ship lay at the wharves, the rebel rams were fired up, sailboats were scudding across the harbour, running down toward Sumter, looking seaward, then hastening back again like little children, expectant and restless on great occasions, eager for something to be done.

The attacking fleet was in the main ship-channel,— eight little black specks but little larger than the buoys which tossed beside them, and one black oblong block the *New Ironsides*, the flag-ship of the fleet. It was difficult to comprehend that beneath the surface of the sea there were men as secure from the waves as bugs in a bottle. It was as strange and romantic as the stories which charmed the Arabian chieftains in the days of Haroun Al Raschid.

The ironclads were about one-third of a mile apart, in the following order:

<i>Weehawken,</i>	<i>Patapsco,</i>	<i>Nantucket,</i>
<i>Passaic,</i>	<i>Ironsides,</i>	<i>Nahant,</i>
<i>Montauk,</i>	<i>Catskill,</i>	<i>Keokuk.</i>

The *Keokuk* was built by a gentleman who had full faith in her invulnerability. She was to be tested under fire from the rebel batteries before accepted by the Government. She had sloping sides, two turrets, and was built for a ram. The opinions generally entertained were that she would prove a failure.

General Hunter courteously assigned the steamer *Nantucket*

to the gentlemen connected with the press, giving them complete control of the steamer, to go where they pleased, knowing that there was an intense desire not only in the North, but throughout the world, to know the result of the first contest between ironclads and fortifications. The *Nantucket* was a small side-wheel steamer of light draft, and we were able to run in and out over the bar at will. Just before the signal was given for the advance we ran alongside the flag-ship. The crew were hard at work hoisting shot and shells from the hold to the deck. The upper deck was bedded with sand-bags, the pilot-house wrapped with cable. All the light hamper was taken down and stowed away. The iron plating was slushed with grease. Confederate soldiers were marching across Morris Island, within easy range. A shell would have sent them in haste behind the sand-hills; but heavier work was at hand, and they were harmless just then.

It was past one o'clock when the signal for sailing was displayed from the flag-ship, and the *Weehawken*, with a raft at her prow, intended to remove torpedoes, answered the signal, raised her anchor, and went steadily in with the tide, followed by the others, which maintained their respective positions, distant from each other about one-third or a half-mile. In this battle of ironclads there were no clouds of canvas, no beautiful models of marine architecture, none of the stateliness and majesty which have marked hundreds of great naval engagements; no human beings in sight,—no propelling power visible. There were simply eight black specks and one oblong block gliding along the water.

But Sumter had discovered them, and discharged in quick succession nine signal guns, to announce to all Rebeldom that the attack was to be made. Morris Island was mysteriously silent as the *Weehawken* advanced, although the monitor was within range. Past Fort Wagner, straight on toward Moultrie the *Weehawken* moved. The silence was almost painful,—the calm before the storm, the hushed stillness before the burst of the tornado!

There comes a single puff of smoke from Moultrie,—one deep reverberation. The silence is broken,—the long months

of waiting are over. The shot flies across the water, skipping from wave to wave, tossing up fountains, hopping over the deck of the *Weehawken*, and rolling along the surface with a diminishing ricochet, sinking at last close upon the Morris Island beach. Fort Wagner continues the story, sending a shot at the *Weehawken*, which also trips lightly over the deck, and tosses up a waterspout far toward Moultrie. The *Weehawken*, unmindful of this play, opens its ports, and sends a fifteen-inch solid shot which crashes against the southwest face of the fort, followed a moment later by its eleven-inch companion. The vessel is for a moment enveloped in the smoke of its guns. Bravely done! There comes an answer. Moultrie, with the tremendous batteries, bursts into sheets of flame and clouds of sulphurous smoke. There is one long roll of thunder, peal on peal; reverberations and sharp concussions, rattling the windows of our deep, heavy steamers, and striking us at the heart like hammer strokes.

The ocean boils! Columns of spray are tossed high in air, as if a hundred submarine fountains were let instantly on, or a school of whales were trying which could spout highest. There is a screaming in the air, a buzzing and humming never before so loud.

At five minutes before three Moultrie began the fire. Ten minutes have passed. The thunder has rolled incessantly from Sullivan's Island. Thus far Sumter has been silent, but now it is enveloped with a cloud. A moment it is hid from view — first a line of light along its parapet, and thick folds of smoke unrolling like fleeces of wool. Other flashes burst from the casemates, and the clouds creep down the wall to the water, then slowly float away to mingle with that rising from the furnaces in the sand along the shore of Sullivan's Island. Then comes a calm,—a momentary cessation. The Confederate gunners wait for the breeze to clear away the cloud, that they may obtain a view of the monitor, to see if it has not been punched into a sieve, and if it be not already disappearing beneath the waves. But the *Weehawken* is there, moving straight on up the channel, turning now toward Moultrie. To her it has been only a handful of peas or pebbles. Some have rattled

against her turret, some upon her deck, some against her sides. Instead of going to the bottom, she revolves her turret, and fires two shots at Moultrie, moving on the while to gain the southeastern wall of Sumter.

For fifteen minutes the *Weehawken* met the ordeal alone, but the *Passaic*, *Montauk* and *Patapsco*, one by one, joined in the attack — passing on till within four hundred yards of the fort. The fire from Sumter and Moultrie was continuous and rapid, that from the monitors slow and deliberate. We could see clouds of dust rise above the walls as each shot from the iron-clads struck the masonry.

The *New Ironsides*, drawing seventeen feet of water, moved cautiously up the main ship channel, till within about one thousand yards, and fired four guns at Moultrie. She touched bottom and was obliged to change her course. She fired two guns at Sumter, but the tide was ebbing, and, instead of going on, turned back to some grounding permanently within range of the two forts, leaving the monitors to carry on the bombardment. The *Keokuk* drawing less water than the others, passed on to the front and was riddled by the fire of the fort, till the sea with every passing wave swept through the holes, and she was obliged to quit the contest or go to the bottom with all on board.

The tide was ebbing fast, and the signal for retiring was displayed from the flag-ship, seemingly at an inopportune moment, for the fire of the fort was slackening. We now know that had the bombardment continued, a portion of the walls would soon have tumbled. The sun was going down, when the monitors retired. Had they remained in position they could have poured in their fire, while that of the fort quite likely in the darkness would have missed them.

During the bombardment one hundred and fifty-three shots were fired by the fleet against nearly three thousand by the forts. The monitor received about three hundred and fifty shots. Of casualties none were killed; one was mortally and thirteen slightly wounded. The officers reluctantly obeyed the signal to retire. With the exception of the *Keokuk*, the vessels were just as ready at the close as at the beginning to continue

the bombardment. Admiral Dupont was severely criticised for hoisting the signal. It seems probable that he did not know, or misjudged the actual condition of affairs. The *Keokuk* sunk the following morning; but the vessels constructed after the model of the first monitor were but little injured. One shot only had ripped up a plate on the *Patapsco* and penetrated the wood beneath — other than this they were intact. The fleet returned to Hilton Head and Sumter was left to float its flag in defiance a while longer. A little more persistence on the part of the admiral, as we now know, would have won the victory.

CHAPTER XIV

CHANCELLORSVILLE

THE Army of the Potomac in its winter quarters at Falmouth was preparing for the spring campaign. General Hooker inaugurated a new order of things in discipline. Officers who had shown unfitness were dismissed. Merit was commended. He issued orders that the soldiers should have cabbages, onions, and potatoes. He kept his plans to himself. Even his most trusted officers were not fully informed as to what he intended to do. But his plan embraced three features: a cavalry movement under Stoneman towards Richmond, from the Upper Rappahannock, to destroy Lee's communications, burning bridges and supplies; the deploy of a portion of the army down the river to attract attention; and, lastly, a sudden march of the main body up the river, to gain a position near Chancellorsville, southwest of Fredericksburg, which would compel Lee to come out and fight, or evacuate the place. If he gained the position, he could stand on the defensive.

Lee had sent two divisions of Longstreet's corps under that officer to North Carolina, and Hampton's cavalry was recruiting south of the James River. It was a favourable opportunity to strike a heavy blow.

On the 27th of April the Eleventh Corps, under Howard, and the Twelfth under Slocum, at half-past five in the morning started for Kelley's Ford by the Hartwood Church road.

The Third, under Sickles, and the Fifth, under Meade, moved at the same time, by a road nearer the river, in the same direction. The Second, under Couch, went towards United States Ford, which is only three miles from Chancellorsville. A dense fog hung over the river, concealing the movement. The Eleventh, Twelfth, and Fifth Corps marched fourteen miles during the day, and bivouacked at four o'clock in the

afternoon a mile west of Hartwood Church. To Lee, who looked across the river from Fredericksburg, there was no change in the appearance of things on the Stafford hills. The camps of the Yankees were still there, dotting the landscape, teams were moving to and fro, soldiers were at drill, and the smoke of camp-fires was curling through the air.

During the evening of the 27th the pontoons belonging to the Sixth Corps were taken from the wagons, carried by the soldiers down to the river, and put into the water so noiselessly that the Confederate pickets stationed on the bank near Bernard's house had no suspicion of what was going on. The boats were manned by Russell's brigade. At a given signal they were pushed rapidly across the stream, and, before the rebel pickets were aware of the movement, they found themselves prisoners. The First Corps went a mile farther down, to Southfield. It was daylight before the engineers of this corps could get their boats into the water. The rebel sharpshooters who were lying in rifle-pits along the bank commenced a deadly fire. To silence them, Colonel Warner placed forty pieces of artillery on the high bank overlooking the river, under cover of which the boats crossed, and the soldiers, leaping ashore, charged up the bank and captured one hundred and fifty rebels. The engineers in a short time had both bridges completed. General Wadsworth's division of the First Corps was the first to cross the lower bridge. General Wadsworth had become impatient, and, instead of waiting for the completion of the structure, swam his horse across the stream. General Brooks, of the Sixth Corps, was the first to cross the bridge at Bernard's.

It was now five o'clock in the morning. There was great commotion in Fredericksburg. A courier dashed into town on horseback, shouting "The Yankees are crossing down the river." The church-bells were rung. The people who had returned to the town after the battle of the 13th of December sprang from their beds. They went out and stood upon Maryee's Hill, looked across the river, and saw the country alive with troops.

It was night before the remainder of the Sixth Corps

crossed the stream, while the other two divisions of the First Corps still remained on the northern bank. Lee could not comprehend this new state of affairs. The night of the 28th passed, and no advance was made by the Sixth Corps. The morning of the 29th saw them in the same position, evidently in no haste to make an attack.

Meanwhile the main body of the army was making a rapid march up the river. The Eleventh Corps reached Kelley's Ford, twenty-eight miles above Falmouth, at half-past four in the afternoon. The pontoons arrived at six o'clock. Four hundred men went over in the boats, and seized the rifle-pits, capturing a few prisoners, who were stationed there to guard the ford. As soon as the bridge was completed, the troops began to cross. The Seventeenth Pennsylvania cavalry preceded the infantry, pushed out on the road leading to Culpeper, and encountered a detachment of Stuart's cavalry.

On the morning of the 29th, the Twelfth Corps, followed by the Eleventh, made a rapid march to Germanna Ford, on the Rapidan, while the Fifth Corps took the road leading to Ely's Ford. When the Twelfth Corps arrived at Germanna Ford at three o'clock in the afternoon, the rebels were discovered building a bridge. About one hundred of them were taken prisoners. Instead of waiting for the pontoons to be laid, the Twelfth forded the stream, which was deep and swift; but the men held their cartridge-boxes over their heads, and thus kept their powder dry.

The movement was admirably made, each corps coming into position at the appointed place and time, showing that the plan had been well matured in the mind of the commander-in-chief.

Early on the morning of the 30th the Eleventh Corps, followed by the Twelfth, moved from Germanna Ford down the Stevensburg plank road to the Old Wilderness Tavern, which is about a mile and a half west of Chancellorsville.

At noon of the 30th the Eleventh Corps reached its assigned position, between the Germanna road and Dowdal's tavern, forming the right flank of Hooker's line. The Third Corps, which had crossed at Ely's Ford, came down through the woods

across Hunting Run, and formed on the left of the Eleventh, by the tavern. The Twelfth Corps filed past the Eleventh, along the Stevensburg road, and the Third Corps passed Chancellorsville, and moved almost to Tabernacle Church, on the Orange and Fredericksburg plank road. The Second Corps, having crossed at United States Ford, came into position a mile or more in rear of the Eleventh and Third, while the Fifth moved up and formed a line facing southeast, reaching from Chancellorsville to Scott's Dam on the Rappahannock, a mile and a half north of Chancellorsville. Lee was undecided what to do, but finally determined to leave Early's division of Jackson's corps, and Barksdale's brigade of McLaw's division, and a part of the reserve artillery under Pendleton, to hold Fredericksburg, and move with the rest of the army to Chancellorsville and fight Hooker. He had already sent Anderson's division to watch the movement.

On the morning of the 1st of May the whole army, except what was left to watch Sedgwick, was put in motion, with the intention of making a direct attack.

He says: "The enemy had assumed a position of great natural strength, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest, filled with tangled undergrowth, in the midst of which breast-works of logs had been constructed, with trees felled in front so as to form an impenetrable abatis. His artillery swept the few narrow roads by which his position could be approached from the front, and commanded the adjacent woods. . . . It was evident that a direct attack upon the enemy would be attended with great difficulty and loss, in view of the strength of his position and his superiority in numbers. It was therefore resolved to endeavour to turn his right flank, and gain his rear, leaving a force in front to hold him in check, and conceal the movement. The execution of this plan was intrusted to Lieutenant-General Jackson, with his three divisions."

This movement of Lee's was very bold and hazardous. It divided his army into three parts — one part watching the Sixth Corps at Fredericksburg, another between Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, and the force under Jackson, accompanied by

Stuart's cavalry, moving to get in the rear of Hooker. Jackson was obliged to make a long circuit by Todd's Tavern and the Furnace road, moving first southwest toward Spottsylvania, then west toward Orange Court House, then north toward the Rapidan, then east toward the old sawmill on Hunting Run. Rode's division reached the Old Wilderness Tavern about four o'clock in the afternoon. As the different divisions arrived they were formed across the Stevensburg plank road, Rodes in front, Trimble's division under General Colston in the second, and A. P. Hill in the third line.

General Hooker, having decided to fight a defensive battle, ordered the construction of rifle-pits, and while Jackson was making this *détour* the position was strongly fortified against an attack from the direction of Fredericksburg. Early in the day it was reported that Lee was retreating rapidly toward Culpeper Court House. From the cleared field occupied by Sickles the rebel column could be seen moving southwest—artillery, baggage-train and infantry. It was generally believed in Hooker's army that Lee, finding the position too impregnable, was retiring. Sickles and Howard thought differently.

"Lee has divided his army, and now is the time to strike," said General Sickles to Hooker.

General Hooker hesitated. His plan was to stand wholly on the defensive. Still the column filed by.

"The enemy is on my flank," was the message from Howard. "We can hear the sound of their axes in the woods."

"Now is the time to double up Lee," said Sickles, again urging an attack.

"You may go out and feel the enemy, but don't go too fast, nor too far," said Hooker, at last yielding.

Sickles soon came upon the rear of Jackson's passing troops and there was a sharp contest.

The Eleventh Corps was formed in the following order: General Devens' division on the right, between the Stevensburg road and the old sawmill, facing northwest; General Schurz's division south of the plank road, facing southwest; General Schimmelfennig's brigade of Steinwehr's division also

south of the road, reaching to Dowdal's Tavern; Barlow's brigade north of the road, in rear of the centre.

There was a gap from Dowdal's Tavern almost to Chancellorsville, from which Sickles had moved. Slocum had advanced beyond Chancellorsville southeast. The sending out of Sickles and Barlow, the advance of Slocum, and the position of the Second Corps, so far away to the rear, left Howard without any supports.

Jackson came through the woods upon Howard's skirmishers, who fired and fell back. The firing attracted the attention of the men along the lines, who were cooking their suppers. Occasional shots had been fired during the afternoon, and there was no alarm till the skirmishers came out of the woods upon the run, followed by the rebels. The men seized their arms; but, before Devens could get his regiments into position, the rebels were approaching his right flank, firing quick volleys and yelling like savages. Some of Devens' command fled, throwing away their guns and equipments. Others fought bravely. Devens, while endeavouring to rally his men, was wounded; several of his officers fell; yet he held his ground till the rebels gained his rear and began firing into the backs of the men who stood behind the breastwork. Then the line gave way, abandoning five guns.

It is manifest that, while a portion of the Eleventh Corps became panic-stricken, a large number of Howard's troops fought with great bravery. The corps numbered about thirteen thousand five hundred on the morning of May 1st.

The force under Howard at the time of the attack did not exceed eleven thousand, mainly raw German troops. Howard's total loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners was two thousand five hundred and twenty-eight. Twenty-five officers and one hundred and fifty-three men were killed, seventy-eight officers and eight hundred and forty-two wounded — a total loss of one thousand and ninety-eight killed and wounded, which shows the severity of this brief conflict.

The Eleventh Corps has been severely censured for pusillanimous conduct in this battle; but when all of the facts are taken into consideration — that Howard had no supports to

call upon; that the Third Corps was two miles and a half from its position in the line; that Barlow's brigade had been sent away; that the attack was a surprise; that Jackson's force exceeded thirty thousand; that, notwithstanding these disadvantages, a "stubborn resistance" was offered — praise instead of censure is due to those of the Eleventh who thus held their ground, till one-fourth of their number were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners.

Almost at the beginning of the attack Devens was wounded. In the confusion and panic, there was no one to take his place till Howard arrived. Hooker was at once in his saddle.

"The enemy have attacked Howard and driven him in," was his word to Sickles.

"That can't be," said Sickles, incredulous.

"Return at once," was the order from Hooker, by a second messenger.

The heavy firing, constantly growing nearer, gave force to the instruction.

It was now quite dark. Sickles set out to return with all possible haste, but soon found that he had got to fight his way back. Jackson's left wing had swept round, till it rested upon the road, over which he had marched on his way out to the Furnace. Berry's division came first upon the enemy. A severe contest ensued, lasting till nine o'clock, when he succeeded in re-establishing his connection with Howard, who had thus far fought the battle almost alone. Lee, with Anderson's command, all the while was making a demonstration against the Twelfth and Fifth Corps east of Chancellorsville, and the Second was too far in rear to be of any service to Howard before the return of Sickles and Barlow.

Jackson gained no advantage after his first attack, but on the other hand came near experiencing a panic in his own lines. General Colston says:

"We continued to drive the enemy until darkness prevented our farther advance. The firing now ceased, owing to the difficult and tangled nature of the ground over which the troops had advanced, and the mingling of my first and second lines of battle. The formation of the troops became very

much confused, and different regiments, brigades, and divisions were mixed up together. . . . The troops were hardly reformed and placed in position when the enemy opened, about ten o'clock, a furious fire of shot, shell, and canister, sweeping down the plank road and the woods on each side. A number of artillery horses, some of them without drivers, and a great many infantry soldiers, belonging to other commands, rushed down the road in wild disorder."

The Confederates had come upon a line of batteries which poured in so destructive a fire that it was impossible for them to advance. Twenty-two cannon placed in position by General Pleasanton, together with the fire of several regiments, held the Confederates at bay. It was at this moment that Stonewall Jackson, riding forward to make observations, fell — the Confederates claiming by the fire of his own men, but the weight of evidence is against the claim. It seems probable that he was wounded by the volley fired by the Massachusetts First Regiment, which was less than three hundred feet distant. His left arm was shattered. He was borne to the rear and the arm amputated, but pneumonia set in, resulting in death.

When the assault was made on Howard, the first move on the part of Hooker was to arrange for a new line.

Both armies were busy through the night, preparing for the great struggle — Lee to attack and Hooker to defend. The wounded were sent to the rear, also the baggage trains, and the cavalry, and everything which could impede operations. Hooker's line was in the form of the letter V. The Second Corps, which had followed Berry up the night before, occupied the right of the line, reaching nearly down to the river, joining the left flank upon Berry's division of the Third Corps, which extended to the plank road, west of Chancellorsville. Whipple's and Birney's divisions of the Third and Geary's division of the Twelfth, formed the point of the letter V, which enclosed Chancellorsville. The other divisions of the Twelfth Corps and the Fifth Corps, forming the other side of the letter, extended from Chancellorsville to the Rappahannock. The Eleventh Corps was placed in position to support the Fifth, on the extreme left of the line. During the day the

First Corps under Reynolds came up the river, crossed at United States Ford, and wheeled into position on the right of the Second Corps, thus forming the extreme right of the line. The troops had been busy through the night erecting breastworks, while a large number of guns were placed in position to sweep all the roads. Stuart renewed the fight at daylight, with Hill in the front line, Colston in the second, and Rodes in the third. He advanced with the intention of breaking the line near Chancellorsville. His troops were exasperated by the loss of their leader, and were animated by revenge. They came through the woods almost in solid mass, Colston's and Rodes's men, pressing eagerly forward, and closing up the spaces between the lines. They received, without flinching, the terrible fire which flamed from Berry's and Birney's and Whipple's lines. They charged upon Sickles's outer works, and carried them.

They advanced upon the second line, but were cut up by Best's artillery. Companies and regiments melted away. Berry and Birney advance to meet them. The living waves rolled against each other like the billows of a stormy sea.

It was seven o'clock in the morning. The battle had been raging since daylight. The two divisions of the Second Corps swung out from the main line, faced southwest, and moved upon Stuart.

South of Chancellorsville there is an elevation higher than that occupied by Best's artillery. When the fog which had hung over the battlefield all the morning lifted, Stuart sent his artillery to occupy the position. Thirty pieces were planted there, which enfiladed both of Hooker's lines. A heavy artillery duel was kept up, but, notwithstanding the severity of the fire, the Union troops held the position. Stuart, instead of breaking through Sickles, found the Second Corps turning his own left flank. He says:

"The enemy was pressing our left with infantry, and all the reinforcements I could obtain were sent there. Colquitt's brigade of Trimble's division, ordered first to the right, was directed to the left to support Pender. Iverson's brigade of the second line was also engaged there, and the three lines

were more or less merged into one line of battle, and reported hard pressed. Urgent requests were sent for reinforcements, and notices that the troops were out of ammunition. I ordered that the ground must be held at all hazards, if necessary with the bayonet."

All of the efforts of Stuart to break the line by a direct infantry attack failed. But his batteries massed on the hill were doing great damage. The shells swept down Birney's and Whipple's and Berry's ranks on the one hand, and Geary's and Williams's on the other. Hooker saw that the position could not be held without great loss of life. Preparations were accordingly made to fall back to a stronger position, where his army would be more concentrated, the lines shorter and thicker, in the form of a semicircle. Meanwhile Lee swung Anderson round and joined Stuart, making a simultaneous advance of both wings of his army, under cover of a heavy fire from all his available artillery — pouring a storm of shells upon Chancellorsville, firing the buildings. Hooker had begun to retire before Lee advanced, withdrawing his artillery, removing his wounded, losing no prisoners.

Every attack of Anderson upon Slocum had been repulsed with great loss. A South Carolina regiment came against the second Massachusetts. Three times the men from the Palmetto State charged upon the men of Massachusetts. Three times the flag from the Old Bay State changed hands. But, before the rebels could carry it from the field, it was rescued, and at the close of the fight was still in the hands of the regiment. When Slocum's troops had exhausted their ammunition they emptied the cartridge-boxes of the fallen. When that was gone they held the ground by the bayonet, till ordered to retire.

The new line taken by Hooker was one of great strength. No assault, with the intention of carrying it, was made by Lee. News of disaster from Fredericksburg, where Sedgwick was driving all before him, made it necessary for him to send reinforcements in that direction.

An important part of General Hooker's plan was Sedgwick's movement on Fredericksburg, but the battle fought

there on Sunday, the 3d of May, was wholly distinct from Chancellorsville. Early on the morning of the 2d, Professor Lowe went up in his balloon, from the Falmouth hills, and looked down upon the city.

He reported the rebels moving towards Chancellorsville. Looking closely into the entrenchments behind Fredericksburg, he discovered that the rebels intended to hold them.

"Ten thousand of the enemy, I should judge, still there," was his report to General Butterfield, Hooker's chief of staff, who remained with Sedgwick.

During the day Reynolds withdrew and moved up the Falmouth side to United States Ford. The Confederates saw the movement, and thought that the Yankees did not dare to make a second attempt to drive them from their entrenchments.

"Now is the time for Sedgwick to attack them," was Hooker's despatch from Chancellorsville, Saturday afternoon, to General Butterfield.

As soon as night came on, Sedgwick began his preparations. The engineers were directed to take up the lower pontoons and lay a new bridge opposite the Lacy house, at the point where the Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts won for themselves great honour on the 11th of December.

"Kindle no fires; let there be no loud talking," were Sedgwick's orders to his troops on the plain by Bernard's house, below Deep Run. The men ate their suppers of hard-tack and cold meat in silence, threw themselves upon the ground, and slept soundly in the calm moonlight. At midnight an aid rode along the lines, saying to each officer, "Get your men in readiness at once." The men sprang to their feet, folded their blankets, and were ready.

It was half-past twelve Sunday morning before the forward movement began. The United States Chasseurs were in advance as skirmishers, deployed on both sides of the Bowling Green road. Shaler's brigade followed, then Wheaton's and Brown's brigades. They crossed Deep Run, where the skirmishers had a few shots with the rebel pickets, and moved into the town.

The engineers soon had the bridge completed, and Gibbon's division of the Second Corps, which had been waiting by the Lacy House, crossed the stream.

Early stationed Barksdale, with seven companies of the Twenty-first Mississippi, between Maryee's house and the plank road, with the Seventeenth and Thirteenth Mississippi on the hills by the Howison house, and the Eighteenth and the remainder of the Twenty-first behind the stone wall at the base of the hill. Hayes's brigade, consisting of the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Louisianians, was on the hill, near the monument, with Wilcox's brigade in its rear, guarding Bank's Ford. Early himself was by Hazel Run, with Gordon's, Hoke's and Smith's brigades.

Sedgwick's divisions were formed in the following order: Gibbon above the town, in front of the monument, Newton in front of Maryee's Hill, Howe at the lower end of the town, and Brooks on the plain below.

The morning dawned. The fog prevented the Confederates from seeing the movements of Sedgwick, though Barksdale's pickets reported the town full of Yankees. From Chancellorsville came the roar of battle, the constant thunder of the cannonade. It was half-past five when Shaler's brigade of Newton's division moved over the field where so many thousands fell on the 13th of December. It was a reconnoissance to ascertain the position and number of the force holding the place. The men marched on gallantly, but were forced to retire before the Mississippians and the artillery on the hill.

Sedgwick brought Hearn's, Martin's, Adams's, and Hazard's batteries, and Battery D of the Second United States Regiment of artillery, into position in the town and above it, while Hexamer's, the First Maryland, and McCartney's First Massachusetts occupied the ground below Hazel Run. McCartney was on the same spot which he occupied in the first battle.

It was a day of peace everywhere except at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. The air was laden with the fragrance of flowers blooming in the gardens of the town. Thousands of spectators stood upon the Falmouth hills watching the con-

test. All the batteries were at work—the heavy guns at Falmouth, at the Lacy House, and farther down, throwing shells and solid shot over the town into the rebel lines.

Gibbon, instead of advancing directly up the hill towards the monument, where Hayes was lying behind the entrenchments, moved up the river road, intending to turn Hayes's right flank. Hayes moved his men farther up, and sent a courier to Wilcox with the message, "The Yankees are coming up the river road."

Wilcox left fifty men to guard the ford and went upon the run towards the town. It was an anxious moment to the rebels. Barksdale and Hayes and Wilcox all met at Stanisherry's house, and consulted as to what should be done. Early, their commander, was down on the Telegraph road, looking after matters in that direction.

"The Yankees are in full force below the town," said Barksdale. That was the first information Wilcox had received of the startling fact. They had been outgeneralled. They supposed that the movement below the town was a feint. They had seen Reynolds withdraw and march up-stream toward Chancellorsville, but had not seen Gibbon cross the stream. Yet he was there, moving to the attack.

"Put your batteries into position and play upon them," said Barksdale. Huger's battery galloped up, chose a fine position on the hill near Dr. Taylor's house, and began to fire upon the Massachusetts Twentieth, which was in the road, compelling it to seek shelter under the hill. So effectual was the fire that Gibbon's advance was checked.

Brooks and Howe moved against the rebels below the town, but found them strongly posted.

Twice Newton advanced upon Maryee's Hill, and was driven back. The forenoon was waning. But though baffled, Sedgwick was not disposed to give up the attempt. He watched the contest closely, reconnoitring all the positions of the rebels, and determined to make an attack with his whole force at once.

He determined to carry Maryee's Hill at the point of the bayonet. Some of the officers thought it an impossibility. It

had been tried three times in the first battle and twice during that morning, and all attempts had failed. He formed his columns in three lines, with the intention of moving his whole force at once — thus preventing Early from sending any reinforcements from other parts of the lines.

It is past eleven o'clock before all the dispositions are made.

"Go upon the double-quick. Don't fire a shot. Give them the bayonet. Carry the rifle-pits, charge up the hill, and capture the guns," are the instructions.

The men throw aside everything which will hinder them, fix their bayonets, and prepare for the work. Their blood is up. They know that it is to be a desperate struggle. But it is not death that they are thinking of, but victory!

The Sixty-first Pennsylvania and Forty-third New York move over the bridge and across the canal. Their advance is the signal for all the lines. The men rise from the ground where they have been lying sheltered from the Confederate shells. The batteries above them are in a blaze. The stone wall at the base of the hill is aflame. Barksdale sees the threatening aspect. "I am hard pressed," is his message to Wilcox. "Send me reinforcements." But Gibbon is moving on Wilcox, and the latter cannot respond.

Cool and steady the advance. The hills rain canister. The sunken road is a sheet of flame. But onward into the storm, with a cheer, heard above the roar of battle upon the distant Falmouth hills, the soldiers rush into the sunken road and capture those defending it. They climb the hill; reach the breastworks; leap over them and seize the cannon.

Barksdale puts spurs to his horse and rides to the rear, leaving half of his brigade and eight guns in the hands of the victors.

Early fled down the Telegraph road. Hayes also ran. Wilcox, who was not aware of the disaster, remained in position on Taylor's Hill, wondering what had happened. Had Sedgwick known his position, the whole of Wilcox's brigade might have been captured; but it required time to reform the lines, and Wilcox made his escape.

Long and loud and joyous were the shouts of the victors.

The stronghold had been wrested from the rebels at last.

It was Sunday noon. Hooker had just fallen back from Chancellorsville, and the Confederates were rejoicing over their success, when a messenger reached Lee with the tidings of disaster. Fredericksburg was lost, after all. It must be recovered, or the victory at Chancellorsville would be only a disastrous defeat.

Sedgwick telegraphed his success to Hooker.

"Move and attack Lee in rear," was Hooker's order.

Lee sent McLaws to hold Sedgwick in check. The time had come when Hooker should have assumed the offensive. It was an auspicious moment—a golden opportunity, such as does not often come to military commanders. But having formed his plan of fighting a defensive battle, he did not depart from it, and lost the victory which lay within his grasp.

Sedgwick having carried the heights of Fredericksburg, instead of following Early down the Telegraph road, made preparations to move towards Chancellorsville, and join Hooker.

Wilcox, meanwhile, brought two of Huger's rifle-guns into position near Dr. Taylor's house, and opened fire. He also threw out his skirmishers, made a display of his force, and looked round to see what could be done to escape his perilous position. Sedgwick brought up a battery, and moved forward his lines. Wilcox fled, and succeeded, by rapid marching under the shelter of a pine thicket, in gaining the plank road, near Salem Church, where he was joined by General McLaws, and where also Barksdale rallied his troops.

Sedgwick brought up his artillery and commenced a fire upon the church, and the woods beyond it. Wilcox had formed his line across the plank road. His sharpshooters were in the church. He had four pieces of artillery in the road and on each side of it. He also threw a company of sharpshooters into a schoolhouse near the church. Kershaw's and Russell's and Bartlett's brigades moved forward to rout the enemy from the woods, Sedgwick supposing there was but a small force to oppose him. The advance was over ground slightly ascending, through an open field, towards the woods, where the rebel skirmishers were lying. It is a narrow belt

of woods. Behind it were the church and schoolhouse, and beyond the church the woods where the main body of the rebels were lying. They drove the skirmishers from the belt of woods, halted a moment to reform their lines, gave three cheers, charged through the grove, routing the rebels there concealed. They surrounded the schoolhouse, captured the entire company of the Ninth Alabama stationed in it, put to flight a regiment lying behind the house. But the remainder of the Ninth Alabama, with other regiments, came to the rescue, succeeded in recapturing a portion of their comrades, and forced Russell and Bartlett to retire.

It was now nearly six o'clock in the afternoon, and till night set in there was heavy fighting along the whole line. Wilcox and Semmes several times advanced upon Sedgwick, but were repulsed. So far as numbers were concerned the contest was about equal. But the rebels were on commanding ground, and protected by the woods, while Sedgwick was in the open field. In this contest Wilcox lost four hundred and ninety-five men. He had six officers killed and twenty-three wounded. Semmes lost six hundred and eighty-three killed and wounded, Wafford five hundred and sixty-two. The whole loss of the rebels in the fight at Salem Church was nearly two thousand. Sedgwick, instead of advancing again, waited for the rebels to attack him, but they did not choose to come out from their strong position in the woods and try it a second time in the field. Thus the day closed.

Half of Lee's army was arrayed against Sedgwick, who held his ground through the 4th till night. Early, during the day, retraced his steps up the Telegraph road, and, finding that Sedgwick had moved out to Salem Church, and that the fortifications were unoccupied, took possession, and thus cut Sedgwick's communications with Falmouth. When Anderson arrived he had no alternative but to retreat by Banks's Ford, where he crossed the river, without loss, during the night. Hooker also recrossed, took up his bridges, and the army returned again to its camp.

In reviewing this battle, it is apparent that Hooker's movement to Chancellorsville was a surprise to Lee. It was excel-

lently planned and efficiently executed — each corps reaching its assigned position at the time appointed by the commander-in-chief. It is plain that Hooker's departure from his original intention — to await an attack from Lee — was the cause of the disaster at the beginning of the engagement. Sickles's corps and Barlow's brigade being absent, the balance of the Eleventh Corps had no supports.

Had Sickles's corps and Barlow's brigade been in the line, there would have been not only no disaster, but Jackson would have been defeated at the outset; for, upon the return of those troops from Scott's Run, he was driven with great loss.

Jackson was driven by Sickles when the Third Corps returned to the line; and had Sickles and Barlow been in their proper positions when the attack was made, they could have repulsed him with greater ease.

Though Jackson's attack was successful, it is not therefore conclusively evident that Lee's plan was wise. His army was divided into three parts — Early at Fredericksburg, Lee east of Chancellorsville, and Jackson northwest of it. Being thoroughly acquainted with the country, he was able to take his position unobserved.

There were several opportunities during the battle when Hooker could have broken Lee's lines. The battle virtually was lost to Lee on Sunday noon. Hooker had fallen back from Chancellorsville, but Sedgwick had taken Fredericksburg. Had Hooker, when he ordered Sedgwick to attack Lee in the rear, on Sunday afternoon, himself advanced, Lee would have been forced to abandon the contest; but having resolved at the outset to stand on the defensive, the Union commander adhered to the idea, and thus Lee was able to retrieve the disaster at Fredericksburg.

The strategy of Hooker in the movement of the army to Chancellorsville must be regarded as exceedingly brilliant, but the tactics pursued after gaining his position were very faulty. It is said that in the bombardment he was stunned by the explosion of a shell at the Chancellorsville invasion, and that he did not fully recover his intellectual powers for several hours. But aside from this, it must be said that there was an error of

judgment when he concluded before the battle began that Lee was retreating towards Gordonsville. True, Jackson was moving in that direction, but it was hardly probable that the Confederate commander would retire in that direction, exposing Richmond, or that he would retire at all, without first fighting a battle.

CHAPTER XV

GETTYSBURG

THE success of Lee at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville led to an aggressive movement on the part of the Confederates. The Southern people demanded that the North should be invaded. The army of Northern Virginia had compelled McClellan to retire from the Peninsula. It had won the battles of the second Manassas, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. It had been only once defeated — at Antietam. The Confederate soldiers composing it believed that under Lee they were invincible. The Confederate Government believed, and with reason, that if a great victory could be won on Northern soil it would secure recognition of independence on the part of Great Britain and France, and the breaking of the blockade by those powers. With so much to be gained it was resolved to invade Pennsylvania.

General Hooker, at Fredericksburg, the first week in June, received positive information that Lee was breaking up his camp, and that some of his divisions were moving towards Culpeper. The dust clouds which rose above the tree tops indicated that the Confederate army was in motion. The Army of the Potomac immediately broke up its camp and moved to Catlett's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where intelligence was received that Stuart had massed his cavalry at Brandy Station for a raid in Pennsylvania.

General Pleasanton, commanding the cavalry, was sent with his entire force to look into the matter. He fell upon Stuart on the 9th of June, on the broad, open plains along the Rapahannock. A desperate battle ensued — probably it was the greatest cavalry battle of the war — in which Stuart was driven back upon the infantry, which was being hurried up from Culpeper to his support. The object of the attack was accom-

plished — Stuart's raid was postponed and Lee's movement unmasked. On the same day, Lee's advanced divisions reached Winchester, attacked General Milroy, captured the town, the cannon in the fortifications, and moved on to the Potomac.

Hastening to Pennsylvania, I became an observer of the great events which followed. The people of the Keystone State in 1862 rushed to arms when Lee crossed the Potomac, but in 1863 they were strangely apathetic — intent upon conveying their property to a place of security, instead of defending their homes. In '62 the cry was, "Drive the enemy from our soil!" in '63, "Where shall we hide our goods?"

Harrisburg was a Bedlam when I entered it on the 15th of June.

The railroad stations were crowded with an excited people — men, women, and children — with trunks, boxes, bundles; packages tied up in bed-blankets and quilts; mountains of baggage — tumbling it into cars, rushing here and there in a frantic manner; shouting, screaming, as if the rebels were about to dash into the town and lay it in ashes. The railroad authorities were removing their cars and engines. The merchants were packing up their goods; housewives were secreting their silver; everywhere there was a hurly-burly. The excitement was increased when a train of army wagons came rumbling over the long bridge across the Susquehanna, accompanied by a squadron of cavalry. It was Milroy's train, which had been ordered to make its way into Pennsylvania.

"The rebels will be here to-morrow or next day," said the teamsters.

At the State House, men in their shirt-sleeves were packing papers into boxes. Every team, every horse and mule and handcart in the town were employed. There was a steady stream of teams thundering across the bridge; farmers from the Cumberland Valley, with their household furniture piled upon the great wagons peculiar to the locality; bedding, tables, chairs, their wives and children perched on the top; kettles and pails dangling beneath; boys driving cattle and horses, excited, worried, fearing they knew not what. The scene was painful, yet ludicrous.

General Couch was in command at Harrisburg. He had but a few troops. He erected fortifications across the river, planted what few cannon he had, and made preparations to defend the place.

General Lee was greatly in need of horses, and his cavalry men, under General Jenkins, ravaged the Cumberland Valley. A portion visited Chambersburg; another party, Mercersburg; another, Gettysburg, before any infantry entered the State.

Ewell's corps of Lee's army crossed the Potomac, a division at Williamsport, and another at Shepardstown, on the 22d of June, and came together at Hagerstown. The main body of Lee's army was at Winchester. Stuart had moved along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, and had come in contact with a portion of Pleasanton's cavalry at Aldie and Middleburg. Hooker had swung the army up to Fairfax and Centreville, moving on an inner circle, with Washington for a pivot.

Visiting Baltimore, where General Schenck was in command, I found the Marylanders much more alive to the exigencies of the hour than the Pennsylvanians. Instead of hurrying northward with their household furniture, they were hard at work building fortifications and barricading the streets.

General Hooker waited in front of Washington till he was certain of Lee's intentions, and then by a rapid march pushed on to Frederick. Lee's entire army was across the Potomac. Ewell was at York, enriching himself by reprisals, stealings, and confiscations. General Hooker asked that the troops at Harper's Ferry might be placed under his command, that he might wield the entire available force and crush Lee; this was refused, whereupon he informed the War Department that, unless this condition were complied with, he wished to be relieved of the command of the army. The matter was laid before the President and his request was granted. General Meade was placed in command; and what was denied to General Hooker was substantially granted to General Meade—that he was to use his best judgment in holding or evacuating Harper's Ferry.

The Eleventh Corps marched fifty-four miles in two days—

a striking contrast to the movement in September, 1862, when the army made but five miles a day.

General Meade cared but little for the pomp and parade of war. His own soldiers respected him because he was always prepared to endure hardships. They saw a tall, slim, gray-bearded man, wearing a slouch hat, a plain blue blouse, with his pantaloons tucked into his boots. He was plain of speech, and familiar in conversation. He enjoyed in a high degree, especially after the battle of Fredericksburg, the confidence of the President.

I saw him soon after he was informed that the army was under his command. There was no elation, but on the contrary he seemed weighed down with a sense of the responsibility resting on him. It was in the hotel at Frederick. He stood silent and thoughtful by himself. Few of all the noisy crowd around knew of the change that had taken place. The correspondents of the press knew it long before the corps of commanders were informed of the fact. No change was made in the machinery of the army, and there was but a few hours' delay in its movement.

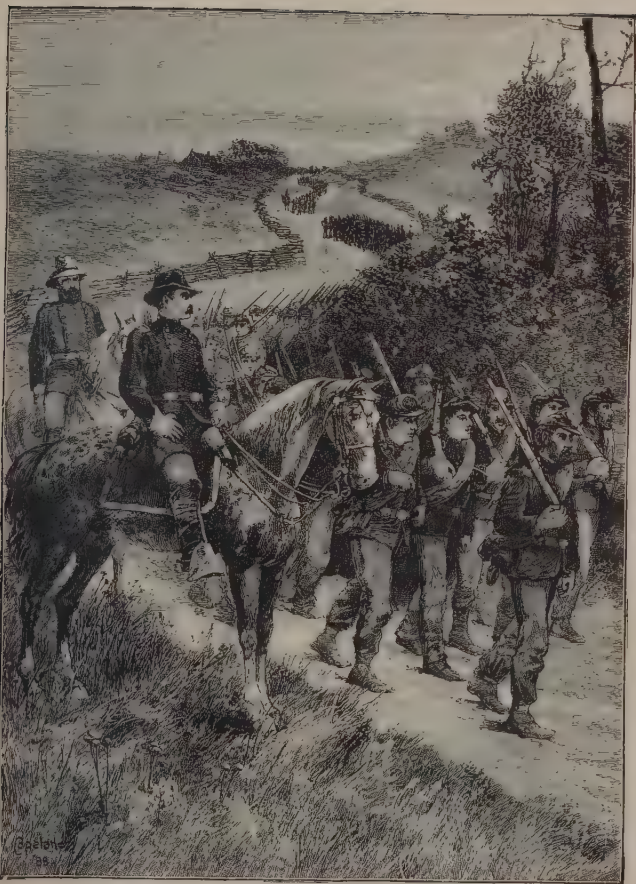
General Hooker bade farewell to the principal officers of the army on the afternoon of the 28th. They were drawn up in line. He shook hands with each officer, labouring in vain to stifle his emotion. The tears rolled down his cheeks. The officers were deeply affected. He said that he had hoped to lead them to victory, but the power above him had ordered otherwise. He spoke in high terms of General Meade. He believed that they would defeat the enemy under his leadership.

While writing out the events of the day in the parlour of a private house during the evening, I heard the comments of several officers upon the change which had taken place.

"Well, I think it is too bad to have him removed just now," said a captain.

"I wonder if we shall have McClellan back?" queried a lieutenant.

"Well, gentlemen, I don't know about Hooker as a commander in the field, but I do know the Army of the Potomac



ON THE MARCH TO GETTYSBURG.

was never so well fed and clothed as it has been since Joe Hooker took command."

"That is so," said several.

After a short silence, another officer took up the conversation and said:

"Yes, the army was in bad condition when he took command of it, and bad off every way; but it never was in better condition than it is to-day, and the men begin to like him."

The army was too patriotic to express any dissatisfaction, and in a few days the event was wholly forgotten.

The army commanded by General Meade consisted of seven corps. 1. Major-General Reynolds; 2. Major-General Hancock; 3. Major-General Sickles; 5. Major-General Sykes; 6. Major-General Sedgwick; 11. Major-General Howard; 12. Major-General Slocum.

As Ewell was at York, and as Lee was advancing in that direction, it was necessary to take a wide sweep of country in the march. All Sunday the army was passing through Frederick.

Cavalry, infantry, and artillery were pouring through the town, the bands playing, and the soldiers singing their liveliest songs. The First Corps moved up the Emmettsburg road, and formed the left of the line; the Eleventh Corps marched up a parallel road a little farther east, through Griegerstown. The Third and Twelfth Corps moved on parallel roads leading to Taneytown. The Second and Fifth moved still farther east, through Liberty and Uniontown, while the Sixth, with Gregg's division of cavalry, went to Westminster, forming the right of the line.

The lines of march were like the sticks of a fan, Frederick being the point of divergence.

On this same Sunday afternoon Lee was at Chambersburg, directing Ewell, who was at York, to move to Gettysburg. A. P. Hill was moving east from Chambersburg towards the same point, while Longstreet's, the last corps to cross the Potomac, was moving through Waynesboro' and Fairfield, marching northeast towards the same point.

It was a glorious spectacle, that movement of the army north

from Frederick. I left the town accompanying the Second and Fifth Corps. Long lines of men and innumerable wagons were visible in every direction. The people of Maryland welcomed the soldiers hospitably.

When the Fifth Corps passed through the town of Liberty, a farmer rode into the village, mounted on his farm-wagon. His load was covered by white table-cloths.

"What have ye got to sell, old fellow? Bread, eh?" said a soldier, raising a corner of the cloth, and revealing loaves of sweet, soft, plain bread, of the finest wheat, with several bushels of ginger cakes.

"What do you ask for a loaf?"

"I haven't any to sell," said the farmer.

"Haven't any to sell? What are ye here for?"

The farmer made no reply.

"See here, old fellow, won't ye sell me a hunk of your gingerbread?" said the soldier, producing an old wallet.

"No."

"Well, you are a mean old cuss. It would be serving you right to tip you out of your old bread-cart. Here we are marching all night and all day to protect your property, and fight the rebs. We haven't had any breakfast, and may not have any dinner. You are a set of mean cusses round here, I reckon," said the soldier.

A crowd of soldiers had gathered, and others expressed their indignation. The old farmer stood up on his wagon-seat, took off the table-cloths, and replied:

"I didn't bring my bread here to sell. My wife and daughters set up all night to bake it for you, and you are welcome to all I've got, and I wish I had ten times as much. Help yourselves, boys."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" "Bully for you!" "You're a brick!" "Three cheers for the old man!" "Three more for the old woman!" "Three more for the girls!"

They threw up their caps, and fairly danced with joy. The bread and cakes were gone in a twinkling.

"See here, my friend, I take back all the hard words I said

about you," said the soldier, shaking hands with the farmer, who sat on his wagon, overcome with emotion.

On Tuesday evening, General Reynolds, who was at Emmetsburg, sent word to General Meade that the rebels were evidently approaching Gettysburg. At the same time, the rebel General Stuart, with his cavalry, appeared at Westminster. He had tarried east of the Blue Ridge till Lee was across the Potomac — till Meade had started from Frederick — then crossing the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, he pushed directly northeast of the Monocacy, east of Meade's army, through Westminster, where he had a slight skirmish with some of the Union cavalry, moved up the pike to Littlestown and Hanover, and joined Lee.

Riding to Westminster I overtook General Gregg's division of cavalry, and on Wednesday moved forward with it to Hanover Junction, which is thirty miles east of Gettysburg. There, while our horses were eating their corn at noon, I heard the distant cannonade, the opening of the great battle.

Striking across the country I reached Hanover, just as an engagement between Kilpatrick and Stuart was closing. Had I come upon the ground a few minutes earlier I should have ridden into the Confederate line.

There were dead horses and dead soldiers in the streets lying where they fell. The wounded had been gathered into a schoolhouse, and the warm-hearted women of the place were ministering to their comfort. It was evening. The bivouac fires of the Fifth Corps were gleaming in the meadows west of the town, and the worn and weary soldiers were asleep, catching a few hours of repose before moving on to the place where they were to lay down their lives for their country.

It was past eight o'clock on Thursday morning, July 2d, before we reached the field. The Fifth Corps, turning off from the Hanover road, east of Rock Creek, passed over to the Baltimore pike, crossed Rock Creek, filed through the field on the left hand and moved towards Little Round-top.

Riding directly up the pike towards the cemetery, I saw

the Twelfth Corps on my right, in the thick woods crowning Culp's Hill. Beyond, north of the pike, was the First Corps. Ammunition wagons were going up, and the artillery-men were filling their limber chests. Pioneers were cutting down the trees.

Reaching the top of the hill in front of the cemetery gate, the battle-field was in view.

Tying my horse and ascending the stairs to the top of the gateway building, I could look directly down upon the town. The houses were not forty rods distant. Northeast, three-fourths of a mile, was Culp's Hill.

On the northern side of the Baltimore pike were newly mown fields, the grass springing fresh and green since the mower had swept over it. In those fields were batteries with breastworks thrown up by Howard on Wednesday night,—light affairs, not intended to resist cannon-shot, but to protect the cannoneers from sharpshooters. Howard's lines of infantry were behind stone walls. The cannoneers were lying beside their pieces—sleeping perhaps, but at any rate keeping close, for, occasionally, a bullet came singing past them. Looking north over the fields, a mile or two, we saw a beautiful farming country,—fields of ripened grain,—russet mingled with the green in the landscape.

Having taken a general look at the field, I rode forward towards the town, between Stewart's and Taft's batteries, in position on either side of the road. Soldiers in blue were lying behind the garden fences.

"Where are you going?" said one.

"Into the town."

"I reckon not. The rebs hold it, and I advise you to turn about. It is rather dangerous where you are. The rebels are right over there in that brick house."

Right over there was not thirty rods distant.

"Ping!"—and there was the sharp ring of a bullet over our heads.

General Howard was in the cemetery with his maps and plans spread upon the ground.

"We are just taking a lunch, and there is room for one more,"

was his kind and courteous welcome. Then removing his hat, he asked God to bless the repast. The bullets were occasionally singing over us. Soldiers were taking up the headstones and removing the monuments from their pedestals.

"I want to preserve them, besides, if a shot should strike a stone, the pieces of marble would be likely to do injury," said the General.

While partaking of our refreshments, he narrated the operations of the preceding day.

On Tuesday evening, the 30th of June, General Reynolds was in camp on Marsh Run, a short distance from Emmettsburg, while General Howard, with the Eleventh Corps, was in that town. Instructions were received from General Meade assigning General Reynolds to the command of the First, Eleventh, and Third Corps. General Reynolds moved early in the morning to Gettysburg, and sent orders to General Howard to follow. General Howard received the orders at eight o'clock in the morning. General Barlow's division of the Eleventh followed the First Corps by the most direct road while General Schurz's and General Steinwehr's divisions went by Horner's Mills, the distance being thirteen miles. General Howard, with his staff, pushed on in advance of his troops.

Buford's division of cavalry passed through Gettysburg on Tuesday and went into camp a mile and a half west of the town on the Chambersburg pike. At 9.30 A. M. on Wednesday, A. P. Hill's division appeared in front of him, and skirmishing commenced on the farm of Hon. Edward McPherson. General Reynolds rode into Gettysburg about ten o'clock, in advance of his troops, turned up the Chambersburg road, reconnoitred the position, rode back again, met the head of his column a mile down the Emmettsburg road, turned it directly across the fields, towards the seminary, and deployed his divisions across the Chambersburg road. General Archer's brigade of Heth's division of A. P. Hill's corps was advancing eastward, unaware of Reynold's movement. He had passed Herr's tavern, two miles beyond the town, when he found himself face to face with General Meredith's brigade of Rey-

nold's command. The fight opened at once. Archer and several hundred of his men were captured. General Cutler, pushing out from the town between the half-finished railroad and the Chambersburg road, came in contact with Davis's brigade of Mississippians. The contest increased. General Reynolds, while riding along the line, was killed in the field beyond the Seminary, and the command devolved on General Doubleday.

General Howard heard the cannonade, and riding rapidly up the Emmetsburg road entered the town, sent messengers in search of General Reynolds, asking for instructions, not knowing that he had been killed.

While waiting the return of his aids, he went to the top of the college to reconnoitre the surrounding country. His aid, Major Biddle, soon came back, with the sad intelligence that General Reynolds had fallen, and that the command devolved on himself.

It was half-past eleven. The rebels were appearing in increased force. The prisoners said that the whole of A. P. Hill's corps was near by.

"You will have your hands full before night. Longstreet is near, and Ewell is coming," said one, boastingly.

"After an examination of the general features of the country," said General Howard, "I came to the conclusion that the only tenable position for my limited force was on this ridge. I saw that this was the highest point. You will notice that it commands all the other eminences. My artillery can sweep the fields completely."

He pointed towards the north, where across the pike, just beyond the gateway, were Colonel Wainwright's batteries of the First Corps, and around us were Colonel Osborn's of the Eleventh. Behind us, east of the cemetery, was some of the reserve artillery.

The head of the Eleventh Corps reached Gettysburg about twelve o'clock. The first and third divisions passed through the town, moved out beyond the college, and joined the right of the First Corps. Howard sent three batteries and his second division, Steinwehr's, to take possession of the cemetery and the hill north of the Baltimore pike.

Thus far success had attended the Union arms. A large number of prisoners had been taken with but little loss, and the troops were holding their own against a superior force. About half-past twelve cavalry scouts reported that Ewell was coming down the York road, and was not more than four miles distant. General Howard sent an aid to General Sickles, who was at Emmettsburg, requesting him to come on with all haste. Another was sent down the Baltimore pike to the Two Taverns, three miles distant, with a similar message to General Slocum. The Second Corps was there, —resting in the fields. They had heard the roar of the battle, and could see the clouds of smoke rising over the intervening hills. General Slocum was the senior officer. He received the message, but did not, for reasons best known to himself, see fit to accede to the request. He could have put the Twelfth Corps upon the ground in season to meet Ewell, but remained where he was till after the contest for the day was over.

It was a quarter before three when Ewell's lines began to deploy by John Blocher's house on the York road. The batteries were wheeled into position, and opened on Wadsworth. Weiderick's battery in the cemetery replied. Again a messenger went in haste to the delinquent officer.

"I sent again to General Slocum, stating that my right flank was attacked; that it was in danger of being turned, and asking him if he was coming up," said General Howard.

The message was delivered to Slocum, who was still at the Two Taverns, where he had been through the day. Weiderick's battery was in plain view from that position, but General Slocum did not move.

Sickles was too far off to render assistance. Meanwhile Ewell was pressing on towards the college. Another division under General Pender came in from the southwest, and began to enfold the left of Howard's line.

"I want a brigade to help me!" was the word from Schurz, commanding the two divisions in front of Ewell, beyond the college.

"Send out Costa's brigade," said Howard to his chief of

staff. The brigade went down through the town accompanied by a battery, and joined the line, upon the double-quick. An hour passed of close, desperate fighting. It wanted a quarter to four. Howard, confronted by four times his own force, was still holding his ground, waiting for Slocum. Another messenger rode to the Two Taverns, urging Slocum to advance.

"I must have reinforcements!" was the message from Doubleday on the left. "You must reinforce me!" was the word from Wadsworth in the centre.

"Hold out a little longer, if possible; I am expecting General Slocum every moment," was Howard's reply. Still another despatch was sent to the Two Taverns, but General Slocum had not moved. The rebel cannon were cutting Wadsworth's line. Pender was sweeping round Doubleday; Ewell was enclosing Schurz. Sickles was five miles distant, advancing as fast as he could. Slocum was where he had been from early morning, three miles distant. The tide was turning. The only alternative was a retreat. It was past four o'clock. For six hours the ground had been held against a greatly superior force.

Major Howard, the general's brother, a member of his staff, dashed down the pike in search of Slocum, with a request that he would move at once, and send one division to the right and the other to the left of Gettysburg. Slocum declined to go up to the front and take any responsibility, as he understood that General Meade did not wish to bring on a general engagement. He was willing, however, to send forward his troops as General Howard desired, and issued his orders accordingly. Under military law the question might be raised whether a senior officer had a right to throw off the responsibility which circumstances had forced upon him; also whether he could turn over his troops to a subordinate.

But before the divisions of the Twelfth Corps could get in motion, the Confederates had completely enfolded both flanks of Howard's line. The order to retreat was given. The two corps came crowding through the town. The enemy pressed on with cheers. Most of the First Corps reached

the cemetery ridge, and were rallied by Howard, Steinwehr, and Hancock. This officer had just arrived. The troops were streaming over the hill, when he reined up his steed in the cemetery. He came, under direction of General Meade, to take charge of all the troops in front. The Eleventh Corps was hard pressed, and lost between two and three thousand prisoners in the town.

The Confederates of Ewell's command pushed up the northern slope, through the hay-fields, flushed with victory; but Weiderick's battery poured canister in quick discharges into the advancing ranks, breaking the line.

The retreat was so orderly and the resistance so steady that the prisoners gave utterance to their admiration. Said General Hill:

"A Yankee colour-bearer retired last of all, turning round now and then to shake his fist in the face of the advancing troops." He was sorry when he saw him meet his doom.

Three colour-bearers of the Nineteenth Indiana were shot. The Sergeant-Major, Asa Blanchard, ran and took the flag when the third man fell, waved it, and cried "Rally, boys!" The next moment he fell. His comrades stopped to carry him off although the enemy was close at hand.

"Don't stop for me," he cried. "Don't let them have the flag. Tell mother I never faltered." They were his parting words to his comrades, who saved the flag.

General Hancock met General Howard and informed him of his instructions, saying, "General Meade undoubtedly supposed that I was your senior, but you outrank me."

"It is no time to talk about rank. I shall most cheerfully obey your instructions and do all in my power to co-operate with you," was Howard's reply, thus waiving the command which was his by right. They perfectly agreed in what was to be done. General Howard took charge of the troops and batteries on the right of the line, while General Hancock brought order out of confusion on the left.

The Confederates having been repulsed by the batteries, and satisfied with the work of the day, made no further attack, although they greatly outnumbered the Union force.

General Sickles arrived at seven o'clock, and General Slocum also came up. He being the senior officer, General Howard turned over the command to him, while General Hancock went back to see General Meade at Taneytown, to inform him of the state of affairs. The Third Corps filed into position on the left of the First, south of the cemetery, while the Twelfth took possession of Culp's Hill.

So closed the first day at Gettysburg.

General Meade arrived on the battle-field at three o'clock on the morning of the 2d, and had an interview with General Howard soon after by the cemetery gate. They rode along the lines together.

"I am confident that we can hold this position," said General Howard.

"I am glad to hear you say so, for it is too late to leave it," said Meade.

While I was conversing with General Howard, his brother, Major Howard, came running up. "There is a splendid chance to cut them up, general; just see them!"

A column of the enemy was moving along the Chambersburg road, and stood out in bold relief.

"Let Osborn pitch in the shells from his rifled pieces," said the major.

General Howard surveyed them a moment and replied: "We might do them some damage, but we are not quite ready to bring on a general engagement. It isn't best to hurry. We shall have enough fighting before night."

The battle had not commenced in earnest. It was a favourable time to ride over the ground where the great contest was to take place.

The first division, General Ames's, of the Eleventh Corps, was north of the Baltimore pike, the third division, Schurz's, was on both sides of it, and the second division, Steinwehr's, in the cemetery, lying behind the stone wall, which forms its western boundary. The Eleventh Corps batteries were on the crest of the ridge, in position to fire over the heads of the infantry. Robinson's division of the First Corps was posted at the left of Steinwehr's, crossing the Taneytown road. Wads-

worth's and Doubleday's divisions of the First were north of the Baltimore pike, to the right of General Ames, reaching to Culp's Hill, where they joined the Twelfth Corps.

Riding down the road towards Taneytown, I came upon General Stannard's brigade of nine months Vermont boys, lying in the open field in rear of the cemetery. Occasionally a shell came over them from the rebel batteries, by Blocher's. It was their first experience under fire. They were in reserve, knowing nothing of what was going on the other side of the hill, yet tantalised by a flank fire from the distant batteries. A short distance farther I came to General Meade's headquarters, in the house of Mrs. Leister. General Meade was there surrounded by his staff, consulting maps and issuing orders. General Hancock's headquarters' flag,—the trefoil of the Second Corps,—was waving on the ridge southwest of the house. General Slocum's,—the star-flag,—was in sight on a conical hill a half-mile eastward. The crescent flag of the Eleventh was proudly planted on the highest elevation of the cemetery. The Maltese cross of the Fifth Corps was a half-mile south, toward Round-top.

Turning into the field and riding to the top of the ridge, I came upon Hayes's division of the Second Corps, joining Robinson's of the First; then Gibbon's and Caldwell's of the Second, reaching to a narrow roadway running west from the Taneytown road to the house of Abraham Trostle, where, a half-mile in advance of the main line, was planted the diamond flag of the Third Corps, General Sickles. Pushing directly west, through a field where the grass was ripening for the scythe, I approached the house of Mr. Codori, on the Emmettsburg road. But it was a dangerous place just then to a man on horseback, for the pickets of both armies were lying in the wheat-field west of the road. General Carr's brigade of the Third Corps was lying behind the ridge near the house of Peter Rogers. Soldiers were filling their canteens from the brook in the hollow. Further down, by the house of Mr. Wentz, at the corner of the narrow road leading east from the Emmettsburg road, and in the peach orchards on both sides of it, were troops and batteries. The Second New

Hampshire, the First Maine, and the Third Michigan were there, holding the angle of the line, which here turned east from the Emmetsburg road. Thompson's battery was behind Wentz's house. General Sickles had his other batteries in position along the narrow road, the muzzles of the guns pointing southwest. Ames's New York battery was in the orchard, and the gunners were lying beneath the peach trees, enjoying the leafy shade. Clark's New Jersey battery, Phillips's Fifth Massachusetts, and Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts were on the left of Ames. Bigelow's was in front of Trostle's house, having complete command and the full sweep of a beautiful slope beyond the road for sixty rods.

The slope descends to a wooded ravine through which winds a brook, gurgling over a rocky bed. Beyond the brook are the stone farm-house and capacious barn of John Rose, in whose door-yard were the Union pickets, exchanging a shot now and then with the pickets of Longstreet's corps, south of Rose's, who were lying along the Emmetsburg road.

General Barnes's division of the Third Corps was in the woods south of the narrow road, and among the rocks in front of Weed's Hill.

Sickles had advanced to the position upon his own judgment of the fitness of the movement. He believed that it was necessary to hold the ravine, down to Round-top, to prevent the enemy from passing through the gap between that eminence and Weed's Hill.

General Meade had called his corps commanders to his headquarters for consultation. Sickles did not attend, deeming it of vital importance to prepare for the advance of the enemy, and his soldiers were levelling fences and removing obstructions.

A peremptory order reached Sickles requiring his presence. He rode to the headquarters of the army, but the conference was over, and he went back to his command followed by General Meade.

"Are you not too much extended? Can you hold your front?" asked the commander-in-chief.

"Yes, only I shall want more troops."

"I will send you the Fifth Corps, and you may call on Hancock for support."

"I shall need more artillery."

"Send for all you want. Call on General Hunt of the Artillery Reserve. I will direct him to send you all you want."

The pickets were keeping up a lively fire.

"I think that the rebels will soon make their appearance," said Sickles.

A moment later and the scattering fire became a volley. General Meade took another look at the troops in position, and galloped back to his headquarters.

General Lee, in his report, has given an outline of his intentions. He says:

"It had not been intended to fight a general battle at such a distance from our base, unless attacked by the enemy; but, finding ourselves unexpectedly confronted by the Federal army, it became a matter of difficulty to withdraw through the mountains with our large trains. At the same time the country was unfavourable for collecting supplies while in the presence of the enemy's main body, as he was unable to restrain our foraging parties by occupying the passes of the mountains with regular and local troops. A battle thus became, in a measure, unavoidable. Encouraged by the successful issue of the engagement of the first day, and in view of the valuable results that would ensue from the defeat of the army of General Meade, it was thought advisable to renew the attack.

"The remainder of the Ewell's and Hill's corps having arrived, and two divisions of Longstreet's, our preparations were made accordingly. During the afternoon intelligence was received of the arrival of General Stuart at Carlisle, and he was ordered to march to Gettysburg.

"The preparations for attack were not completed until the afternoon of the 2d.

"The enemy held a high and commanding ridge, along which he had massed a large amount of artillery. General Ewell occupied the left of our line, General Hill the centre,

and General Longstreet the right. In front of General Longstreet the enemy held a position from which, if he could be driven, it was thought that our army could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground beyond, and thus enable us to reach the crest of the ridge. That officer was directed to endeavour to carry this position, while General Ewell attacked directly the high ground on the enemy's right, which had already been partially fortified. General Hill was instructed to threaten the centre of the Federal line, in order to prevent reinforcements being sent to either wing, and to avail himself of any opportunity that might present itself to attack."

Lee had been all day perfecting his plans. He was riding along his lines at sunrise, reconnoitring Meade's position. His headquarters were near the Theological Seminary, where, at five o'clock in the morning, Lee, Hill, Longstreet, Hood, and Heth were engaged in conversation. The conference lasted till seven o'clock, when Longstreet rode down to his corps to make arrangements for the attack. Hood had the extreme right, and McLaws stood next in line. Pickett, commanding his other division, had not arrived. It was to be held in reserve.

Lee chose, as his first point of attack, the position occupied by Sickles. The ground by Wentz's house is higher than the ridge, where Hancock had established his headquarters. If he could drive Sickles from the peach-orchard by turning his left flank, and gain Little Round Top, Meade would be compelled to retreat, and the nature of the ground was such in rear of the cemetery that a retreat might be turned into a complete rout. Meade's position was a very fair one for defence, but one from which an army could not well retire before a victorious enemy.

General Meade would have chosen a position fifteen or twenty miles in rear, nearer to his base of supplies, and had he been at Gettysburg on Wednesday evening, doubtless would have ordered a retreat. The question, whether to fall back or to hold the position, was seriously debated. But Howard had made the stand. He believed that the position could be

held, and Lee defeated there. He did not calculate for defeat but for victory. Had Meade fallen back, Lee would have been wary of moving on. It was not his intention, he says, to fight a general battle so far from his base. He would have followed cautiously, if at all. Through the foresight, faith, and courage of Howard, therefore, Gettysburg has become a turning-point in history. And yet, not that alone, for the warp and woof of history are made up of innumerable threads. The Confederates, on that afternoon of Thursday, as they moved out from the woods into the fields south of the house of John Rose, had a thorough contempt for the troops in blue, standing beneath the peach-trees in Sherfy's orchard, and along the road towards Trostle's. They had already achieved one victory on the soil of Pennsylvania. Five thousand Yankees had been captured. The troops of the Confederacy were invincible, not only while fighting at their own doors, but as invaders of the North. Such was the feeling of the soldiers. But the officers were not quite so sanguine of success as the men. Lieutenant-Colonel Freemantle, who saw the fight from the Confederate side, says:

"At 4.30 P. M. (Wednesday) we came in sight of Gettysburg, and joined General Lee and General Hill, who were on the top of one of the ridges which form the peculiar feature of the country round Gettysburg. We could see the enemy retreating up one of the opposite ridges, pursued by the Confederates with loud yells.

"The position into which the enemy had been driven was evidently a strong one. General Hill now came up, and told me he had been very unwell all day, and in fact he looks very delicate. He said he had two of his divisions engaged, and had driven the enemy four miles into his present position, capturing a great many prisoners, some cannon, and some colours; he said, however, that the Yankees had fought with a determination unusual to them."

General Hill and General Lee had been observant of the "determination unusual to the Yankees," who had left a third of their comrades dead or wounded on the field, or as prisoners in the hands of the enemy. But the Confederate rank

and file, remembering only the victories they had already won, did not for a moment doubt their ability to win another. They were flushed with the enthusiasm of repeated successes.

On the other hand, the soldiers of the Union believed, with Howard, Hancock, Sickles, and other officers, that they could hold the position against the assaults of Lee. It was not a calculation of advantages,—of the value of hills, ravines, fields, and meadows,—or of numbers, but a determination to win the day or to die on the spot.

Such were the feelings of the opposing parties on that sunny afternoon, as they appeared in line of battle.

The rebel forces moving to the attack south of Wentz's were wholly under Longstreet's command. Anderson's division of Hill's Corps was joined to McLaw's and Hood's, to form the attacking column. The Washington Artillery of New Orleans was in the woods southwest of Wentz's house. Longstreet's plan was to attack with all the vigour possible,—to bear down all opposition in the outset. Commanders frequently begin an engagement by feeling of the enemy's position,—advancing a few skirmishers, a regiment, or a brigade; but in this instance Longstreet advanced all but his reserve.

It was half-past three. Riding rapidly to the right to see if there were signs of activity in that direction, dismounting in rear of the line, and tying my horse to a tree, I took a look northward. A mile to the north horsemen were in view, galloping furiously over the fields, disappearing in groves, dashing down the road to the town, and again returning. There was a battery in position beyond the railroad, and as I looked narrowly at an opening between two groves, I saw the glistening of bayonets, and a line as if a column of men were marching east toward the thick forest on Rock Creek. It was surmised that they were to attack our right upon Culp's Hill by advancing directly down Rock Creek through the woods. Prisoners captured said that Ewell had sworn a terrible oath to turn our flank, if it took his last man. To guard against such a movement, Slocum was throwing up breastworks from the crest of the hill down to Rock Creek. Two batteries were placed in position on hillocks south of

the turnpike, to throw shells up the creek, should such an attempt be made. The Union cavalry in long lines was east of the creek, and the Reserve artillery, in parks, with horses harnessed, was in the open field, south of Slocum's headquarters.

"As near as I can make out, the rebels have got a line of batteries in that piece of woods," said an officer who had been looking steadily across the ravine to Blocher's Hill. Laying my glass upon the breastwork, I could see the guns and the artillerymen beside their pieces, as if ready to begin the action.

Suddenly there came the roar of a gun from the south. It was Longstreet's signal.

I was at the moment near the cemetery. There came a storm of shot and shell. Marble slabs were broken, iron fences shattered, horses disembowelled. The air was full of wild, hideous noises,—the low buzz of round shot, the whizzing of elongated bolts, and the stunning explosions of shells, overhead and all around.

There was a quick response from the Union batteries. In three minutes the earth shook with the tremendous concussion of two hundred pieces of artillery.

The missiles came from the northeast, north, northwest, west, and southwest. The position occupied by the Vermont nine months men was one of great exposure, as the ground in rear of the cemetery was the centre of a converging fire.

"Lie close," said General Stannard to the men. They obeyed him, but he walked to the top of the ridge and watched the coming on of the storm in the southwest.

The Fifth Corps had not moved into position, but was resting after the sixteen miles' march from Hanover.

The troops of Longstreet's command first in sight came out from the woods behind Warfield's house, a long line in the form of a crescent, reaching almost to Round-top. Ames's battery was the first to open upon them. Thompson, Clark, and Phillips began to thunder almost simultaneously. Bigelow, from his position, could not get a sight at them till two or three minutes later. The Third Michigan, Second New

Hampshire, and Third Maine were the first regiments engaged. The fire ran down the line towards Rose's house. The regiments in the woods along the ravine south of the house,—the Seventeenth Maine, Third Michigan, and others,—were soon in the fight. Sickles's front line, after an obstinate struggle, was forced back. He was obliged to withdraw his batteries by Wentz's house. Bigelow retired, firing by prologue, over the rocky ground. The contest in the peach-orchard and around Rose's house was exceedingly bloody. Sickles sent his aid for reinforcements: "I want batteries and men!" said he.

"I want you to hold on where you are until I can get a line of batteries in rear of you," said Colonel McGilvery, commanding the artillery of the Third Corps, to Bigelow. "Give them canister!" he added, as he rode away. Bigelow's men never had been under fire, but they held on till every charge of canister was spent, and then commenced on spherical case. Bigelow was just west of Trostle's barn. A rebel battery hastened up and unlimbered in the field. He opened with all his guns, and they limbered up again. McGilvery's batteries were not in position, and the gallant captain and his brave men would not leave. The enemy rushed upon the guns, and were blown from the muzzles. Others came with demoniac yells, climbing upon the limbers and shooting horses. Sergeant Dodge went down, killed instantly; also Sergeant Gilson. Lipman, Ferris, and Nutting, three of the cannoneers, were gone, twenty-two of the men wounded, and Bigelow shot through the side; also four men missing, yet they held on till McGilvery had his batteries in position!

It was a heroic resistance. Gun after gun was abandoned to the advancing Confederates. But the cannoneers were thoughtful to retain the rammers, and though the enemy seized the pieces they could not turn them upon the slowly retreating handful of men, who with two pieces still growled defiance. Back to Trostle's door-yard, into the garden, halting by the barn, delivering a steady fire, they held the enemy at bay till the batteries of the Fifth Corps, a little east of Trostle's, and the arrival of reinforcements of infantry, permitted their

withdrawal. More than sixty horses belonging to this one battery were killed in this brief struggle at the commencement of the battle. With the seizure of each piece the Confederates cheered, and advanced with confident expectation of driving Sickles over the ridge.

It was my privilege to see this terrible struggle from Little Round Top, whither I hastened soon after the beginning of the battle. I rode nearly to the summit, tied my horse to a tree, and climbed over the bowlders to the position occupied by the signal officer and his assistant, the only individuals present at the time of my arrival. I saw Barnes's division of the Fifth Corps go down past Trostle's house and pour its volleys into the Confederate ranks.

Ayer's division of Regulars, which had been lying east of the ridge, moved upon the double-quick through the woods, up to the summit. The whole scene was before them; the turmoil and commotion in the woods below,—Barnes going in, and the shattered regiments of the Third Corps coming out. Some batteries were in retreat and others were taking new positions. They dashed down the hillside, became a little disorganized in crossing Plum Run, but formed again and went up the ridge among the bowlders, disappeared in the woods, stayed a few minutes, and then, like a shattered wreck upon the foaming sea, came drifting to the rear.

After the battle, an officer of the Seventeenth Regulars pointed out to me the line of advance.

"We went down the hill upon the run," said he. "It was like going down into hell! The rebels were yelling like devils. Our men were falling back. It was terrible confusion; smoke, dust, the rattle of musketry, the roaring of cannon, the bursting of shells."

Sickles called upon Hancock for help. Caldwell's division went down, sweeping past Trostle's into the wheat-field, dash-through Barnes's men, who were falling back. Regiments from the three corps and from eight or ten brigades were fighting promiscuously. The enemy's lines were also in confusion,—advancing, retreating, gaining, and losing.

It was like the writhing of two wrestlers. Seventy thou-

sand men were contending for the mastery on a territory scarcely a mile square!

General A. P. Martin, commanding the Fifth Corps Artillery, seeing the value of Little Round Top, despatched Hazlitt's battery to hold it. The guns were dragged as far as possible by the horses, and then the guns were lifted by the men into position. General Warren of the Engineer Corps also saw the need of holding the hill, and, on his own authority, directed Vincent's brigade to take possession of it. The arrival of the battery was none too soon, for at the moment, the Confederates, having driven the Union troops from the rocky ridge, now known as the Devil's Den, were climbing Little Round Top.

The Twentieth Maine, Colonel Chamberlain, was on the extreme left. The Eighty-third Pennsylvania, Forty-fourth New York, and Sixteenth Michigan were farther north. The Twentieth Maine stood almost alone. There began to be a dropping of bullets along the line from the skirmishers creeping into the gap, and Colonel Chamberlain saw the enemy moving past his flank. He immediately extended his own left flank, by forming his men in a single rank. The fight was fierce. The rebels greatly outnumbered Chamberlain, but he had the advantage of the position. He was on the crest of the hill, and at every lull in the strife his men piled the loose stones into a rude breastwork. He sent for assistance, but before the arrival of reinforcements Hood's troops had gained the eastern side of the hill, and the Twentieth Maine stood in the form of the letter U, with rebels in front, on their flank, and in rear.

It was nearly six o'clock. I was at Meade's headquarters. The roar of battle was louder and grew nearer.

"We want reinforcements, they are flanking us," said an officer, riding up to Meade. Word was sent to Slocum, and Williams's division of the Twelfth left their breastwork on Culp's Hill, came down upon the double-quick, leaping the stone walls between Slocum's headquarters and the cemetery, and moved into the field west of the Taneytown road.

Stannard's brigade was attached to the First Corps, com-

manded by Doubleday. The Vermont boys had been lying on their faces through the long, tormenting hours. They were ready for desperate work.

The men of Vermont sprang to their feet, and went up the ridge toward the southwest upon the run.

It was a critical moment, Hancock had ordered in all his troops, with the exception of the First Minnesota regiment, which was supporting a battery. Pointing to the advancing Confederates, Hancock shouted to Colonel Coville:

"Advance and take that flag!"

There were two hundred and fifty-two men in the regiment. The regiment advanced as if upon parade. At every step men fell. Five colour-bearers, one after another, went down. On they moved, till within fifty yards of the enemy.

"Charge!" shouted their commander. They rushed upon the Confederate line, pouring in their volley, sending them fleeing to the rear.

During the ten minutes two hundred and five were either killed or wounded. At roll-call all were accounted for, not a man was missing.

Colonel Randall, with five companies of the Thirteenth Vermont, led the advance of General Stannard's column. Hancock had been forced to leave the guns of one of his batteries on the field near Codori's house.

The Confederate sharpshooters were lying along the Emmetsburg road, pouring in a deadly fire, under cover of which a large force was advancing to take possession of the pieces.

"Can you retake that battery?" was Hancock's question to Randall.

"We'll do it or die, sir!"

"Then go in."

"Forward!" said Randall, turning in his saddle and waving his sword. His men gave a cheer, and broke into a run. The colonel's horse fell, shot through the shoulder, but the colonel dashed ahead on foot. They reached the guns, drew them to the rear. The Confederates came on with a rush. But help was at hand,—the Fourteenth Maine joined the Vermonters. Leaving the guns the soldiers faced about, cap-

tured eighty-three prisoners, and two cannon, and then returned! Long and loud were the cheers that greeted them.

"You must be green, or you wouldn't have gone down there," said a Pennsylvanian, who had been in a dozen battles. The blood of the Vermont boys was up, and they had not calculated the consequences of such a movement.

So closed the day on the left. But just as the contest was coming to an end, it suddenly commenced on the north side of the cemetery. Hayes's brigade of Louisiana Tigers, and Hoke's North Carolinians, belonging to Early's division of Ewell's corps, had been creeping across Spangler's farm, up the northern slope of the cemetery hill. Suddenly, with a shout, they sprang upon Barlow's division, commanded by Ames. It was a short, fierce, but decisive contest. The attack was sudden, but the men of Ames's command were fully prepared. There was a struggle over the guns of two Pennsylvania batteries. The Fifth Maine battery was in an exceedingly favourable position, at an angle of the earthworks east of the hill, and cut down the enemy with a destructive enfilading fire. The struggle lasted scarcely five minutes,—the Confederates retreating in confusion to the town.

When Slocum went with Williams to the left there were no indications of an attack on Culp's Hill, but unexpectedly Ewell made his appearance in the woods along Rock Creek. General Green, who had been left in command, extended his line east and made a gallant fight, but not having men enough to occupy all the ground, Ewell was able to take possession of the hollow along the Creek. When Williams returned, he found his entrenchments in possession of the enemy. The men of the Twelfth threw themselves on the ground in the fields on both sides of the Baltimore pike, for rest till day-break.

"We are doing well," was Longstreet's report to Lee, at seven o'clock in the evening, from the left. Ewell himself rode down through the town, to report his success on the right.

At a late hour Longstreet reported that he had carried everything before him for some time, capturing several batteries, and driving the Yankees; but when Hill's Florida bri-

gade and some other troops gave way, he was forced to abandon a small portion of the ground he had won, together with all the captured guns except three.

It was late in the evening when I threw myself upon a pile of straw in an old farmhouse, near the Baltimore pike, for a few hours' rest, expecting that with the early morning there would be a renewal of the battle.

There was the constant rumble of artillery moving into position, of ammunition and supply wagons going up to the troops. Lights were gleaming in the hollows, beneath the shade of oaks and pines, where the surgeons were at work, and where, through the dreary hours, wailings and moanings rent the air; yet, though within musket-shot of the enemy, and surrounded with dying and dead, I found refreshing sleep.

Friday, July 3d, dawned; the cannonade broke the stillness of the morning, and drowned all other sounds. Riding up the turnpike to the batteries, I had a good view of the battleground. General Sickles was being carried to the rear on a stretcher. He had suffered amputation. Following him was a large number of prisoners, taken in the fight upon the left. Some were haggard and careworn,—others indifferent, or sulky, and some very jolly. "I have got into the Union after hard fighting," said one, "and I intend to stay there."

There were a few musket-shots in the woods upon the hill, from the pickets in advance. Slocum was preparing to regain what had been lost. It was seven o'clock before he was ready to move. The men moved slowly, but determinedly. The Confederates were in the rifle-pits, and opened a furious fire. A thin veil of smoke rose above the trees, and floated away before the morning breeze. Ewell was determined not to be driven back. He held on with dogged pertinacity. He had sworn profanely to hold the position, but in vain his effort. The rifle-pits were regained, and he was driven, inch by inch, up Rock Creek.

It took four hours to do it, however. Ewell, well knowing the importance of holding the position, brought in all of his available force. Johnson's, Rodes's, and Early's divisions, all were engaged. To meet these, General Shaler's brigade

of the Sixth Corps was brought up to Culp's Hill, while Neil's brigade of the same corps was thrown in upon Early's flank east of Rock Creek, and the work was accomplished. The men fought from behind trees and rocks, with great tenacity. It was the last attempt of Lee upon Meade's right.

Gregg's and Kilpatrick's divisions of cavalry were east of Rock Creek. An orderly came dashing down the Hanover road.

"Stuart is coming round on our right!" said he. "General Pleasanton sends his compliments to General Gregg, desiring him to go out immediately and hold Stuart in check. His compliments also to General Kilpatrick, desiring him to go down beyond Round-top, and pitch in with all his might on Longstreet's left."

I was conversing with the two officers at the time.

"Good! come on, boys!" shouted Kilpatrick, rubbing his hands with pleasure. The notes of the bugle rang loud and clear above the rumble of the passing army wagons, and Kilpatrick's column swept down the hill, crossed the creek, and disappeared beyond Round-top. A half-hour later I saw the smoke of his artillery, and heard the wild shout of his men as they dashed recklessly upon the enemy's lines. It was the charge in which General Farnsworth and a score of gallant officers gave up their lives.

General Gregg's division formed in the fields east of Wolf Hill. Stuart had already extended his line along the Bon-noughtown road. There was a brisk cannonade between the light batteries, and Stuart retired, without attempting to cut out the ammunition trains parked along the pike.

Through the forenoon it was evident that Lee was preparing for another attack. He had reconnoitred the ground with Longstreet in the morning, and decided to assault Meade's line between the cemetery and Round-top with a strong force. He could form the attacking column out of sight, in the woods west of Codori's house. In advancing, the troops would be sheltered till they reached the Emmettsburg road. Howard's guns in the cemetery would trouble them most by enfilading the lines. Howard must be silenced by a concentrated artil-

lery fire. The cemetery could be seen from every part of the line occupied by the rebels, and all the available batteries were brought into position to play upon it, and upon the position occupied by the Second Corps.

The arrangements were entrusted to Longstreet. He selected Pickett's, Pender's, Heth's, and Anderson's divisions. Pickett's were fresh troops. Heth had been wounded, and Pettigrew was in command of the division. Wilcox's and Perry's brigades of Anderson's division had the right of the first rebel line. Pickett's division occupied the centre of the first line, followed by Pender's. Heth's division, followed by Wright's brigade of Anderson's, had the left of the line.

Wilcox's and Perry's line of advance was past Klingel's house. Pickett's right swept across the Emmettsburg road by the house of Peter Rogers; his left reached to Codori's, where it joined Pettigrew's. Rodes's division of Ewell's corps was brought down from the woods by Smucker's house, and put in position south of the town, to support Pettigrew's left. The attacking force numbered from fifteen to eighteen thousand men.

Commencing at the Taneytown road and walking south, we have the following disposition of the troops resisting this attack: Robinson's division of the First Corps, reaching from the road along an oak grove, past a small house occupied by a coloured man. Hayes's division lay behind a stone wall, and a small grove of shrub-oaks. Gibbon had no protection except a few rails gathered from the fences. There are three oak-trees which mark the spot occupied by Hall's brigade. Harrow's was just beyond it, south. In front of Harrow's, six or eight rods, were three regiments of Stannard's Vermont brigade,—the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Sixteenth,—lying in a shallow trench. Caldwell's division extended from Gibbon's to the narrow road leading past Trostle's house. The ridge in the rear of the troops bristled with artillery. The infantry line was thin, but the artillery was compact and powerful.

Visiting General Meade's headquarters in the house of Mrs. Leister, in the forenoon, I saw the commander-in-chief seated

at a table, with a map of Gettysburg spread out before him. General Warren, chief engineer, was by his side. General Williams, his adjutant-general, who knew the strength of every regiment, was sitting on the bed, ready to answer any question. General Hunt, chief of artillery, was lying on the grass beneath a peach-tree in the yard. General Pleasanton, chief of the cavalry, neat and trim in dress and person, with a riding-whip tucked into his cavalry boots, was walking uneasily about. Aids were coming and going; a signal-officer in the yard was waving his flags in response to one on Round-top.

"Signal-officer on Round-top reports rebels moving towards our left," said the officer to General Meade.

It was five minutes past one when the signal-gun for the opening of the battle was given by the artillery on Seminary Hill. Instantly the whole line of batteries, a hundred and fifty guns, joined in the cannonade. All of the guns northeast, north, and northwest of the town concentrated their fire upon the cemetery. Those west and southwest opened on Hancock's position. Solid shot and shells poured incessantly upon the cemetery and along the ridge. The intention of Lee was soon understood,—to silence the batteries and demoralise the men supporting them. That accomplished he would hurl Pickett's division like a thunderbolt up Meade's left centre, break the line and win the victory.

For one hour and five minutes by my watch the cannonade continued,—more than two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery belching their thunders. Language fails to picture the scene. At times sixty shells a minute were bursting above the Union lines. Suddenly, acting from orders issued by General Hunt, chief of artillery, the Union batteries ceased firing.

"We will let them think they have silenced us," he said.

It was half-past two when I heard the shout, "There they come!"

Westward, over the green fields, could be seen Pickett's men emerging from the woods. The batteries in the cemetery and on Little Round Top burst into flames. Those along the cemetery ridge were still silent. The Confederates reach the

Emmettsburg road, and then they send a storm of shells into the advancing ranks. Pickett turns to the right, moving north, driven in part by the fire rolling in upon his flank from the Third, Fifth, and Sixth Corps batteries. Suddenly he faces east, descends the gentle slope from the road behind Codori's, crosses the meadow, comes in reach of the muskets of the Vermonters. The three regiments rise from their shallow trench. The men beneath the oak-trees leap from their low breastwork of rails. There is a ripple, a roll, a deafening roar. The advancing line is almost up to the grove in front of Robinson's. It has reached the clump of shrub-oaks. It has drifted past the Vermont boys. "Break their third line! Smash their supports!" cries General Howard, and Osborne and Wainwright send the fire of fifty guns into the column.

The front line is melting away,—the second is advancing to take its place; but beyond the first and second is the third, which reels, breaks, and flies to the woods from whence it came, unable to withstand the storm.

Hancock is wounded, and Gibbon is in command of the Second Corps. "Hold your fire, boys; they are not near enough yet," says Gibbon, as Pickett comes on. The first volley staggers, but does not stop them. They move upon the run,—up to the breastwork of rails,—bearing Hancock's line to the top of the ridge,—so powerful their momentum.

Men fire into each other's faces, not five feet apart. There are bayonet-thrusts, sabre-strokes, pistol-shots; cool, deliberate movements on the part of some,—hot, passionate, desperate efforts with others; hand-to-hand contests; recklessness of life; tenacity of purpose; fiery determination; oaths, yells, curses, hurrahs, shoutings; men going down on their hands and knees, spinning round like tops, throwing out their arms, gulping up blood, falling, legless, armless, headless. There are ghastly heaps of dead men. Seconds are centuries; minutes, ages; but the thin line does not break!

The Confederates have swept past the Vermont regiments. "Take them in flank," says General Stannard.

The Thirteenth and Sixteenth swing out from the trench, turn a right angle to the main line, and face the north. They

move forward a few steps, pour a deadly volley into the backs of Kemper's troops. With a hurrah they rush on, to drive home the bayonet. The Fifteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth Massachusetts, and Seventh Michigan, Twentieth New York, Nineteenth Maine, One Hundred Fifty-first Pennsylvania, and other regiments catch the enthusiasm of the moment, and close upon the foe.

The advancing column has lost its power. The lines waver. The soldiers of the front rank look round for their supports. They are gone,—fleeing over the field, broken, shattered, thrown into confusion by the remorseless fire from the cemetery and from the cannon on the ridge. The lines have disappeared like a straw in a candle's flame. The ground is thick with dead, and the wounded are like the withered leaves of autumn. Thousands of rebels throw down their arms and give themselves up as prisoners.

It is the high-water mark of the Rebellion,—a turning-point of history and of human destiny!

Treason had wielded its mightiest blow. From that time the Rebellion began to wane. An account of the battle, written on the following day, and published on the 6th of July in the *Boston Journal*, contains the following passage:

"The invasion of the North was over,—the power of the Southern Confederacy broken. There at that sunset hour I could discern the future; no longer an overcast sky, but the clear, unclouded starlight,—a country redeemed, saved, baptised, consecrated anew to the coming ages.

"All honour to the heroic living, all glory to the gallant dead! They have not fought in vain, they have not died for naught. No man liveth to himself alone. Not for themselves but for their children; for those who may never hear of them in their nameless graves, how they yielded life; for the future; for all that is good, pure, holy, just, true; for humanity, righteousness, peace; for Paradise on earth; for Christ and for God, they have given themselves a willing sacrifice. Blessed be their memory forevermore!"

I rode along the lines, and beheld the field by the light of the gleaming stars. The dead were everywhere thickly strewn.

How changed the cemetery! Three days before, its gravelled walks were smooth and clean; flowers were in bloom; birds carolled their songs amid the trees; the monuments were undefaced; the marble slabs pure and white. Now there were broken wheels and splintered caissons; dead horses, shot in the neck, in the head, through the body, disembowelled by exploding shells, legs broken, flesh mangled and torn; pools of blood, scarlet stains on the headstones, green grass changed to crimson; marble slabs shivered; the ground ploughed by solid shot, holes blown out by bursting shells; dead men lying where they had fallen, wounded men creeping to the rear; cries and groans all around me! Fifty shells a minute had fallen upon that small enclosure. Not for a moment was there thought of abandoning the position. How those batteries of Osborne and Wainwright, of the Eleventh and First Corps, had lightened and thundered! There were scores of dead by the small house where the left of the rebel line advanced, lying just as they were smitten down, as if a thunderbolt had fallen upon the once living mass!

An English officer, who saw the battle from the rebel lines, thus says of the repulse:

"I soon began to meet many wounded men returning from the front; many of them asked in piteous tones the way to a doctor, or an ambulance. The further I got the greater became the number of the wounded. At last I came to a perfect stream of them flocking through the woods in numbers as great as the crowd in Oxford Street in the middle of the day.

. . . They were still under a heavy fire; the shells were continually bringing down great limbs of trees, and carrying further destruction amongst their melancholy procession. I saw all this in much less time than it takes to write it, and although astonished to meet such a vast number of wounded, I had not seen enough to give me an idea of the real extent of the mischief.

"When I got close up to General Longstreet, I saw one of his regiments advancing through the woods in good order; so, thinking I was just in time to see the attack, I remarked to the general that 'I wouldn't have missed this for anything.'

Longstreet was seated on the top of a snake-fence, in the edge of the wood, and looking perfectly calm and unperturbed. He replied, 'The devil you wouldn't! I would like to have missed it very much; we've attacked and been repulsed. Look there!'

"For the first time I then had a view of the open space between the two positions, and saw it covered with Confederates slowly and sulkily returning towards us in small broken parties. . . .

"I remember seeing a general (Pettigrew, I think it was) come up to him and report that he was unable to bring his men up again. Longstreet turned upon him, and replied with some sarcasm: 'Very well—never mind, then, general; just let them remain where they are. The enemy is going to advance, and will spare you the trouble.' . . .

"Soon afterward I joined General Lee, who had in the meanwhile come to the front, on becoming aware of the disaster. He was engaged in rallying and in encouraging the troops, and was riding about a little in front of the woods, quite alone, the whole of his staff being engaged in a similar manner further in the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs of the slightest disappointment, care, or annoyance; and he was addressing to every soldier he met a few words of encouragement, such as, 'All this will come right in the end; we will talk it over afterwards—but in the meantime all good men must rally. We want all good men and true men just now,' etc. . . . He said to me, 'This has been a sad day for us, colonel—a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories.' . . . I saw General Wilcox (an officer who wears a short round jacket and a battered straw hat) come up to him, and explain, almost crying, the state of his brigade. General Lee immediately shook hands with him, and said, cheerfully, 'Never mind, general. All this has been my fault—it is I that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best way you can.' "

It was past eleven o'clock in the evening when I rode up from the gory field, over the ridge, where the Second Corps

had stood like a wall of adamant. Meade's headquarters were in a grove, east of the small house where he established himself at the beginning of the battle. The fire had been too hot at Mrs. Leister's. Meade was sitting on a great flat bowlder, listening to the reports of his officers, brought in by couriers. It was a scene which lives in memory; a dark forest, the evening breeze gently rustling the green leaves over our heads, the katydids and locusts singing cheerily, the bivouac fires glimmering on the ground, revealing the surrounding objects, the gnarled trees, torn by cannon-shot, the mossy stones, the group of officers, Williams, Warren, Howard (his right sleeve wanting an arm), Pleasanton, as trim as in the morning; Meade, stooping, weary, his slouched hat laid aside, so that the breeze might fan his brow.

"Bully! bully! bully all around!" said he; and then, turning to his chief of staff, Humphrey, said, "Order up rations and ammunition."

To General Hunt, chief of artillery, "Have your limbers filled. Lee may be up to something in the morning, and we must be ready for him."

A band came up and played "Hail to the Chief!" the "Star-spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle." Soul-stirring the strains. The soldiers, lying on their arms, where they had fought, heard it, and responded with a cheer. Not all; for thousands were deaf and inanimate evermore.

No accurate statement of the number engaged in this great, decisive battle of the war can ever be given. Meade's march to Gettysburg was made with great rapidity. The provost-marshal of the army, General Patrick, committed the great error of having no rear-guard to bring up the stragglers, which were left behind in thousands, and who found it much more convenient to live on the excellent fare furnished by the farmers than to face the enemy. Meade's entire force on the field numbered probably from sixty to seventy thousand. The Confederate army had made slower marches, and the soldiers could not straggle; they were in an enemy's country. Lee, therefore, had fuller ranks than Meade.

The people of the North expressed their gratitude to the

heroes who had won this battle, by pouring out their contributions for the relief of the wounded. The agents of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions were quickly on the ground, and hundreds of warm-hearted men and women hastened to the spot to render aid. The morning after the battle I saw a stout Pennsylvania farmer driving his two-horse farm wagon up the Baltimore pike, loaded down with loaves of soft bread which his wife and daughters had baked.

Tender and affecting are some of the incidents of the battle-field. A delegate of the Christian Commission, passing among the wounded, came to an officer from South Carolina.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"No!" was the surly reply.

He passed on, but upon his return repeated the question, and received the same answer. The day was hot, the air offensive, from putrefying wounds, and the delegate was putting cologne on the handkerchiefs of the patients.

"Colonel, let me put some of this on your handkerchief."

The wounded man burst into tears. "I have no handkerchief."

"Well, you shall have one;" and wetting his own gave it to him.

"I can't understand you Yankees," said the colonel. "You fight us like devils, and then you treat us like angels. I am sorry I entered this war."

Said another Confederate — an Irishman — to a chaplain who took care of him, "May every hair of your head be a wax taper to light you on your way to glory!"

A chaplain, passing through the hospital, came to a cot where lay a young wounded soldier who had fought for the Union.

"Poor fellow!" said the chaplain.

"Don't call me 'poor fellow!'" was the indignant reply.

"Dear fellow, then. Have you written to your mother since the battle?"

"No, sir!"

"You ought to. Here it is the 10th — a whole week since the battle. She will be anxious to hear from you."

The lad with his left hand threw aside the sheet which cov-

ered him, and the chaplain saw that his right arm was off near the shoulder.

"That is the reason, sir, that I have not written. I have not forgotten her, sir. I have prayed for her, and I thank God for giving me so dear a mother."

Then turning aside the sheet farther, the chaplain saw that his left leg was gone. Sitting down beside the young hero, the chaplain wrote as he dictated.

"Tell mother that I have given my right arm and my left leg to my country, and that I am ready to give both of my other limbs!" said he.

The courage and patriotism of Spartan mothers is immortalised in story and song. "Return with your shield, or upon it," has been held up for admiration through three thousand years. The Greek fire is not extinguished; it burns to-day as bright and pure as ever at Salamis or Marathon.

Riding in the cars through the State of New York, after the battle of Gettysburg, I fell in conversation with a middle-aged woman who had two sons in the army.

"Have they been in battle?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; one has been in fifteen battles. He was taken prisoner at Chancellorsville and was wounded at Gettysburg. The other is in the Medical Department."

"The one who was wounded at Gettysburg must have seen some hard fighting."

"Yes, sir; and I hear a good account of him from his captain. He says my son behaves well. *I told him, when he went away, that I would rather hear that he was dead than that he had disgraced himself.*"

"His time must be nearly out."

"Yes, sir, it is; but he is going to see it through, and has reënlisted. I should like to have him at home, but I know he would be uneasy. His comrades have reënlisted, and he is not the boy to back out. I rather want him to help give the crushing blow."

There were thousands of such mothers in the land.

Lee retreated the morning after the battle. His reasons for a retrograde movement are thus stated by himself:

"Owing to the strength of the enemy's position and the reduction of our ammunition, a renewal of the engagement could not be hazarded, and the difficulty of procuring supplies rendered it impossible to continue longer where we were. Such of the wounded as were in condition to be removed, and part of the arms collected on the field, were ordered to Williamsport. The army remained at Gettysburg during the 4th, and at night began to retire by the road to Fairfield, carrying with it about four thousand prisoners. Nearly two thousand had previously been paroled, but the enemy's numerous wounded, that had fallen into our hands after the first and second days' engagements, were left behind."

Meade made no attempt to follow him with his main army, but marched directly down the Emmetsburg road, once more to Frederick, then west over South Mountain to intercept him on the Potomac. Meade had the inside of the chess-board. He was a victor. The men who had made a forced march to Gettysburg were awake to the exigency of the hour, and made a quick march back to Frederick, and over the mountains to Boonsboro.' A severe storm set in, and the roads were almost impassable, but the men toiled on through the mire, lifting the cannon-wheels from the deep ruts, when the horses were unable to drag the ordnance, singing songs as they marched, foot-sore and weary, but buoyant over the great victory.

And now, as the intelligence came that Grant had taken Vicksburg, that Banks was in possession of Port Hudson, and that the Mississippi was flowing "unvexed to the sea," they forgot all their toils, hardships, and sufferings, and made the air ring with their lusty cheers. They could see the dawn of peace—peace won by the sword. The women of Maryland hailed them as their deliverers, brought out the best stores from their pantries, and gave freely, refusing compensation.

Meade left all his superfluous baggage behind, and moved in light marching order. Lee was encumbered by his wounded, and by his trains, and when he reached Hagerstown found that Meade was descending the mountainside, and that Gregg was already in Boonsboro'.

Reinforcements were sent to Meade from Washington, with the expectation that by concentration of all available forces, Lee's army might be wholly destroyed. The elements, which had often retarded operations of the Union troops—which had rendered Burnside's and Hooker's movements abortive in several instances, now were propitious. The Potomac was rising, and the rain was still falling. On the morning of the 13th I rode to General Meade's headquarters. General Seth Williams, the ever courteous adjutant-general of the army, was in General Meade's tent. He said that Meade was taking a look at the rebels.

"Do you think that Lee can get across the Potomac?" I asked.

"Impossible! The people resident here say that it cannot be forded at this stage of the water. He has no pontoons. We have got him in a tight place. We shall have reinforcements to-morrow, and a great battle will be fought. Lee is encumbered with his teams, and he is short of ammunition."

General Meade came in, dripping with rain, from a reconnaissance. His countenance was unusually animated. He had ever been courteous to me, and while usually very reticent of all his intentions or of what was going on, as an officer should be, yet in this instance he broke over his habitual silence, and said, "We shall have a great battle to-morrow. The reinforcements are coming up, and as soon as they come we shall pitch in."

I rode along the lines with Howard in the afternoon. The rebels were in sight. The pickets were firing at each other. There was some movement of columns.

"I fear that Lee is getting away," said Howard.

He sent an aid to Meade, with a request that he might attack.

"I can double them up," he said, meaning that, as he was on Lee's flank, he could strike an effective blow.

Kilpatrick was beyond Howard, well up towards Williamsport. "Lee is getting across the river, I think," he said through a messenger.

It was nearly night. The attack was to be made early in the morning.

The morning dawned and Lee was south of the Potomac. That officer says:

"The army, after an arduous march, rendered more difficult by the rains, reached Hagerstown on the afternoon of the 6th and morning of the 7th of July.

"The Potomac was found to be so much swollen by the rains that had fallen almost incessantly since our entrance into Maryland, as to be unfordable. Our communications with the south side were thus interrupted, and it was difficult to procure either ammunition or subsistence, the latter difficulty being enhanced by the high waters impeding the working of the neighbouring mills. The trains with the wounded and prisoners were compelled to await at Williamsport the subsiding of the river and the construction of boats, as the pontoon bridge, left at Falling Waters, had been partially destroyed. The enemy had not yet made his appearance; but as he was in condition to obtain large reinforcements, and our situation, for the reasons above mentioned, was becoming daily more embarrassing, it was deemed advisable to recross the river. Part of the pontoon bridge was recovered, and new boats built, so that by the 13th a good bridge was thrown over the river at Falling Waters.

"The enemy in force reached our front on the 12th. A position had been previously selected to cover the Potomac from Williamsport to Falling Waters, and an attack was awaited during that and the succeeding day. This did not take place, though the two armies were in close proximity, the enemy being occupied in fortifying his own lines. Our preparations being completed, and the river, though still deep, being pronounced fordable, the army commenced to withdraw to the south side on the night of the 13th.

"Ewell's corps forded the river at Williamsport, those of Longstreet and Hill crossed upon the bridge. Owing to the condition of the roads, the troops did not reach the bridge until after daylight of the 14th, and the crossing was not completed until 1 P. M., when the bridge was removed. The en-

emy offered no serious interruption, and the movement was attended with no loss of material except a few disabled wagons and two pieces of artillery, which the horses were unable to move through the deep mud. Before fresh horses could be sent back for them, the rear of the column had passed."

Kilpatrick was astir at daybreak; he moved into Williamsport. I accompanied his column. The rebels were on the Virginia hills, jubilant at their escape. There were wagons in the river, floating down with the current, which had been capsized in the crossing. Kilpatrick pushed on to Falling Waters, fell upon Pettigrew's brigade, guarding the pontoons, captured two cannon and eight hundred men, in one of the most daring dashes of the war. It was poor satisfaction, however, when contrasted with what might have been done. The army was chagrined. Loud were the denunciations of Meade.

"Another campaign on the Rappahannock, boys," said one officer in my hearing.

"We shall be in our old quarters in a few days," said another.

General Meade has been severely censured for not attacking on the 13th. Lee had lost thirty thousand men. He had suffered a crushing defeat at Gettysburg. Enthusiasm had died out. His soldiers were less confident than they had been. His ammunition was nearly exhausted. He was in a critical situation.

Those were reasons why he should be attacked; but there were also reasons, which to Meade were conclusive, that the attack should not be made till the 14th; the swollen river, the belief that Lee had no means of crossing the Potomac, and the expected reinforcements. The delay was not from lack of spirit or over-caution; but with the expectation of striking a blow which would destroy the rebel army.

Lee went up the valley, while Meade pushed rapidly down the base of the Blue Ridge to Culpeper. But he was not in condition to take the offensive, so far from his base; and the two armies sat down upon the banks of the Rapidan, to rest after the bloody campaign.

Gettysburg through the summer was a vast hospital. Build-

ings were erected and the Union and Confederate wounded were kindly cared for by a host of warm-hearted men and women from all sections of the North, who hastened thither to serve as nurses.

CHAPTER XVI

FROM THE RAPIDAN TO THE WILDERNESS

THE day after the battle of Gettysburg, July 4, 1863, came the surrender of Vicksburg, followed by that of Port Hudson, severing Arkansas, Texas, and Louisiana from the other Confederate States. During the summer the Army of the Potomac rested on the banks of the Rappahannock, in the vicinity of Culpeper.

In the West, General Burnside in September occupied Knoxville; General Rosecrans crossed the Tennessee River and advanced to Chickamauga. The Confederate Government detached Longstreet's command from the Army of Northern Virginia, sent it West, uniting it with Bragg's command, and inflicting a severe defeat to Rosecrans.

General Grant was summoned to succeed Rosecrans. Sherman's corps made the march from the valley of the Mississippi to Chattanooga, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, under Hooker, were detached from the Army of the Potomac and transported, with cannon, horses, and baggage, to Tennessee. This concentration of troops enabled Grant to win the victories of Wauhatchie, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge.

Through the entire season the Army of the Potomac remained inactive. The last week in November General Meade advanced to Mine Run, but, finding Lee strongly entrenched and a severe storm setting in, refrained from bringing on a general battle, returned to his former camp and settled down for the winter. Congress the while revived the office of Lieutenant-General, formerly held by General Scott, and the President appointed General Grant to hold that rank. It was his province to plan the military movements over all the country. During the winter there had been a reorganisation of the army.

The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps remained in the West and were combined in one, forming the Twentieth. The First was incorporated with the Fifth, the Third with the Sixth. The Second Corps was enlarged by new troops. The corps commanders were: General Hancock, of the Second, Warren, of the Fifth, Sedgwick, of the Sixth. The Ninth Corps, composed largely of new troops, was at Annapolis, in Maryland, under the command of General Burnside.

Up to the appointment of Grant as Lieutenant-General each commander of a department received his instructions from the War Department. General Halleck, military adviser, held to the theory that when once a section of the seceded States came under the control of the Army it must be held; in consequence the troops had been widely scattered. There were nineteen distinct military districts. General Grant believed in the concentration of the troops, and the crushing out of the Confederates. It would be an easy matter for the Government to exercise its authority when the Confederate military power was destroyed.

In obedience to a summons, General Grant arrived in Washington March 9th. He never had met President Lincoln. The Cabinet and Hon. E. B. Washburn, member of Congress from Galena, General Grant's home, were in the White House when the newly elected Lieutenant-General entered it.

"General Grant," said the President, "the Nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done in the existing struggle, are now presented with this commission, constituting you Lieutenant-General of the Army of the United States. With this high honour devolves upon you a corresponding responsibility. As the country trusts in you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need add that with what I here speak for the Nation goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

Mr. Lincoln spoke with trembling lips.

"Mr. President," General Grant replied, "I accept the commission for the high honour conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields of our common country, it will be my earnest endeavour not to dis-

appoint your expectations. I feel the full responsibilities now devolving upon me; and I know if they are met it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favour of that Providence which leads nations and men."

General Grant visited the army at Culpeper, spent a day with General Meade, took a look at the soldiers in a quiet way, and returned to Washington. Mr. Lincoln had prepared a grand dinner in his honour.

"Mr. Lincoln must excuse me," he said; "I must be in Tennessee at the earliest possible moment."

"But we can't excuse you," said the President. "Were we to sit down without you it would be Hamlet, with Hamlet left out."

"I appreciate the honour, Mr. President, but time is very precious just now. The loss of a day means the loss of a million to the country."

It seems probable that the declination to the dinner gave Mr. Lincoln more pleasure than its acceptance would have done; it was evident that at last a man had been found whose whole soul was enlisted in prosecuting the war.

On his way to Tennessee General Grant planned the campaign for the year. He determined upon the concentration of troops. Those in Tennessee were to be under Sherman. He himself would accompany the Army of the Potomac. General Meade stood ready to retire, but he decided to allow him to retain command. He was somewhat perplexed in regard to Burnside, who had once commanded the army. He could not make him subordinate to Meade, and was compelled by circumstances to make Burnside's an independent command — coöperating with the Army of the Potomac.

General Gillmore, with what troops that could be spared from the Department of the South, joined his forces to those on the Peninsula and at Suffolk under General Butler; Sigel commanded several thousand in the Shenandoah; Crook and Averell had a small army in Western Virginia; at Chattanooga, under Sherman and Thomas, was gathered a large army of Western troops; while Banks was up the Red River, moving towards Shreveport.

The *dramatis personæ* were known to the public, but the part assigned to each was kept profoundly secret. There was discussion and speculation whether Burnside, from his encampment at Annapolis, would suddenly take transports and go to Wilmington, or up the Rappahannock, or the James, or the York. Would Meade move directly across the Rapidan and attack Lee in front, with every passage, every hill, and ravine enfiladed by Confederate cannon? Or would he move his right flank along the Blue Ridge, crowding Lee to the seaboard? Would he not make, rather, a sudden change of base to Fredericksburg? None of the wise men, military or civil, in their speculations, indicated the line which General Grant adopted. The public accepted the disaster at Chancellorsville and the failure at Mine Run as conclusive evidence that a successful advance across the Rapidan by the middle fords was impossible, or at least improbable. So well was the secret kept, that, aside from the corps commanders, none in or out of the army, except the President and Secretary of War, had information of the line of march intended.

General Grant had a grand plan — not merely for the Army of the Potomac, but for all of the armies in the Union service.

Banks was to take Shreveport, then sail rapidly down the Mississippi and move upon Mobile, accompanied by the naval force under Farragut. Sherman was to push Johnston from his position near Chattanooga. If Banks succeeded at Mobile, he was to move up to Montgomery and coöperate with Sherman. Such a movement would compel the rebel General Johnston to retire from Atlanta. It would sever Alabama and Mississippi from the other States of the Confederacy.

Butler was to move up the James and seize Richmond, or cut the railroads south of the Appomattox. Sigel was to pass up the Shenandoah, while the troops in western Virginia were to sever the railroad leading to East Tennessee.

The Army of the Potomac was to move upon Richmond — or rather upon Lee's army. The policy of General Grant — the idea upon which he opened and conducted the campaign — must be fully comprehended before the events can be clearly understood.

That idea is thus expressed in General Grant's official report:

"From an early period in the Rebellion I had been impressed with the idea that active and continuous operations of all the troops that could be brought into the field, regardless of season and weather, were necessary to a speedy termination of the war. The resources of the enemy, and his numerical strength, were far inferior to ours; but as an offset to this we had a vast territory, with a population hostile to the Government, to garrison, and long lines of river and railroad communications to protect, to enable us to supply the operating armies.

"The armies in the East and West acted independently and without concert, like a balky team, no two ever pulling together, enabling the enemy to use to great advantage his interior lines of communication for transporting troops from east to west, reinforcing the army most vigorously pressed, and to furlough large numbers during seasons of inactivity on our part, to go to their homes, and do the work of producing for the support of their armies. It was a question whether our numerical strength and resources were not more than balanced by these disadvantages and the enemy's superior position.

"From the first I was firm in the conviction that no peace could be had that would be stable and conducive to the happiness of the people, both North and South, until the military power of the Rebellion was entirely broken.

"I therefore determined, first, to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy; preventing him from using the same force at different seasons against first one and then another of our armies, and the possibility of repose for refitting and producing necessary supplies for carrying on resistance. Second, to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until, by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country, to the Constitution and laws of the land."

The army of the Potomac had no easy task to perform. Lee had the advantage of position. The Rapidan was his line.

He had improved his old earthworks and thrown up new ones. His cannon covered the fords. His army was as large as when he invaded Pennsylvania. Grant must cross the Rapidan at some point. To attempt and fail would be disastrous. It was easy to say, Push on! but it was far different to meet the storm of leaden hail — far different to see a line waver, break, and scatter to the rear, with utter loss of heart. Those were contingencies and possibilities to be taken into account.

It was no light affair to supply an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, over a single line of railway, to accumulate supplies in advance of the movement, to cut loose from his base of operations, and open a new base as occasion should call. Every mile of advance increased Grant's difficulty, while every mile of retrograde movement carried Lee nearer to his base of operations.

All the speculations in regard to Burnside's destination fell to the ground when, on the 25th of April, the Ninth Corps passed through Washington, and moved into Virginia. It was a sublime spectacle. The Ninth Corps achieved almost the first successes of the war in North Carolina. It had hastened to the Potomac in time to aid in rescuing the capital when Lee made his first Northern invasion. It won glory at South Mountain, and made the narrow bridge of Antietam forever historic. It had reached Kentucky in season to aid in driving the rebels from that State, and now, with recruited ranks, with new regiments of as good blood as ever was poured out in the cause of right, with a new element which was to make for itself a name never again to be despised, the corps was marching through the capital of the nation, passing in review before Abraham Lincoln. The corps marched down Fourteenth Street past Willard's Hotel, where, upon the balcony, stood the President and General Burnside. My position was a window on the opposite side of the street. Behold the scene! Platoons, companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, and divisions. The men are bronzed by the rays of a Southern sun, and by the March winds. The bright sunshine gleams from their bayonets; above them wave their standards, tattered by

the winds, torn by cannon-ball, and rifle-shot — stained with the blood of dying heroes. They are priceless treasures, more beloved than houses, land, riches, honour, ease, comfort, wife or children. Ask them what is most dear of all earthly things, there will be but one answer — “The flag! the dear old flag!” It is their pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day — the symbol of everything worth living for, worth dying for!

Their banners bear the names of Bull Run, Ball’s Bluff, Roanoke, Newburn, Gaines’s Mills, Mechanicsville, Seven Pines, Savage Station, Glendale, Malvern, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Antietam, South Mountain, Knoxville, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Gettysburg, inscribed in golden characters.

The people of Washington have turned out to see them. Senators have left their Chamber and the House of Representatives has taken a recess to gaze upon the defenders of their country, as they pass through the city — many of them, alas! never to return.

There is the steady tramping of the thousands, the deep, heavy jar of the gun-carriages, the clattering of hoofs, the clanking of sabres, the drum-beat, the bugle-call, and the music of the bands. Pavement, sidewalk, windows, and roofs are occupied by the people. A division of veterans passes, saluting the President and their commander with cheers. And now with full ranks, platoons extending from sidewalk to sidewalk, are brigades which never have been in battle, for the first time shouldering arms for their country; who till a year ago never had a country, who even now are not American citizens, who are disfranchised — yet they are going out to fight for the flag! Their country was given them by the tall, pale, benevolent-hearted man standing upon the balcony. For the first time they behold their benefactor. They are darker hued than their veteran comrades; but they can cheer as lustily, “Hurrah! Hurrah!” “Hurrah for Massa Linkum!” “Three cheers for the President!” They swing their caps, clap their hands, and shout their joy. Long, loud and jubilant are the rejoicings of those redeemed sons of Africa. Regiment after regiment of stalwart men — slaves once, but freemen now — with

steady step and even rank, pass down the street, moving on to the Old Dominion.

It was the first review of coloured troops by the President. He gave them freedom, he recognised them as soldiers. Their brethren in arms of the same complexion had been murdered in cold blood, after surrender, at Fort Pillow and at Plymouth. And such would be their fate should they by chance become prisoners of war.

From Washington I proceeded to Culpeper and joined the army. I had not seen General Grant since the day I parted from him at Corinth, May, 1862, yet so wonderful his memory that he recognised me and gave me a cordial greeting. I had forwarded a request for a pass which he kindly gave, good in every military department and on all Government transports and trains.

The time had come for the great movement.

On Tuesday afternoon, May 3d, the cavalry broke camp on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and moved eastward — General Gregg's division towards Ely's Ford, and General Wilson's division towards Germanna Ford, each having pontoons. At midnight the Second Corps, which had been encamped east of Culpeper, followed General Gregg. At daylight on the morning of the 4th of May, the Fifth and Sixth Corps and the reverse artillery were moving towards Germanna Ford. The supply-train — four thousand wagons — followed the Second Corps. There were but these two available roads.

The enemy was at Orange Court House, watching, from his elevated lookout on Clark's Mountain, for the first sign of change in the Union camp. In the light of the early dawn he saw that the encampments at Culpeper were broken up, while the dust-cloud hanging over the forest toward the east was the sure indication of the movement.

General Lee put his army in instant motion to strike the advancing columns as they crossed the Rapidan. The movement of Grant was southeast, that of Lee northeast — lines of advance which must produce collision, unless Grant was far enough forward to slip by the angle. There is reason to believe that General Grant did not intend to fight Lee at Wilder-

ness, but that it was his design to slip past that point and swing round by Spottsylvania, and, if possible, get between Lee and Richmond. He boldly cut loose his connection with Washington, and plunged into the Wilderness, relying upon the ability of his soldiers to open a new base for supplies whenever needed.

In this first day's movement he did not uncover Washington. Burnside was still lying on the north bank of the Rappahannock. It was understood in the Army that the Ninth Corps was to be a reserve to protect the capital. So, perhaps, Lee understood it. But at nightfall, on the 4th, the shelter-tents were folded, and the men of the Ninth, with six days' rations in their haversacks, were on the march along the forest-road, lighted only by the stars, joining the main army at Germanna Ford on the morning of the 5th.

It was early in the morning on the 4th of May when the reveille sounded for the last time over the hills and dales of Culpeper. The last cups of coffee were drunk, the blankets folded, and then the Army, which through the winter had lain in camp, moved away from the log huts, where many a jest had been spoken, many a story told — where, through rain and mud, and heat and cold, the faithful and true-hearted men had kept watch and ward through the long, weary months — where songs of praise and prayer to God had been raised by thousands who looked beyond the present into the future life.

So rapid was the march that the Second Corps reached Chancellorsville before night, having crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford. The Sixth and Fifth Corps crossed at Germanna Ford, without opposition, and before night the Army of the Potomac was upon the southern side of that stream, where it was joined by the Ninth Corps the next morning.

General Grant's quarters for the night were in an old house near the ford. Lights were to be put out at nine o'clock. There were the usual scenes of a bivouac, and one unusual to an army. The last beams of daylight were fading in the west. The drummers were beating the tattoo. Mingled with the constant rumbling of the wagons across the pontoons, and the unceasing flow of the river, was a chorus of voices — a brigade

singing a hymn of devotion. It was the grand old choral of Luther, Old Hundred.

"Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more."

Many soldiers in that army were thinking of home — not only of loved ones, and of associations full of sweet and tender memories, but of a better abiding-place, eternal in the heavens. To thousands it was a last night on earth.

Early in the morning of the 5th Generals Meade and Grant, with their staffs, after riding five miles from Germanna Ford, halted near an old mill in the Wilderness. General Sheridan's cavalry had been pushing out south and west. Aids came back with despatches.

"They say that Lee intends to fight us here," said General Meade, as he read them.

"Very well," was the quiet reply of General Grant.

The two commanders retire a little from the crowd, and stand by the roadside in earnest conversation. Grant is of medium stature, yet has a well developed *physique*, sandy whiskers and moustache, blue eyes, earnest, thoughtful, and far-seeing, a cigar in his mouth, a knife in one hand, and a stick in the other, which he is whittling to a point. He whittles slowly towards him. His thoughts are not yet crystallised. His words are few. Suddenly he commences upon the other end of the stick, and whittles energetically from him. And now he is less reticent — talks freely. He is dressed in plain blue; and were it not for the three stars upon his shoulder, few would select him as the Lieutenant-General commanding all the armies of the Union in the field.

Meade is tall, thin, a little stooping in the shoulders, quick, comprehending the situation of affairs in an instant, energetic — an officer of excellent executive ability.

Years ago, a turnpike was built from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House; but in the days when there was a mania for plank roads, another corporation constructed a plank road

between the same places. A branch plank road, commencing two miles west of Chancellorsville, crosses the Rapidan at Germanna Ford, running to Stevensburg, north of that stream. The turnpike runs nearly east and west, while the Stevensburg plank road runs northwest. General Grant has established his headquarters at the crossing of the turnpike and the Stevensburg road, his flag waving from a knoll west of the road. A mile and a half out on the turnpike, on a ridge, is Parker's store, where, early in the morning, I saw long lines of rebel infantry, the sunlight gleaming from bayonet and gun-barrel.

Before the contest begins, let us go up to the old Wilderness tavern, which stands on the Stevensburg plank road, and take a view of a portion of the battle-field. It will be a limited view, for there are few open spaces in the Wilderness.

From the tavern you look west. At your feet is a brook, flowing from the southwest, and another small stream from the northwest, joining their waters at the crossing of the turnpike and the plank road. The turnpike rises over a ridge between the two streams. On the south slope is the house of Major Lacy, owner of a house at Falmouth, used by our soldiers after the battle of Fredericksburg. It is a beautiful view — a smooth lawn in front of the house, meadows green with the verdure of spring; beyond the meadows are hills thickly wooded, tall oaks, and pine and cedar thickets. On the right hand side of the turnpike the ridge is more broken, and also thickly set with small trees and bushes. A mile and a half out from the crossing of the two roads the ridge breaks down into a ravine. General Lee has possession of the western bank, Grant the eastern. It is such a mixture of woods, underbrush, thickets, ravines, hills, hollows, and knolls, that one is bewildered in passing through it, and to attempt to describe would be a complete bewilderment to writer and reader.

But General Grant has been compelled to make this ridge his right line of battle. He must protect his trains, which are still coming in on the Germanna road.

The Sixth Corps, commanded by General Sedgwick, holds the right, covering the road to Germanna Ford. The left of

the Third Division reaches the turnpike, where it connects with the Fifth Corps, Warren's. Before the arrival of Burnside's force, one division of the Fifth is placed in position south of the turnpike. Now leaving a wide gap, you walk through the woods towards the southeast, and two miles from headquarters you find the Second Corps, under Hancock, a long line of men in the thick forest, on both sides of the Orange plank road.

The forenoon of the 5th instant was devoted to taking positions. Engineers rode over the ground and examined the character of the country. A small party pushed out to Parker's store, but encountered a Confederate column advancing; but the knowledge thus obtained of the ground in that direction was of great value.

Word was sent to General Hancock, who had orders to move in direction of Spottsylvania, that Lee was taking positions. He hastened to make connection with the other corps. Had he not moved rapidly, Lee would have obtained possession of the fork of the two plank roads, the Stevensburg and the Orange road, which would have been a serious mishap. The Confederate advance was not more than a mile distant when Hancock secured it. No sooner had the pickets been thrown out, than the rattling of musketry commenced all along the line. About four in the afternoon, each commander began to feel the position of the other by advancing brigades on the right, left, and centre. An exchange of a few volleys would seemingly satisfy the parties.

It had been the practice of General Lee to begin and close a day with a grand fusillade. In this battle he adhered to his former tactics, by advancing a heavy force upon our right, and then, when the contest was at its height in that direction, attacked on the left. The rolls of musketry were very heavy and continuous for an hour. There was but little opportunity to charge bayonets. It was a close contest in a thick wood, on land which years ago was turned by the plough, but which, having, by thriftless culture incident to the existence of servile labour, been worn out, now bears the smallest oaks, hazels, sassafras, and briars.

Hostilities ceased at night. Each commander learned enough of the other's operations to make dispositions for the following day. Grant had no alterations to make. Lee had forced him to accept battle there, and he must do the best he could. Longstreet arrived in the night, and was placed against Hancock, on the rebel right, or rather on the right centre, overlapping the Second and coming against a portion of the Ninth Corps, which was assigned to the left centre. Thus these two corps and their two commanders met again in deadly conflict, having fought at the first and second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, and Knoxville.

General Alexander Hays, in the front line, finding that he was outnumbered, sent word to Hancock that he must have reinforcements.

"Tell him," said Hancock to the aid, "that he shall have a fresh brigade in twenty minutes."

Twenty minutes! An age to those who see their comrades falling—their lines growing thinner. Before the time had expired, General Hays was carried back a corpse; but though the brave man had fallen, the troops held their ground.

Night closed over the scene. Everybody knew that the contest would be renewed in the morning. Lee began the attack on the 5th, falling like a thunderbolt on the flank of Grant, but made no impression on the Union lines—not moving them an inch from their chosen positions.

Grant resolved to take the initiative on the morning of the 6th, and orders were accordingly issued for a general attack at daybreak.

Sedgwick was to commence on the right at five o'clock, but Lee saved him the trouble. A. P. Hill forestalled the movement by advancing at half-past four. The enemy's batteries by Parker's store sent a half-dozen shots into the Union lines as a signal for the beginning of the contest. Then came a slight ripple of musketry, then a roll—long, deep, heavy—and the crash—indescribable, fearful to hear, terrible to think of. Fifty thousand muskets were flashing, with occasional cannon-shots, mingled with shouts, cheers, and hurrahs from the Union lines, and yells like the war-whoop of Indians—

wild, savage howls from the depths of the tangled jungle. The sun rises upon a cloudless sky. The air becomes sultry. The blood of the combatants is at fever heat. There are bayonet-charges, surgings to and fro of the opposing lines, a meeting and commingling, like waves of the ocean, sudden upspringings from the underbrush of divisions stealthily advanced. There is a continuous rattle, with intervening rolls deepening into long, heavy swells, the crescendo and the diminuendo of a terrible symphony, rising to thunder-tones, to crash and roar indescribable.

The Ninth Corps during the day was brought between the Fifth and Second. Divisions were moved to the right, to the left, and to the centre, during the two days' fight, but the positions of the corps remained unchanged, and stood as represented in the diagram.

Through all those long hours of conflict there was patient endurance in front of the enemy. There were temporary successes and reverses on both sides. In only a single instance was there permanent advantage to Lee, and that he had not the power to improve. It was at the close of the contest on the 6th. The sun had gone down, and twilight was deepening into night. The wearied men of Ricketts' division of the Sixth Corps, in the front line of battle on the right, had thrown themselves upon the ground. Suddenly there was a rush upon their flank. There was musketry, blinding flashes from cannon, and explosions of shells. The line which had stood firmly through the day gave way, not because it was overpowered, but because it was surprised. General Seymour and a portion of his brigade were taken prisoners. There was a partial panic, which soon subsided. The second line remained firm, the enemy was driven back, and the disaster repaired by swinging the Sixth Corps round to a new position, covered by the reserve artillery.

On the morning of the 7th the pickets reported that Lee had fallen back. Reconnoitring parties said that he was throwing up entrenchments. General Grant had a cigar in his mouth from morning till night. I saw him many times during the day, deeply absorbed in thought. He rode along

the centre, and examined the Confederate lines towards Parker's store. At times a shell or solid shot came from the enemy's batteries through the thick forest growth, but other than this there was but little fighting. Grant determined to make a push for Spottsylvania, and put his army between Lee and Richmond. By noon the trains were in motion, having been preceded by Sheridan with the cavalry, followed by the Ninth Corps, and then the Fifth on a parallel road. But Lee had the shortest line. He was on the alert, and there was a simultaneous movement of the rebel army on a shorter line.

The Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps took the Brock road, while the Ninth, with the trains, moved by Chancellorsville, over the battle-ground of the preceding summer, where the bones of those who fell in that struggle were bleaching unburied in the summer air.

CHAPTER XVII

FROM SPOTTSYLVANIA TO COLD HARBOUR

IT was eleven o'clock at night when, sleeping beneath the pines at Hancock's headquarters, I was awakened by the tramping of horses. Springing to my feet and leaping into the saddle, I rode with Generals Grant and Meade and their staffs at a break-neck speed through the woods, towards Todd's farm, a place of two or three houses and a country store.

Twice during the ride we ran into the rebel pickets, and were compelled to take by-paths through fields and thickets. General Grant rode at a break-neck speed. How exciting! The sudden flashing of rebel muskets in front, the whiz of the minie projectile over our heads, the quick halt and right about face—our horses stumbling over fallen timber and stumps, the clanking of sabres, the clattering of hoofs, the plunge into brambles, the tension of every nerve, the strain upon all the senses, the feeling of relief when we are once more in the road, and then the gallop along the narrow way beneath the dark pines of the forest, till brought to a halt by the sudden challenge from our own sentinel! It is a fast life that one leads at such a time.

"Where are you going?" was the question of a cavalryman as we halted a moment.

"To Spottsylvania."

"I reckon you will have a scrimmage before you get there," said he.

"Why?"

"Well, nothing in particular, except there are forty or fifty thousand rebs in front of you. Sheridan has had a tough time of it, and I reckon there is more work to be done."

We pushed on and reached Todd's at one o'clock on Sunday morning. The roads were full of cavalry, also the fields and



SHERIDAN'S SKIRMISHERS.

woods. Sheridan had been fighting several hours, with Fitz Lee. The wounded were being brought in. Surgeons were at work. In the field, a short distance from the spot, the pickets were still firing shots. The rebels were retiring, and Sheridan's men, having won the field, were throwing themselves upon the ground and dropping off to sleep as unconcernedly as when seeking rest in the calm repose and silence of their far-distant homes.

Fastening our horses to the front-yard fence of Todd's, making a pillow of our saddles, wrenching off the palings for a bed to keep our bones from the ground, wrapping our blankets around us, we were sound asleep in three minutes, undisturbed by the tramping of the passing troops, the jar of the artillery, the rumble of the ammunition wagons, the shouts of the soldiers, the shrieks of the wounded, and groans of the dying.

At sunrise the headquarters of the army were removed to Piney Grove Church. No bell called the worshippers of the parish to its portal on that Sabbath morning, but other tones were vibrating the air. The Fifth Corps had come in collision with the enemy, and while the rear-guard of the Army were firing their last shots in the Wilderness, the cannonade was reopening at Spottsylvania.

The day was intensely hot. I was wearied by the events of the week — the hard riding, the want of sleep, the series of battles — and, instead of riding out to the field, enjoyed luxurious repose beneath the apple-trees, fragrant with blossoms, and listened to the strange Sabbath symphony, the humming of bees, the songs of the birds, the roll of musketry, and the cannonade.

The Second Division, Robinson's, and the Fourth, Cutler's (after the loss of Wadsworth, killed at the Wilderness), were engaged. Baxter's brigade of Robinson's division was thrown forward to ascertain the position of the enemy. Their advance brought on the battle. The Sixth Corps was moved to the left of Warren's on the Piney Church road, and was placed in supporting distance. In this first engagement Robinson was badly wounded in the leg.

The Second Corps having filed through the woods, after a

hot and dusty march, came up behind the Fifth and Sixth. I took a ride along the lines late in the afternoon. The Fifth was moving slowly forward, over undulations and through pine thickets — a long line of men in blue, picking their way now through dense underbrush, in a forest of moaning pines, now stepping over a sluggish stream, with briars, hazel, thorn-bushes, and alders impeding every step, and now emerging into an old field where the thriftless farmers had turned the shallow soil for spring planting.

There had been a lull in the cannonade, but it commenced again. It was, as before, a spirited contest, which lasted half an hour. Warren pressed steadily on and drove the Confederates from their advanced position, forcing them to retire across the creek, but losing several hundred men before he dislodged them.

Reaching an opening in the forest, I came upon Hart's plantation, a collection of negro huts and farm buildings — a lovely spot, where the spring wheat was already rolling in green waves in the passing breeze. Looking south over Po Creek, I could see the Catharpen road lined with horse and footmen, and could hear in the intervals of silence the rumble of wagons. A cloud of dust rose above the forest. Were the rebels retreating, or were they receiving reinforcements? General Grant came down and looked at them. The rebel artillerists near the court-house must have discovered us, for a half-dozen cannon-shot came ringing through the air, plunging into the newly ploughed corn-field and the clover-land, knee-deep with luxuriant grass.

On Monday morning it was found that Lee's whole army was at Spottsylvania; and as our skirmishers were deployed to ascertain the position of the enemy, it was discovered that rebels occupied all the ground in front. General Grant did not at first think Lee would make a *détour* of his whole force from a direct line to Richmond; he thought it must be only detachments of men which had been thrown in his way; but when he discovered what Lee's intentions were, he prepared to accept battle. Word was sent to General Burnside to take position on the extreme left. The Second Corps, which had been in

rear of the Fifth, was swung to the right, while the Sixth was deflected toward the Ninth. While these dispositions were being made, the skirmishing and cannonade were never interrupted for an instant. A pontoon train was sent around to the right, to be used by Hancock. A battery was placed in position at Hart's plantation, and its rifle-shot and shells interrupted the tide of travel on the Catharpen road. Riding down to the front of Hancock's corps, I found Birney, who, with the Third Division, held the extreme right, and had already pushed far over toward the Catharpen road.

Gibbon's division was in the centre, and Barlow's was on the left, occupying, in part, ground which the Fifth had held the night previous. It was nearly night, and the conflict was deepening. The day had been intensely hot, but, as the coolness of evening came on, both parties addressed themselves to the encounter. Barlow marched over undulating pasture-lands, through fringes of forest, into a meadow, across it, and into the dark pines beyond. Taking a favourable stand near a deserted farmhouse, by the Piney Church road, I could see the dark lines move steadily on. Below me, on a hillock, were Hancock and staff directing movements. A half-dozen batteries were in position close by. One, the Third Massachusetts, was sending its shells over the heads of our men into the woods beyond the meadow. Mounting the breastworks, which had been thrown up at this spot, I could see the orchard where the Confederate riflemen were lying. There was the sharp, shrill ringing of the minie bullets whistling through the air, and at times a lurid sheet of flame from a brigade pouring in its volleys. There was the flash, the cloud of dust wherever the ragged iron tore its way, and the deafening report. I gladly availed myself of whatever protection the breastwork afforded, although a solid shot would have passed through the slight embankment as readily as a stone could be hurled through chaff. The chances were as one to several thousand of my being hit, but it is the one chance which makes a person wish he were somewhere else. The Second Corps was smartly assailed, but stood their ground and became assailants in turn, not because they obeyed orders, but from the impulse of the

forest. There was constant skirmishing through the forenoon. General Grant rode along the lines, inspected the position, and issued orders for a general advance at five o'clock; but Lee took the initiative, and through the afternoon the battle raged with exceeding fierceness.

There was nothing at Spottsylvania worthy of contention — no mountain pass or deep-running river had come out to meet him on that spot. Lee had the advantage of position and was able to concentrate his forces. It was about one o'clock when Longstreet began to press Hancock. There was a hot engagement for an hour, principally by Birney's division; but failing to move Birney, an attempt was made to pry open still wider the joint between the Second and Fifth Corps.

The battle was fought in the forest, in the marshes along the Ny, in ravines, in pine thickets densely shaded with the dark evergreens that shut out the rays of the noonday sun, in open fields, where rebel batteries had full sweep and play, with shell, and grape, and canister, from entrenched positions on the hills.

During a lull in the strife I visited the hospitals. Suddenly the battle recommenced in greater fury. The wounded began to come in at a fearful rate. The battle was drawing near. Shells were streaming past the hospitals. There were signs of disaster.

"Are they driving us?" was the eager inquiry of the wounded.

While the storm was at its height, a stalwart soldier, who had just risen from the amputating table, where his left arm, torn to shreds by a cannon-shot, had been severed above the elbow, leaning against the tent-pole, sang the song he often had sung in camp —

"The Union forever! Hurrah, boys! Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!"

His wounded comrades heard it, and joined in the chorus, raising their arms, swinging their caps, and cheering the flag

they loved. It is one of memory's fadeless pictures. Is it a wonder that the recollection of that scene sometimes fills my eyes with tears?

The contest all along the line was terrific. Even now, over all the intervening time and distance, I seem to hear the unceasing rattle and roll of musketry and cannon, the cheer of the combatants, the tramping of horses, the explosion of shells, the shriek of the rifled projectile, the crash through the trees. It goes on hour after hour. The ranks are thinning. The men with stretchers bring in their bleeding burdens, and lay them gently upon the ground.

It is past seven o'clock. The shades of evening are falling. The hillside in front of the Sixth Corps is aflame. While the uproar is wildest there is a cheer, sharper and louder than the din of the conflict. It is not the savage war-cry of the enemy, but a buoyant shout. Into the storm sweeps the Vermont brigade, with bayonets firmly set, leaping over the rebel works, and gathering hundreds of prisoners from Dale's brigade of Confederates. Ewell poured in reinforcements to strengthen his line and regain his lost work, which was stubbornly held by the Second Vermont. Far in advance of the main line lay that regiment, pouring a deadly fire upon the enemy. General Wright (in command after Sedgwick's death) sent to have the regiment withdrawn.

"We don't want to go back! Give us rations and ammunition, and we'll hold it for six months if you want us to," was the reply.

General Wright rode to General Grant. "What shall I do?" he asked.

"Pile in the men and hold it," was the answer.

General Wright returned, but meanwhile a subordinate officer had ordered them to retire. They were loath to give up what they had won so gloriously.

General Rice, commanding a brigade in the Fifth Corps, was wounded, and borne to the rear. The surgeon laid down his knife after removing the shattered limb, and stood beside him to soothe with tender words in the last dread hour which was coming on apace. The sufferer could hear the swelling

tide of battle, the deepening rolls like waves upon the ocean shore. His pain was intense.

"Turn me over," said he, faintly.

"Which way?"

"Let me die with my face to the enemy!"

They were his last words. A short struggle and all was ended. A Christian patriot had finished his work on earth, and was numbered with the heroic dead.

It was nearly eleven o'clock in the evening when I dismounted my horse at the headquarters of General Grant. He was sitting on a camp-chair smoking a cigar. The only other person present was Honorable E. B. Washburne, his most intimate friend, who had been instrumental in obtaining General Grant's appointment as Lieutenant-General. There were times when the commander-in-chief was reticent on all subjects, but there were also times when he gave full expression to his thoughts. I asked if he had anything which I might transmit to the people through the press, which was kindly given in regard to the movements. He said, in addition: "We have had hard fighting to-day, and, I am sorry to say, have not accomplished much. We have lost a good many men, and I suppose I shall be blamed for it." He was silent a moment and added: "I do not know of any way to put down this Rebellion and restore the authority of the Government except by fighting, and fighting means that men must be killed. If the people of this country expect that the war can be conducted to a successful issue in any other way than by fighting, they must get somebody other than myself to command the army." After another silence he detailed the general plan he had formulated for Sherman towards Atlanta; that Banks had been directed to return from the Red River and join General Comby at New Orleans, and together move on Mobile, but the failure of the Red River movement had upset his plans in that direction. General Meade rode up, and courtesy required that I should at once retire.

The following morning saw me again at headquarters ready to accompany Mr. Washburne to Washington, who was to go on important business. We were to have a special steamer

from Aquia Creek. We were sitting on our horses waiting for the despatches.

"Have you any word to send to the President or the Secretary of War?" Mr. Washburne asked.

"I will send a brief note," General Grant replied. A few minutes later he handed Mr. Washburne a letter. Little did we think it contained one sentence that would thrill the hearts of every loyal citizen: "I am now sending back to Belle Plain all my wagons for a fresh supply of provisions, *and I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.*"

Before getting back to the army an important movement had been made by the Second Corps in the night to the farm of Mr. Londron and a charge at what is now known as the "Bloody Angle."

The early dawn of Thursday, the 12th, beheld the Second Corps in motion—not to flank the enemy, but moving, with fixed bayonets, straight on towards his entrenchments. Barlow's and Birney's divisions in columns of battalions, doubled on the centre, to give strength and firmness, led the assault. They move silently through the forest, through the ravine in front of them, up to their own skirmish-line, past it, no longer marching, but running, dashing on with enthusiasm thrilling every nerve. They sweep away the rebel picket-line as if it were a cobweb. On! into the entrenchments, with a hurrah which startles the soldiers of both armies from their morning slumbers. Major-General Johnson and Brigadier-General Stewart, and three thousand men of Ewell's division are taken prisoners, eighteen cannon, and twenty-two standards captured.

It was the work of five minutes—as sudden as the swoop of an eagle. Then the uproar of the day began. The second line of the enemy's works was assaulted; but, exasperated by their losses, the rebels fought fiercely. The Ninth Corps was moved up from the left to support the Second. Longstreet, on the other hand, was brought over to help Ewell. The Fifth and Sixth became partially engaged. There were charges and counter charges. Positions were gained and lost. From morning till night the contest raged on the right, in the

centre, and on the left, swaying to and fro over the undulations, and through the ravines. It was a battle of fourteen hours' duration — in severity, in unflinching determination, in obstinacy, not exceeded by any during the war. Between forty and fifty pieces of artillery were at one time in the hands of General Hancock; but owing to the difficulties of removal, and the efforts of the enemy, he could secure only eighteen. During the day Grant advanced his lines a mile towards the courthouse, and repulsed Lee in all his counter attacks.

During the lull in the strife at Spottsylvania I spent a day in Fredericksburg, visiting the hospitals.

The city was a vast hospital; churches, public buildings, private dwellings, stores, chambers, attics, basements, all were full. There were thousands upon the sidewalk. All day long the ambulances had been arriving from the field. There were but few wounded left at the front, those only whom to remove would be certain death.

A red flag had been flung out at the Sanitary Commission rooms — a white one at the rooms of the Christian Commission. There were three hundred volunteer nurses in attendance. The Sanitary Commission had fourteen wagons bringing supplies from Belle Plain. The Christian Commission had less transportation facilities, but in devotion, in hard work, in patient effort, it was the compeer of its more bountifully supplied neighbour. The nurses were divided into details, some for day service, some for night work. Each State had its Relief Committee.

How patient the brave fellows were! Not a word of complaint, but thanks for the slightest favour. There was a lack of crutches. I saw an old soldier of the California regiment, who fought with the lamented Baker at Ball's Bluff, and who had been in more than twenty battles, hobbling about with the arms of a settee nailed to strips of board. His regiment was on its way home, its three years of service having expired. It was reduced to a score or two of weather-beaten, battle-scarred veterans. The disabled comrade could hardly keep back the tears as he saw them pass down the street. "Few

of us left. The bones of the boys are on every battle-field where the Army of the Potomac has fought," said he.

There was the sound of the pick and spade in the church-yard, a heaving up of new earth, a digging of trenches, not for defence against the enemy, but for the last resting-place of departed heroes. There they lie, each wrapped in his blanket, the last bivouac! For them there is no more war, no charges into the thick, leaden rain-drops, no more hurrahs, no more cheering for the dear old flag! They have fallen, but the victory is theirs,—theirs the roll of eternal honour. Side by side, men from Massachusetts, from Pennsylvania, and from Wisconsin, from all the States, resting in one common grave. Peace to them! Blessings on the dear ones, wives, mothers, children whom they have left behind!

Go into the hospitals; armless, legless men, wounds of every description. Men on the floor, on the hard seats of church-pews, lying in one position all day, unable to move till the nurse, going the rounds, gives them aid. They must wait till their food comes. Some must be fed with a spoon, for they are as helpless as little children.

"Oh, that we could get some straw for the brave fellows!" said the Rev. Mr. Kimball, of the Christian Commission. He had wandered about town, searching for the article.

"There is none to be had. We shall have to send to Washington for it," said the surgeon in charge.

"Straw! I remember two stacks, four miles out on the Spottsylvania road. I saw them last night as I galloped in from the front."

Armed with a requisition from the Provost-Marshal to seize two stacks of straw, with two wagons driven by freed-men, accompanied by four Christian Commission delegates, away we went across the battlefield of December, fording Hazel Run, gaining the heights, and reaching the straw stacks owned by Rev. Mr. Owen, a bitter Secessionist.

"By whose authority do you take my property?"

"The Provost-Marshal, sir."

"Are you going to pay me for it?"

"You must see the Provost-Marshal, sir. If you are a

loyal man, and will take the oath of allegiance, doubtless you will get your pay when we have put down the Rebellion."

"It is pretty hard. My children are just ready to starve. I have nothing for them to eat, and you come to take my property without paying for it."

"Yes, sir, war is hard. You must remember, sir, that there are thousands of wounded men,—your rebel wounded as well as ours. If your children are on the point of starving, those men are on the point of dying. We must have the straw for them. What we don't take to-night we will get in the morning. Meanwhile, sir, if anybody attempts to take it, please say to them that it is for the hospital, and they can't have it."

Thus, with wagons stuffed, we leave Rev. Mr. Owen and return to make glad the hearts of several thousand men. Oh, how they thank us!

"Did you get it for me? God bless you, sir."

It is evening. Thousands of soldiers, just arrived from Washington, have passed through the town to take their places in the front. The hills around are white with innumerable tents.

A band is playing lively airs to cheer the wounded in the hospitals. I have been looking in to see the sufferers. Two or three have gone to their long home. They will need no more attention. A surgeon is at work upon a ghastly wound, taking up the arteries. An attendant is pouring cold water upon a swollen limb. In the Episcopal church a nurse is bolstering up a wounded officer in the area behind the altar.

There are earnest supplications that God will bless them; that they may have patience; that Jesus will pillow their heads upon His breast, relieve their sufferings, soothe their sorrows, wipe away all their tears, heal their wounds; that He will remember the widow and the fatherless, far away, moaning for the loved and lost.

Another hymn,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,"

and the delegates return to their work of mercy.

At Spottsylvania there were constant skirmishing and artillery-firing through the 13th, and a moving of the army from the north to the east of the Court House. A rain storm set in. The roads became heavy, and a contemplated movement—a sudden flank attack—was necessarily abandoned.

There was a severe skirmish on the 14th, incessant picket-firing on the 15th, and on the 16th another engagement all along the line,—not fought with the fierceness of that of the 12th, but lasting through the forenoon, and resulting in the taking of a line of rifle-pits from the enemy.

On Wednesday, the 18th, there was an assault upon Lee's outer line of works. Two lines of rifle-pits were carried; but an impassable abatis prevented farther advance, and after a six hours' struggle the troops were withdrawn.

On the afternoon of the 19th, Ewell gained the rear of Grant's right flank, and came suddenly upon Tyler's division of heavy artillery, armed as infantry, just arrived upon the field. Though surprised, they held the enemy in check, forced him back, and, with aid from the Second Corps, compelled him to retreat, with great loss. The attack was made to cover Lee's withdrawal to the North Anna. His troops were already on the march.

Grant was swift to follow.

It is a two days' march from Spottsylvania to the North Anna. The crossings of the Mattaponi were held by rebel cavalry, which was quickly driven. Then came the gallant crossing of the Fifth Corps at Jericho Ford, the irresistible charge of Birney and Barlow of the Second Corps at Taylor's Bridge, the sweeping in of five hundred prisoners, the severe engagements lasting three days,—all memorable events, worthy of prominence in a full history of the campaign.

The North Anna is a rapid stream, with high banks. East of Taylor's bridge, towards Sexton's Junction, there is an extensive swamp, but westward the country is rolling. It was supposed that Lee would make a stubborn resistance at the crossings, but at Jericho Warren found only a few pickets upon the southern bank. A pontoon was laid and two

divisions sent over; but moving towards the railroad a mile, they encountered Hood's and Pickett's divisions of Ewell's corps. The cannonade was heavy and the musketry sharp, mainly between Cutler's command and Ewell's, lasting till dark.

It is about two miles from Jericho crossing to the railroad, the point for which the right wing was aiming.

"I reckon that our troops didn't expect you to come this way," said Mr. Quarles, a citizen residing on the north bank, with whom I found accommodation for the night.

"I suppose you didn't expect Grant to get this side of the Wilderness?"

"We heard that he was retreating towards Fredericksburg," was the response.

He was the owner of a sawmill. Timber was wanted for the construction of a bridge. His mill was out of repair, but there were men in the Union army accustomed to run sawmills, and an hour was sufficient to put the machinery in order for the manufacture of lumber. It was amusing to see the soldiers lay down their guns, take up the crowbar, roll the logs into the mill, adjust the saw, hoist the gate, and sit upon the log while the saw was cutting its way. The owner of the mill looked on in disgust, as his lumber was thus freely handled.

In the first advance from Jericho bridge, the force was repulsed. The troops of Ewell's command came on with confidence, to drive the retreating troops into the river; but Warren had taken the precaution to place his smooth-bore guns on a hillock, south of the stream, while his rifled pieces were on the north side, in position to give a cross-fire with the smooth-bores. When the Confederates came within reach of this concentrated fire they were almost instantly checked. It was no time to rush on, or to stand still and deliberate; they fled, uncovering the railroad, to which the Sixth advanced, tearing up the track and burning the depot. In the centre, the Ninth Corps had a severe fight, resulting in considerable loss.

It is two miles from Jericho bridge to Carmel Church,

which stands in a beautiful grove of oaks. While the troops were resting beneath the trees, waiting for the order to move, a chaplain entered the church and proposed to hold religious service.

The soldiers manifested their pleasure, kneeled reverently during the prayer, and listened with tearful eyes to the exhortations which followed.

It was inspiring to hear them sing,—

“Come, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.”

At dark on the evening of the 25th of May, I rode along the lines of the Second Corps to take a look at the Confederates. There was a steady fire of artillery. One battery had full sweep of the plain, and the shells were flying merrily. A thunder-storm was rising. The lightning was vivid and incessant. My headquarters for the night were to be with a surgeon attached to the First Division of the Ninth Corps, several miles distant. The dense, black clouds rising in the west made the night intensely dark, except when the lightning-flashes gleamed along the sky. It was a scene of sublime grandeur: heaven's artillery in play,—the heavy peals of thunder mingling with the roar of the battle-field! After an hour's ride, through pine thickets, over old corn-fields, half-blinded by the lightning, I reached the quarters of my friend the surgeon, whose tent was just then being packed into the wagon for a night march to a new position. The storm was close at hand, and together we fled for shelter to a neighbouring cabin. I had barely time to fasten my horse and enter the door before the storm was upon us.

The house was built of logs, chinked with mud, contained two rooms about fifteen feet square, and was occupied by a coloured family.

Others had fled for shelter to the hospitable roof. I found congregated there for the night nine surgeons, three hospital nurses, a delegate of the Christian Commission, two soldiers,

two coloured women, a coloured man, three children. The coloured people had taken their only pig into the house, to save the animal from being killed by the soldiers, and had tied it to the bed-post. Their poultry—half a dozen fowls—was imprisoned under a basket. The rain fell in torrents throughout the night. Finding a place under the table for my head, with my overcoat for a pillow, and thrusting my legs under the bed, which was occupied by three surgeons, I passed the night, and thought myself much more highly favoured than the forty or fifty who came to the door, but only to find a full hotel.

Instead of trying to walk over the obstacle in his path, Grant decided to go round it. Stealing a march upon Lee, he moved suddenly southeast, crossed the Pamunkey at Hanover Town, opened a new base of supplies at White House, forcing Lee to fall back on the Chickahominy.

On Sunday, the 29th, a great cavalry engagement took place at Hawes's shop, west of Hanover Town, in which Sheridan drove the Confederates back upon Bethesda Church. The army came into position on the 30th, its right towards Hanover Court House. Lee was already in position, and during the day there was firing all along the line. All the corps were engaged. The Second Corps by the Shelton House, by a bayonet charge pushed the enemy from the outer line of works which he had thrown up, while the Fifth Corps rolled back, with terrible slaughter, the mass of men which came upon its flank and front at Bethesda Church. At Cold Harbour, the Sixth, joined by the Eighteenth Army Corps, under Major-General W. F. Smith, from Bermuda Hundred, met Longstreet and Breckenridge, and troops from Beauregard. Sheridan had seized this important point,—important because of the junction of the roads,—and held it against cavalry and infantry till the arrival of the Fifth and Eighteenth. The point secured, a new line of battle was formed on the 1st of June. The Ninth held the right of Bethesda Church; the Fifth was south of the church, joining the Eighteenth; the Sixth held the road from Cold Harbour to Gaines's Mills;

while the Second was thrown out on the left, on the road leading to Despatch Station and the Chickahominy.

In the campaign of 1862, Cold Harbour was General McClellan's headquarters while he was on the north bank of the Chickahominy, and Jackson, when he advanced to attack Fitz John Porter, marched down the road over which Grant moved, to that locality. It is a place of one house,—an old tavern standing at a crossing of roads, twelve miles from Richmond. The most direct route to the city runs past Gaines's Mills, where the first of the series of battles was fought before Richmond, in the seven days' contest. Jackson's headquarters were at Cold Harbour during that engagement.

A huge catalpa stands in front of the old tavern, where in the peaceful days of the Old Dominion travellers rested their horses beneath the grateful shade, while they drank their toddy at the tavern bar. Two great battles were fought there by Grant, the first on the evening of the 1st of June, the second on the evening of the 3d.

There is a line of breastworks west of the house, a few rods distant, behind which Russell's division of the Sixth Corps is lying. The road to Despatch Station runs due south; the road to New Cold Harbour southwest, the road to Bethesda Church northwest. In the battle fought on the 1st instant, Neil was east of the road leading to Despatch Station, Russell west of the house, and Ricketts northwest.

Passing toward the right one mile, we come to the house of Daniel Woody, which is in rear of the right of the line of the Eighteenth. It is the headquarters of General Martindale, who commands the right division of the line. Next is Brooks's division in the centre, with Devens on the left, connecting with Ricketts's on the right of the Sixth.

The general position of the two armies in Grant's battles at Cold Harbour is indicated by the accompanying diagram:

There is a clear space west of Woody's house, a corn-field lately planted, but now trodden by the feet of Martindale's men. In front of Brooks there is a gentle swell of land, wooded with pines. On the crest of the hill there is a line of Confederate rifle-pits. In front of Devens the swell is smoothed



to a plain, or rather there is a depression, as if the hillock had been scooped out of the plain. This also is wooded. The belt of timber stretches over the plain, crossing the road to Gaines's Mills, about half a mile from the tavern,—a dark strip of green, twenty or thirty rods in width. Beyond the belt, toward Richmond, is a smooth field, half a mile in width, bounded on the farther edge, under the shadow of another belt of green by the line of Beauregard's breastworks. The line of rebel defence runs diagonally to the road, the distance being less between Ricketts and the work than on the left in front of Neil. This plain is swept by the enemy's cannon and thousands of rifles and muskets.

It was past six o'clock — nearly seven — before the troops were in position to move upon the enemy's works. They marched through the woods, emerged upon the open field. The enemy's batteries opened with redoubled fury, but the line advanced steadily. Devens found the depression in front of him almost a marsh, with trees felled, forming an abatis; but his men passed through, and again came into line. Burnham's brigade, of Brooks's division, containing the Tenth and Thirteenth New Hampshire, Eighth Connecticut, and One

Hundred and Eighteenth New York, charged up the hill in front, and took the rifle-pits above them. Ricketts, having less distance to advance than the other divisions of the Sixth, was soonest in the fight, sweeping all before him. Before the rebels could reload their pieces after the first volley, the bayonets of the advancing columns, gleaming in the light of the setting sun, were at their throats. Half a brigade were taken prisoners, while those in front of Ricketts fled in disorder.

Russell, moving along the road, received an enfilading fire from artillery and musketry. The Confederates having recovered from their panic, held on with stubbornness. The broad plain over which Russell moved was fringed with fire. From dark till past ten o'clock Breckenridge tried in vain to recover what he had lost.

The loss was severe to us in killed and wounded. But it was a victory so signal that a congratulatory order was issued by General Meade to the Sixth Corps.

Lying beneath the ever-moaning pines, with the star-lit heavens for a tent, I listened to the sounds of the battle,—steady, monotonous, like the surf on the beach. An hour's sleep, and still it was rolling in. But all things must have an end. Near midnight it died away, and there was only the chirping of the cricket, the unvarying note of the whippoorwill, and the wind swaying the stately trees around me. Peaceful all around; but ah! beyond those forest belts were the suffering heroes, parched with thirst, fevered with the fight, bleeding for their country.

The battle of the 3d of June was obstinate and bloody, and resulted in great loss to Grant. The artillery firing was constant through the forenoon, but Lee was too strongly entrenched to be driven.

As soon as there was a lull in the roar of battle, I improved the opportunity to visit the hospitals. There were long lines of ambulances bringing in the wounded, who were laid beneath the trees. Unconscious men were upon the tables, helpless in the hands of the surgeons,—to wake from a dreamless sleep with a limb gone, a bleeding stump of a leg or arm. Horrid the gashes where jagged iron had cut through the flesh,

severing arteries and tendons in an instant. Heads, hands, legs, and arms mangled and dripping with blood,—human blood! There were moans, low murmurings, wrenched from the men against their wills. Men were babbling, in their delirium, of other scenes,—dim recollections, which were momentary realities. To be with them and not do for them, to see suffering without power to alleviate, gives painful tension to nerves, even though one may be familiar with the scenes of carnage.

I turned from the scene all but ready to say, “Anything to stay this terrible destruction of human life.” But there were other thoughts,—of retributive justice,—of sighs and groans, scourged backs, broken hearts, partings of mothers from their children,—the coffin train, and the various horrors of the accursed system of slavery, the cause of all this “wounding and hurt.” I remembered that it was a contest between eternal right and infernal wrong; that He who is of infinite love and tenderness, in His war against rebellion, spared not His only begotten Son;—and thus consoled and strengthened, I could wish the contest to go on till victory should crown our efforts, and a permanent peace be the inheritance of our children.

CHAPTER XVIII

GETTING READY FOR A NEW MOVEMENT

THE morning after the disastrous attack at Cold Harbour was hot and sultry. The horses around General Grant's headquarters were restless from the flies, and were stamping their feet. I was sitting near the commander-in-chief, who looked careworn and weary.

"Is that musketry?" he asked.

"No, it is the horses," some one answered.

"I reckon I am demoralised, for I can't tell it from distant musketry. Ever since we reached the Wilderness there has been scarcely an hour in which I have not heard the report of guns. We are all of us tired and the army must have a period of rest."

I passed over to General Meade's tent and was received with a cheerful good-morning. Noticing a map of Virginia spread upon the table, I said, "General Meade, may I make a suggestion?"

"Certainly."

"Thus far, since crossing the Rapidan, the Army has advanced wholly by its left flank; why not make a movement by the right flank?"

"Well, what advantage will you gain by such a movement?"

"You are down to the swamp of the Chickahominy. The ground northwest of Richmond is high, dry, and healthful, and, if reports are correct, the Confederate defences are much less formidable in that direction."

"Yes, that is correct, but how will you supply the army?"

"You will have the railroad to Gordonsville, and that to Fredericksburg and Belle Plain."

"But will it not take a full corps to prevent Lee from destroying them?"

He stopped a moment, then drew his fingers across the map from Cold Harbour to Petersburg and said:

"What would you say to choosing that line of approach instead?"

"I see it, general," I replied, the line of the James, the advantages of water carriage instead of railroad, flashing over me. Putting the remark of General Grant in connection with that significant movement of General Meade's finger, led me to think there would be no movement for several days.

Mounting my horse I hastened to White House, stepped on board a steamer, and made my way to Washington for a few days' rest after the hardships of the campaign. I did not then know that General Grant, before starting from Culpeper, had thought of such a possible contingency; nor did I then know that word had been sent to Washington three days before for the pontoons to be sent to the James.

The march from Spottsylvania to Cold Harbour had been through a section that had not before been visited by Union infantry. The coming of the troops was hailed with joy by the coloured people; with lowering brows by the few old men remaining in the dilapidated farmhouses. No young men were to be seen; they were all in the Confederate Army, or in nameless graves upon the many battle-fields. At the crossing of the Ny I found quarters at a farmhouse owned by a feeble, forceless, gray-bearded, black-eyed man. There was constitutionally a want of starch in his physical organisation. He was free and frank, but shiftless. He owned eighty acres of land, two negroes, an old horse, and a rickety cart. His house was mean, but it was charmingly located, overlooking the broad valley of the Mattaponi, and surrounded by locusts and magnolias. Nature had done a great deal towards making it a paradise, but the owner had been an indifferent steward. Lying upon the grass beneath the trees, I fell into conversation with the proprietor.

"This is Caroline County, I believe."

"Yes, sir, this is old Caroline,—a county which has sold more negroes down south than any other in Virginia."

"I was not aware of that; but I remember now a negro song which I used to hear. The burden of it was,—

"'I wish I was back in old Caroline.'"

"Quite likely, for the great business of the county has been nigger-raising, and it has been our curse. I never owned only old Peter and his wife. I wish I didn't own them, for they are old and I have got to support them; but how in the world I am to do it I don't know, for the soldiers have stripped me of everything."

"Do you mean the Union soldiers?"

"Yes, and ours (rebels) also. First, my boys were conscripted. I kept them out as long as I could, but they were obliged to go. Then they took my horses. Then your cavalry came and took all my corn and stole my meat, and ransacked the house, seized my flour, killed my pigs and chickens, and here I am stripped of everything."

"It is pretty hard, but your leaders would have it so."

"I know it, sir, and we are getting our pay for it."

It was frankly spoken, and was the first admission I had heard from Southern lips that the South was suffering retribution for the crime of Secession. It probably did not enter his head that the selling of slaves, the breaking up of families, the sundering of heart-strings, the cries and tears and prayers of fathers and mothers, the outrages, the whippings, scourgings, branding with hot irons, were also crimes in sight of Heaven. Broken hearts were nothing to him,—not that he was naturally worse than other men, but because slavery had blunted sensibility.

During the march the next day towards the North Anna, I halted at a farmhouse. The owner had fled to Richmond in advance of the army, leaving his overseer, a stout, burly, red-faced, tobacco-chewing man. There were a score of old buildings on the premises. It had been a notable plantation, yielding luxuriant harvests of wheat, but the proprietor had turned his attention to the culture of tobacco and the breeding of

negroes. He sold annually a crop of human beings for the Southern market. The day before our arrival, hearing that the Yankees were coming, he hurried forty or fifty souls to Richmond. He intended to take all, forty or fifty more, but the negroes fled to the woods. The overseer did his best to collect them, but in vain. The proprietor raved, and stormed, and became violent in his language and behaviour, threatening terrible punishment on all the runaways, but the appearance of a body of Union cavalry put an end to maledictions. He had a gang of men and women chained together, and hurried them toward Richmond.

The runaways came out from their hiding-places when they saw the Yankees, and advanced fearlessly, with open countenances. The first pleasure of the negroes was to smile from ear to ear, the second to give everybody a drink of water or a piece of hoe-cake, the third to pack up their bundles and be in readiness to join the army.

"Are you not afraid of us?"

"Afraid! Why, boss, I's been praying for yer to come; and now yer is here, thank de Lord."

"Are you not afraid that we shall sell you?"

"No, boss, I isn't. The overseer said that you would sell us off to Cuba, to work in the sugar mill, but we didn't believe him."

Among the servants was a bright mulatto girl, who was dancing, singing, and manifesting her joy in violent demonstration.

"What makes you so happy?" I asked.

"Because you Yankees have come. I can go home now."

"Is not this your home?"

"No. I come from Williamsport in Maryland."

"When did you come from there?"

"Last year. Master sold me. I spect my brother is 'long with the army. He ran away last year. Master was afraid that I should run away, and he sold me."

The negroes came from all the surrounding plantations. Old men with venerable beards, horny hands, crippled with hard work and harder usage; aged women, toothless, almost

blind, steadying their steps with sticks; little negro boys, driving a team of skeleton steers,—mere bones and tendons covered with hide,—or wall-eyed horses, spavined, foundered, and lame, attached to rickety carts and wagons, piled with beds, tables, chairs, pots and kettles, hens, turkeys, ducks, women with infants in their arms and a sable cloud of children trotting by their side.

"Where are you going?" I said to a short, thick-set, gray-bearded old man, shuffling along the road, his toes bulging from his old boots, and a tattered hat on his head,—his gray wool protruding from the crown.

"I do'no, boss, where I's going, but I reckon I'll go where the army goes."

"And leave your old home, your old master, and the place where you have lived all your days?"

"Yes, boss; master, he's gone. He went to Richmond. Reckon he went mighty sudden, boss, when he heard you was coming. Thought I'd like to go along with you."

His face streamed with perspiration. He had been sorely afflicted with rheumatism, and it was with difficulty that he kept up with the column, but it was not a hard matter to read the emotions of his heart. He was marching towards freedom. Suddenly a light had shined upon him. Hope had quickened in his soul. He had a vague idea of what was before him. He had broken loose from all which he had been accustomed to call his own,—his cabin, a mud-chinked structure, with the ground for a floor, his garden patch,—to go out, in his old age, wholly unprovided for, yet trusting in God that there would be food and raiment on the other side of Jordan.

It was a Jordan to them. It was the Sabbath day,—bright, clear, calm, and delightful. There was a crowd of several hundred coloured people at a deserted farmhouse.

"Will it disturb you if we have a little singing? You see we feel so happy to-day that we would like to praise the Lord."

It was the request of a middle-aged woman.

"Not in the least. I should like to hear you."

In a few moments a crowd had assembled in one of the rooms. A stout young man, black, bright-eyed, thick-wooled, took the centre of the room. The women and girls, dressed in their best clothes, which they put on to make their exodus from bondage in the best possible manner, stood in circles round him. The young man began to dance. He jumped up, clapped his hands, slapped his thighs, whirled round, stamped upon the floor.

"Sisters, let us bless the Lord. Sisters, join in the chorus," he said, and led off with a kind of recitative, improvised as the excitement gave him utterance. From my note-book I select a few lines:

RECITATIVE.

"We are going to the other side of Jordan."

CHORUS.

"So glad! so glad!
Bless the Lord for freedom,
So glad! so glad!
We are going on our way,
So glad! so glad!
To the other side of Jordan,
So glad! so glad!
Sisters, won't you follow?
So glad! so glad!
Brothers, won't you follow?"

And so it went on for a half-hour, without cessation, all dancing, clapping their hands, tossing their heads. It was the ecstasy of action. It was a joy not to be uttered, but demonstrated. The old house partook of their rejoicing. It rang with their jubilant shouts, and shook in all its joints.

I stood an interested spectator. One woman, well-dressed, intelligent, refined in her deportment, modest in her manner, said, "It is one way in which we worship, sir. It is our first day of freedom."

The first day of freedom! Behind her were years of suffering, hardship, unrequited toil, heartaches, darkness, no hope of recompense or of light in this life, but a changeless future. Death, aforesaid, was their only deliverer. For them there

was hope only in the grave. But suddenly Hope had advanced from eternity into time. They need not wait for death; in life they could be free. Is it a wonder that they exhibited extravagant joy?

Apart from the dancers was a woman with light hair, hazel eyes, and fair complexion. She sat upon the board steps of the piazza, and looked out upon the fields, or rather into the air, unmindful of the crowd, the dance, or the shouting. Her features were so nearly of the Anglo-Saxon type that it required a second look to assure one that there was African blood in her veins. She alone of all the crowd was sad in spirit. She evidently had no heart to join in the general jubilee.

"Where did you come from?" I asked.

"From Caroline County."

Almost every one else would have said, "From old Caroline." There was no trace of the negro dialect, more than you hear from all classes in the South, for slavery has left its taint upon the language; it spares nothing, but is remorseless in its corrupting influences.

"You do not join in the song and dance," I said.

"No, sir."

Most of them would have said "master" or "boss."

"I should think you would want to dance on your first night of freedom, if ever."

"I don't dance, sir, in that way."

"Was your master kind to you?"

"Yes, sir; but he sold my husband and children down South."

The secret of her sadness was out.

"Where are you going? or where do you expect to go?"

"I don't know, sir, and I don't care where I go."

The conversation ran on for some minutes. She manifested no animation, and did not once raise her eyes, but kept them fixed on vacancy. Husband and children sold, gone forever, — there was nothing in life to charm her. Even the prospect of freedom, with its undefined joys and pleasures, its soul-

stirring expectations, raising the hopes of those around her, moved her not.

Life was a blank. She had lived in her master's family, and was intelligent. She was the daughter of her master. She was high-toned in her feelings. The dancing and shouting of those around her were distasteful. It was to her more barbaric than Christian. She was alone among them. She felt her degradation. Freedom could not give her a birth-right among the free. The daughter of her master! It was gall and wormwood; and he, her father, had sold her husband, and his grandchildren!

I had read of such things. But one needs to come in contact with slavery, to feel how utterly loathsome and hateful it is. There was the broken-hearted victim, so bruised that not freedom itself, neither the ecstasy of those around her, could awaken an emotion of joy. Hour after hour the festivities went on, but there she sat upon the step, looking down the desolate years gone by, or into a dreamless, hopeless future.

It was late at night before the dancers ceased, and then they stopped, not because of a surfeit of joy, but because the time had come for silence in the camp. It was their first Sabbath of freedom, and like the great king of Israel, upon the recovery of the ark of God, they danced before the Lord with all their might.

We had a hard, dusty ride from the encampment at Monohick to the Pamunkey. It was glorious, however, in the early morning to sweep along the winding forest road, with the headquarters' flag in advance. Wherever its silken folds were unfurled, there the two commanders might be found,—General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, and General Grant; the commander of all the forces of the Union in the field. We passed the long line of troops, crossed the Pamunkey upon the pontoon bridge, rode a mile or two across the verdant intervale, and halted beneath the oaks, magnolias, and buttonwoods of an old Virginia mansion. The edifice was reared a century ago. It was of wood, stately and substantial. How luxurious the surrounding shade; the smooth

lawn, the rolled pathways bordered by box, with moss-roses, honeysuckle, and jessamines scenting the air, and the daisies dotting the greensward! The sweep of open land,—viewing it from the wide portico; the long reach of cultivated grounds; acres of wheat rolling in the breeze, like waves of the ocean; meadow-lands, smooth and fair; distant groves and woodlands,—how magnificent! It was an old estate, inherited by successive generations, by those whose pride it had been to keep the paternal acres in the family name. But the sons had all gone. A daughter was the last heir. She gave her hand, and heart, and the old homestead,—sheep, horses, a great stock of bovines, and a hundred negroes or more,—to her husband. The family name became extinct, and the homestead of seven or eight generations passed into the hands of one bearing another name.

When McClellan was on the Peninsula, the shadow of the war-cloud swept past the place. One or two negroes ran away, but at that time they were not tolerated in camp. The campaign of 1862 left the estate unharmed. But Sheridan's cavalry, followed by the Sixth Corps, in its magnificent march from the North Anna, had suddenly and unexpectedly disturbed the security of the old plantation. There was a rattling fire from carbines, a fierce fight, men wounded and dead, broken fences, trodden fields of wheat and clover; ransacked stables, corn-bins, meat-houses, and a swift disappearing of live stock of every description.

But to go back a little. The proprietor of this estate ardently espoused Secession. His wife was as earnest as he. They hated the North. They loved the institutions and principles of the South. They sold their surplus negroes in the Richmond market. They parted husbands and wives, tore children from the arms of their mothers, and separated them forever. They lived on unrequited labour, and grew rich through the breeding of human flesh for the market.

When the war commenced, the owner of this magnificent estate enlisted in the army and was made a colonel of cavalry. He furnished supplies and kept open house for his comrades in arms; but he fell in a cavalry engagement on the Rappahan-

nock, in October, 1863, leaving a wife and three young children. The advance of the army, its sudden appearance on the Pamunkey, left Mrs. ——— no time to remove her personal estate, or to send her negroes to Richmond for safekeeping.

Fitz-Hugh Lee disputed Sheridan's advance. The fighting began on this estate. Charges by squadrons and regiments were made through the corn-fields. Horses, cattle, hogs, sheep were seized by the cavalymen. The garden, filled with young vegetables, was spoiled. In an hour there was complete desolation. The hundred negroes — cook, steward, chambermaid, house and field hands, old and young — all left their work and followed the army. Mrs. ——— was left to do her own work. The parlours of the stately mansion were taken by the surgeons for a hospital. The change which Mrs. ——— experienced was from affluence to abject poverty, from power to sudden helplessness.

Passing by one of the negro cabins on the estate, I saw a middle-aged coloured woman packing a bundle.

"Are you going to move?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I am going to follow the army."

"What for? Where will you go?"

"I want to go to Washington, to find my husband. He ran away awhile ago, and is at work in Washington."

"Do you think it right, auntie, to leave your mistress, who has taken care of you so long?"

She had been busy with her bundle, but stopped now and stood erect before me, her hands on her hips. Her black eyes flashed.

"Taken care of me! What did she ever do for me? Haven't I been her cook for more than thirty years? Haven't I cooked every meal she ever ate in that house? What has she done for me in return? She has sold my children down South, one after another. She has whipped me when I cried for them. She has treated me like a hog, sir! Yes, sir, like a hog!"

She resumed her work of preparation for leaving. That night she and her remaining children joined the thousands of coloured people who had already taken sudden leave of their masters.

Returning to the mansion to see the wounded, I met Mrs. ——— in the hall. She was tall, robust, dignified. She evidently did not fully realise the great change which had taken place in her affairs. The change was not complete at that moment. The coloured steward was there, hat in hand, obsequious, bowing politely, and obeying all commands. A half-hour before I had seen him in the cook's cabin, making arrangements for leaving the premises, and a half-hour later he was on his way toward freedom.

"I wish I had gone to Richmond," said the lady. "This is terrible, terrible! They have taken all my provisions, all my horses and cattle. My servants are going. What shall I do?" She sank upon the sofa, and for a moment gave way to her feelings.

"You are better off here than you would be there, with the city full of wounded, and scant supplies in the market," I remarked.

"You are right, sir. What could I do with my three little children there? Yet how am I to live here I don't know. When will this terrible war come to an end?"

But enough of this scene. I have introduced it because it is real, and because it is but one of many. There are hundreds of Southern homes where the change has been equally great. Secession is not what they who started it thought it would be. The penalties for crime always come, sooner or later. God's scales are correctly balanced. He makes all things even. For every tear wrung from the slave by injustice, for every broken heart, for the weeping and wailing of mothers for their babes sold to the far-off South, for every wrong there is retribution.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

CHAPTER XIX

FROM COLD HARBOUR TO PETERSBURG

GENERAL GRANT has tried to break Lee's lines at Cold Harbour, and had been repulsed with great loss. The Richmond newspapers were jubilant. "He is floundering in the swamps of Chickahominy. He has reached the graveyard of Yankee armies," said they.

The newspapers opposed to the war and in sympathy with the Rebellion, in the North, made Cold Harbour an occasion for glorifying General McClellan, their candidate for the Presidency.

"Grant is a butcher. He has sacrificed a hundred thousands lives. He acts under Lincoln's orders. Elect McClellan President, and we shall have peace."

The army was dejected, but did not lose heart. It had been repulsed, had lost many brave men, but it had pushed Lee from the Wilderness to Richmond.

The soldiers remembered the failure at Fredericksburg and the retreat from Chancellorsville, and in contrast saw that Grant had pluck. It is a quality of character which soldiers admire. They could also see that there was system in his movements. They sometimes spoke of him as the Grand Flanker. "He'll flank Lee out of Richmond yet; see if he don't," said a soldier.

If Grant had failed to move Lee from his position in a direct attack, Lee also had failed to drive Grant from the junction of the roads at Cold Harbour,—an important point, as, by opening the railroad from White House, he could easily bring up his supplies. His army was intact,—not divided, as McClellan's had been, by the dark and sluggish Chickahominy.

"What will Grant do?" was a question often discussed around the mess-table of brigadiers, colonels, and captains,—by men who were bound to obey all orders, but who, nevertheless, had their own ideas as to the best method of conducting the campaign. The Lieutenant-General had the whole plan of operations settled for him many times. It was amusing to see the strategic points indicated on the maps.

"He can swing in north of the city upon the high lands. The Chickahominy swamps don't extend above Mechanicsville," said one.

"But how will he get supplies?"

"Open the Fredericksburg road. It is open now from Acquia Creek to the Rappahannock."

But Grant, instead of opening the road, determined to break it up completely, also the Virginia Central, which runs to Gordonsville, to prevent Lee from moving upon Washington. Up to this time all of his movements, while they were upon Lee's flank, had not uncovered that city; but now Washington would take care of itself.

The plan of the campaign had been well matured by General Grant before he started from Culpeper. He says:

"My idea from the start had been to beat the enemy north of Richmond, if possible. Then, after destroying his lines of communication north of the James River, to transfer the army to the south side, and besiege Lee in Richmond, or follow him south if he should retreat."

Grant was not willing to sacrifice his men. He resolved to transfer his army south of the James, and cut Lee's communications. Gregg was sent in advance, with the cavalry belonging to the Army of the Potomac, crossing the Chickahominy, and making a rapid movement by the left flank.

Lee evidently did not mistrust Grant's intentions,—judging from the disposition he made of his troops, and the tardiness with which he marched to counteract the movement. The transfer of the Eighteenth Corps from Bermuda Hundred to Cold Harbour undoubtedly had its effect upon Lee's calculations. It was an indication that Grant intended to keep Washington covered.

Hunter at this time was advancing from the West. Sheridan, who had been guarding the road to White House, was withdrawn, and sent with two divisions of his cavalry up the Virginia Central road to Gordonsville, hoping to meet Hunter at Charlottesville; but Hunter had moved on Lynchburg, and the union of the forces was not effected. Sheridan's movement, however, threw dust in the eyes of Lee.

Grant knew that Petersburg was held by a handful of troops,—Wise's Legion. The citizens had been organised into a battalion, but the place could be taken by surprise. Strong earthworks had been thrown up around the city early in the war, but the troops in the city were not sufficient to man them. Grant believed that the place could be seized without difficulty; and taking a steamer at White House went to Bermuda Hundred, held a conference with Butler, who sent Gillmore with thirty-five hundred men across the Appomattox, near the Point of Rocks, to attack the city from the east. At the same time, Kautz's division of cavalry was sent, by a long *détour*, across the Norfolk Railroad, to enter the town from the south. Having made these arrangements, Grant returned to his army, which had been lying behind its entrenchments at Cold Harbour.

Preparations had been quietly making for a rapid march. The Second Corps had been moved down towards the Chickahominy. The Fifth was sent to Despatch Station. Gregg and Torbett, with their divisions of cavalry, were placed at Bottom's Bridge. The enemy's pickets were there on watch. Meanwhile workmen were busily engaged in opening the railroad. Lee must have known that Grant had a new movement under way, the precise nature of which it was difficult to understand.

In military affairs a commander must be resolute and aggressive at times. General Williams was detailed to execute a movement of vital importance. It seems probable that he had little comprehension of the greatness of the work assigned him. He crossed the Appomattox on the evening of the 10th of June, without molestation, marched up within sight of the city spires, discovered a formidable line of breast-

works, and, without making an attack, turned about and retired to Bermuda Hundred.

His force was sufficiently large to hold the city. He could have torn up the railroads to prevent the arrival of troops by rail. The Appomattox River would have protected him from Lee on the north, and there was no body of Confederates near at hand on the south to have molested him before the arrival of reinforcements.

Kautz, on the contrary, after a rapid movement, entered the city from the south, but Gillmore having retreated, could not hold it, and was obliged to retire.

Grant was justly indignant when he heard of the failure. It was a golden opportunity lost. Gillmore was wholly responsible for the failure. Grant once more hurried to Bermuda Hundred, to superintend in a second movement, leaving Meade to conduct the army from Cold Harbour to the James.

The grand movement from the north of Richmond, by which the whole army was placed south of that city, was begun on the 12th, in the evening. Wilson's division of cavalry was thrown across the Chickahominy, and sent to seize Long Bridge in White Oak Swamp. The Fifth Corps followed. The Confederates struck the Fifth Corps in flank, but Crawford repulsed them. The Second Corps followed the Fifth. The Sixth and Ninth crossed at Jones's Bridge, while the fifty miles of wagon trains swung far to the east and crossed the swamp fifteen miles below. Gregg covered the flank of the army with his cavalry, concealing the movement. The men had a hard time, being attacked constantly by the Confederate cavalry and infantry. It was of the utmost importance to Lee to know where Grant intended to strike, whether North of the James, by the Charles City and New Market roads, or across the James at Dutch Gap, joining his forces with Butler's, or whether his movement was directly upon Petersburg.

Lee moved on the inner circle with great caution.

The Eighteenth Corps took water transportation from White House, and arrived at Bermuda Hundred at midnight on

the 14th. Grant was there. He ordered General Smith to proceed at once against Petersburg. If successful in the seizure of that place, Lee would be compelled to leave Richmond. It was in the line of his direct communication with the South. Losing that place, he would have only the Danville road, and Grant would soon deprive him of that. The Appomattox would be Grant's line of defence. Seizing it, Grant could bide his time. He could become a patient watcher, and Lee would be a victim to circumstances.

Grant was quick to see the advantages to be gained. Lee was slower in arriving at a perception of the fatal consequences to himself which would result from the loss of the place; but when awakened to a sense of his danger, acted with great energy. On the other hand, Smith, who was entrusted with the execution of the enterprise, was dilatory in the execution. Birney in part is held responsible for the delay in the execution of the order.

"Push on and capture the place at all hazards! You shall have the whole army to reinforce you," said Grant to Smith. Grant was in such haste to have Smith move, that he did not stop to write the order. He believed that Smith could reach Petersburg before Lee could make his *détour* through Richmond.

A. P. Hill had already been thrown south of Richmond, and was in front of Butler. The scouts up the Appomattox reported the rumbling of heavy trains along the Richmond and Petersburg railroad. Lee was putting his troops into the cars. The dash of Kautz, and the movement of Gillmore up to the entrenchments, and his retirement without an attack, had resulted in the manning of the Petersburg batteries. A brigade had been thrown down towards City Point, five miles from Petersburg. Soon after daylight the cavalry came upon the Confederate pickets, by the City Point railroad, beyond which they found two cannon behind rifle-pits, in the centre of an open field on Bailey's farm.

Hinks's division of the Eighteenth Corps was composed of coloured troops, who had never been under fire. Would they fight? That was the important question. After a recon-

noissance of the position by General Hinks, the troops were formed for an assault. The Confederate cannon opened. The sons of Africa did not flinch, but took their positions with deliberation. They had been slaves; they stood face to face with their former masters, or with their representatives. The flag in front of them waving in the morning breeze was the emblem of oppression; the banner above them was the flag of the free. Would an abject, servile race, kept in chains four thousand years, assert their manhood? Interesting the problem. Their brothers had given the lie to the assertion of the white man, that negroes wouldn't fight, at Wagner and Port Hudson. Would they falter?

The Confederates were on a knoll in the field, and had a clear sweep of all the approaches. The advancing troops must come out from the woods, rush up the slope, and carry it at the point of the bayonet, receiving the tempest of musketry and canister.

Hinks deployed his line. At the word of command the coloured men stepped out from the woods, and stood before the enemy. They gave a volley, and received one in return. Shells crashed through them, but unheeding the storm, with a yell they started up the slope upon the run. They received one charge of canister, one scathing volley of musketry. Seventy of their number went down, but the living hundreds rushed on.

The Confederates did not wait their coming, but fled towards Petersburg, leaving one of the pieces of artillery in the hands of their assailants, who leaped over the works, turned it in a twinkling, but were not able to fire upon the retreating foe fleeing in consternation towards the main line of entrenchment, two miles east of the city.

The coloured troops were wild with joy. They embraced captured cannon with affectionate enthusiasm, patting it as if it were animate, and could appreciate the endearment.

"Every soldier of the coloured division was two inches taller for that achievement," said an officer, describing it. These regiments were the Fifth and Twenty-second United States coloured troops, who deserve honourable mention in history.

Brooks's division now moved up. Martindale was approaching Petersburg by the river road. By noon the whole corps was in front of the main line of works. Martindale was on the right, by the river, Brooks in the centre, Hinks on the left, with Kautz's division of cavalry sweeping down to the Jerusalem road, which enters Petersburg from the southeast.

Smith delayed unaccountably to make the attack. It was a priceless moment. A reconnoissance showed a line of strong works, in which were eighteen pieces of field artillery. The forts were well built, and connected with breastworks, but the rebels had not soldiers enough to man them. The citizens of Petersburg had been called out to hold the town. It is evident that Smith might just as well have accomplished at one o'clock what was achieved at sunset. He was a brave officer, fearless in battle, an engineer of ability, reckless of danger, but failed to see the necessity of impetuous action. The value of time was left out of his calculations.

General Grant thus speaks of Smith's operations:

"General Smith got off as directed, and confronted the enemy's pickets near Petersburg before daylight next morning, but for some reason that I have never been able to satisfactorily understand, did not get ready to assault his main lines until near sundown. Then, with a part of his command only, he made the assault, and carried the lines northeast of Petersburg from the Appomattox River, for a distance of over two and a half miles, capturing fifteen pieces of artillery and three hundred prisoners. This was about 7 P. M."

The main road, leading east from Petersburg, ascends a hill two miles out, upon the top of which stands the house of Mr. Dunn. The house is a few rods south of the road. In front of it is a fort; another south; a third north, and other works, with heavy embankments and deep ditches. The woods in front of the house of Mr. Dunn were cut down in 1862, when McClellan was on the Peninsula, and the trunks of the trees, blackened by fire, are lying there still, forming an abatis. The ground is nearly level, and the Confederate riflemen have a fair view of the entire field. It is three hundred and sixty paces from the forts to the woods, in the edge of which Hinks's

division of coloured troops are lying. The guns in the forts by the house of Mr. Dunn give a direct front fire, while those by the house of Mr. Osborn on the north enfilade the line. Brooks is in position to move upon the batteries by Osborn's house, while Martindale is to advance up the railroad.

The troops were placed in line for the attack not far from one o'clock. They were exposed to the fire of the artillery. Hinks impatiently waited for orders. Two o'clock passed. The shells from the Confederate batteries were doing damage.

"Lie down!" said he to his men. They obeyed, and were somewhat sheltered.

Three o'clock! four o'clock — five — still no orders. Duncan's brigade was lying on both sides of the road, a short distance north of Buffum's house.

At length the word was given. Duncan threw forward a cloud of skirmishers. The Confederates opened with renewed vigour from the batteries; and the infantry, resting their muskets over the breastworks, fired at will and with great accuracy of aim. Men dropped from the advancing ranks. It was of little use to fire in return. "On! push on!" was the order. Hinks and Duncan both entered heartily into the movement. They had chafed all the afternoon at the delay; but had been admiring observers of the conduct of the troops under the fire of shells.

The skirmishers advanced quickly within close range, followed by the main line, moving more slowly over the fallen timber. The skirmishers gave a yell and pushed on, without waiting for the main body. They leaped into the ditches in front of the breastworks, and climbed on their hands and knees up the steep embankments. The Confederates above fired into their faces, and many a brave fellow rolled back dead to the bottom.

The column, perceiving the advance of their comrades, and catching the enthusiasm, broke into a run, rushing upon the forts, sweeping round the curtains, scaling the breastworks, and dashing madly at the enemy, who fled towards Petersburg. Brooks's men at the same moment swarmed over the embankments by Osborn's, while Martindale advanced along the railroad. Fifteen pieces and three hundred men were captured,

taken by the coloured troops, who wheeled the guns instantly upon the enemy, and then, seizing the spades and shovels which the Confederates had left behind, reversed the fortifications and made them a stronghold.

Through the months which followed the coloured troops looked back to this exploit with pride. They were never weary of talking about it — how they advanced, how they leaped over the entrenchments, how the enemy went down the hill upon the run.

Smith had possession of the fortifications at 7 P. M. He ought to have moved on. There were no other works between him and Petersburg. Not a brigade from Lee had reached the city, and the disaster was calculated to demoralise the rebel soldiers. The Second Corps had arrived. Birney, who had the advance of that corps, ought to have been on the ground by mid-afternoon, and Smith had delayed the assault on his account. He expected Birney to appear on his left, and attack by the Jerusalem plank road; but that officer, by taking the wrong road, went several miles out of his way. Had he been in position at the time Smith expected him, the attack would have been made at 3 o'clock instead of at 7.

Smith's delay to follow up the advantage gained was an error. General Grant says:

“Between the line thus captured and Petersburg there were no other works, and there was no evidence that the enemy had reinforced Petersburg with a single brigade from any source. The night was clear — the moon shining brightly — and favourable to further operations. General Hancock, with two divisions of the Second Corps, had reached General Smith just after dark, and offered the service of these troops as he (Smith) might wish, waiving rank to the named commander, who, he naturally supposed, knew best the position of affairs. But instead of taking these troops and pushing on at once into Petersburg, he requested General Hancock to relieve a part of his line in the captured work, which was done before midnight.”

Not till the Confederate outpost on Bailey's farm fell into the hands of the coloured troops did Lee fully comprehend

Grant's movement. Then there were lively movements in the Confederate ranks. All of the railroad cars in Richmond were put upon the road. Brigades were hurried through the streets, piled into the cars, and sent whirling towards Petersburg.

While Lee was watching the Charles City and New Market roads, north of the James, expecting Grant in that direction, Butler sent General Terry, with a portion of the Tenth Corps, on a reconnoissance in front of Bermuda Hundred. Terry encountered the enemy's pickets, drove them in, reached the main line, attacked vigorously, broke through, carrying all before him, and pushed on to the railroad at Port Walthall Junction, cut down the telegraph, and tore up the track.

This was an advantage not expected by Grant, who at once ordered two divisions of the Sixth Corps, under Wright, to report to Butler at Bermuda Hundred; but that officer, instead of moving rapidly, advanced leisurely, and even halted awhile.

Terry was attacked by A. P. Hill and obliged to fall back. Grant had the mortification of learning in the evening that, through the dilatory movements of the troops under Smith and Wright, his plans had failed.

In the counsels of the Almighty the time for final victory had not come. God reigns, but men act freely, nevertheless. There have been numerous instances during the war where great events hung on little things. An interesting chapter might be written of the occasions where the scales were seemingly evenly balanced, and where, to the eye of faith, the breath of the Almighty turned them for the time.

At Bull Run the victory was lost to the Union arms through the mistake of Major Barry. At Pittsburg Landing, if Johnston had attacked from the northwest instead of the southwest — if he had deflected his army a mile — far different, in all human probability, would have been the result of that battle.

Was the arrival of the *Monitor* in Hampton Roads, on that morning after the havoc made by the *Merrimac*, accidental? How providential rather! How singular, if not a providence, that the wind should blow so wildly from the southwest on that night of the withdrawal of the army from Fredericksburg,

wafting the rumbling of Burnside's artillery and the tramp of a hundred thousand men away from the listening ears of the enemy within close musket-shot! Events which turn the scales according to our desires we are inclined to count as special providences; but the disaster at Bull Run; the sitting down of McClellan in the mud at Yorktown; the lost opportunities for moving upon Richmond after Williamsburg and Fair Oaks; also, while the battle was raging at Gaines's Mills and at Glendale; the pusillanimous retreat from Malvern; the inaction at Antietam; Hooker's retreat from Chancellorsville — from Lee, who also was in retreat — are inexplicable events. Meade's waiting at Boonsboro, Lee's escape, Gillmore's unexplained turning back from Petersburg, Wright's halting when everything depended on haste, Smith's delay — all of these are mysterious providences to us, though to the rebels they were at the time plain interpositions of God. God's system is reciprocal; everything has its use, everything is for a purpose. We read blindly, but to reason and faith there can be but one result — the establishment of justice and righteousness between man and man and his Maker. There must be a righting of every wrong, an atonement for every crime.

"The laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed;
And, close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to fate abreast."

It must have been evident to most observers, that, as the war progressed, men were brought to a recognition of God as an overruling power in the mighty conflict. In the first uprising of the people there was pure, intense patriotism. The battle of Bull Run stung the loyal masses of the North, and filled them with a determination to redeem their tarnished honour. The failure of the Peninsula campaigns, the terrible disasters in 1862, crushed and bruised men's spirits. They began to talk of giving freedom to the slave as well as of the restoration of the Union.

"My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery," wrote Lincoln to Horace Greeley,

August 22, 1862, reflecting, doubtless, the feelings of nearly a majority of the people.

Two years passed, and Abraham Lincoln gave utterance to other sentiments in his second inaugural address to the people. Disaster, suffering, a view of Gettysburg battle-field, the consecration of that cemetery as the hallowed resting-place of the patriotic dead, had given him a clear insight of God's truth. Thus spoke he from the steps of the Capitol:

"The Almighty has His own purposes. Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh! If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the war due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that the mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bond-man's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still must it be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

It was the recognition of these principles that made the people patient under the severe afflictions, the disasters, the failures. Fathers and mothers, weeping for their sons slain in battle, said to their hearts, "Be still!" for they saw that God was leading the people, through suffering, to recognise justice and righteousness as the Republic—that thus he was saving the nation from perdition.

The heroism of the coloured soldiers, and their splendid achievements, won the respect of the army. Their patriotism was as sublime, their courage as noble, as that of their whiter-hued comrades boasting Anglo-Saxon blood, nurtured and refined by centuries of civilisation.

On the morning after the battle, an officer, passing through the hospital, came upon a coloured soldier who had lost his left leg.

"Well, my boy, I see that you have lost a leg for glory," said the officer.

"No, sir; I have not lost it for glory, but for the elevation of my race!"

It was a reply worthy of historic record, to be read, through the coming century, by every single son of Africa, and by every man, of whatever lineage or clime, struggling to better his condition.

The negroes manifested their humanity as well as their patriotism.

"While the battle was raging," said General Hinks, "I saw two wounded negroes helping a rebel prisoner, who was more severely wounded, to the rear."

The time will come when men will be rated for what they are worth, when superiority will consist, not in brute force, but in moral qualities. The slaveholders of the South, at the beginning of the war, esteemed themselves superior to the men of the North, and immeasurably above their slaves; but in contrast—to the shame of the slaveholders—stands the massacre at Fort Pillow and the humanity of the coloured soldiers in front of Petersburg.

On the night of the 16th, Burnside arrived with the Ninth Corps. Neill's division of the Sixth also arrived. Burnside attacked, but was repulsed. The lines were reconnoitred, and it was determined to make a second assault.

About half a mile south of the house of Mr. Dunn was the residence of Mr. Shand, held by the enemy. During the cannonade which preceded the assault, a Confederate officer entered the house and sat down to play a piano. Suddenly he found himself sitting on the floor, the stool having been knocked away by a solid shot, without injury to himself.

The house was a large two-story structure, fronting east, painted white, with great chimneys at either end, shaded by buttonwoods and gum-trees, with a peach orchard in rear. Fifty paces from the front door was a narrow ravine, fifteen

or twenty feet deep, with a brook, fed by springs, trickling northward. West of the house, about the same distance, was another brook, the two joining about twenty rods north of the house. A brigade held this tongue of land, with four guns beneath the peach-trees. Their main line of breastworks was along the edge of the ravine east of the house. South, and on higher ground, was a redan, a strong work with two guns, which enfiladed the ravine. Yet General Burnside thought that if he could get his troops into position, unperceived, he could take the tongue of land, which would break the enemy's line and compel them to evacuate the redan. Several attempts had been made by the Second Corps to break the line farther north, but without avail. This movement, if not successful, would be attended with great loss; nevertheless, it was determined to make the assault.

It was past midnight when General Potter led his division of the Ninth down into the ravine. The soldiers threw aside their knapsacks, haversacks, tin plates, and cups, and moved stealthily. Not a word was spoken. The watches of the officers in command had been set to a second. They reached the ravine where the pickets were stationed, and moved south, keeping close under the bank. Above them, not fifteen paces distant, were the Confederate pickets, lying behind a bank of sand.

If their listening ears caught the sound of a movement in the ravine, they gave no alarm, and the troops took their positions undisturbed. The moon was full. Light clouds floated in the sky. Not a sound, save the distant rumble of wagons, or an occasional shot from the pickets, broke the silence of the night. The attacking column was composed of Griffin's and Curtin's brigades — Griffin on the right. He had the Seventeenth Vermont and Eleventh New Hampshire in his front line, and the Ninth New Hampshire and Thirty-second Maine in the second. Curtin had six regiments — the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, and the Forty-fifth and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, in his front line; the Seventh Rhode Island, Twelfth New York, and Fifty-eighth Massachusetts in his second line.

The soldiers were worn with hard marching and constant fighting, and had but just arrived from City Point, yet they took their positions without flinching. The officers gazed at the hands of their watches in the moonlight, and saw them move on to the appointed time — fifteen minutes past three. Twenty paces — a spring up the steep bank would carry the men to the pickets; fifty paces to the muzzles of the enemy's guns.

"All ready!" was whispered from man to man. They rose from the ground erect. Not a gun-lock clicked. The bayonet was to do the work.

"Hurrah!" The lines rise like waves of the sea. There are straggling shots from the pickets, four flashes of light from the cannon by the house, two more from the redan, one volley from the infantry, wildly aimed, doing little damage. On — up to the breastworks! Over them, seizing the guns! A minute has passed. Four guns, six hundred and fifty prisoners, fifteen hundred muskets, and four stands of colours are the trophies. The enemy's line is broken. The great point is gained, compelling Lee to abandon the ground which he has held so tenaciously.

In the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts was a soldier named Edward M. Schneider. When the regiment was formed he was a student in Phillips Academy, Andover. From motives of patriotism, against the wishes of friends, he left the literature of the ancients and the history of the past, to become an actor in the present and to do what he could for future good. His father is the well-known missionary of the American Board at Aintab, Turkey.

On the march from Annapolis, though but seventeen years old, and unaccustomed to hardship, he kept his place in the ranks, from the encampment by the waters of the Chesapeake to the North Anna, where he was slightly wounded. The surgeons sent him to Washington, but of his own accord he returned to his regiment, joining it at Cold Harbour. While preparing for the charge upon the enemy's works, on the 17th instant, he said to the chaplain:

"I intend to be the first one to enter their breastworks."

The brave young soldier tried to make good his words, leading the charge.

He was almost there — not quite; almost near enough to feel the hot flash of the rebel musketry in his face; near enough to be covered with sulphurous clouds from the cannon, when he fell, shot through the body.

He was carried to the hospital, with six hundred and fifty of his division comrades; but lay all night with his wound undressed, waiting his turn without a murmur. The chaplain looked at his wound.

"What do you think of it?"

Seeing that it was mortal, the chaplain was overcome with emotion. He remembered the last injunction of the young soldier's sister: "I commit him to your care."

The young hero interpreted the meaning of the tears — that there was no hope.

"Do not weep," said he; "it is God's will. I wish you to write to my father, and tell him that I have tried to do my duty to my country and to God."

He disposed of his few effects, giving ten dollars to the Christian Commission, twenty dollars to the American Board, and trifles to his friends. Then, in the simplicity of his heart, said:

"I have a good many friends, schoolmates, and companions. They will want to know where I am — how I am getting on. You can let them know that I am gone, and that I die content. And, chaplain, the boys in the regiment — I want you to tell them to stand by the dear old flag! And there is my brother in the navy — write to him and tell him to stand by the flag and cling to the cross of Christ!"

The surgeon examined the wound.

"It is my duty to tell you that you will soon go home," said he.

"Yes, doctor, I am going home. I am not afraid to die. I don't know how the valley will be when I get to it, but it is all bright now."

Then, gathering up his waning strength, he repeated the

verse often sung by the soldiers, who, amid all the whirl and excitement of the camp and battle-field, never forget those whom they have left behind them — mother, sister, father, brother. Calmly, clearly, distinctly he repeated the lines — the chorus of the song:

“Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen,—
Who will care for sister now?”

The night wore away. Death stole on. He suffered intense pain, but not a murmur escaped his lips. Sabbath morning dawned, and with the coming of the light he passed away.

“I die content,” said Wolfe, at Quebec, when told that the French were fleeing.

“Stand up for Jesus,” said Rev. Dudley Tyng, of New York, in his last hours; words which have warmed and moved thousands of Christian hearts.

“Let me die with my face to the enemy,” was the last request of General Rice, Christian, soldier, and patriot, at Spottsylvania; but equally worthy of remembrance are the words of Edward M. Schneider — boy, student, youthful leader of the desperate charge at Petersburg. They are the essence of all that Wolfe and Tyng and Rice uttered in their last moments. His grave is near the roadside, marked by a rude paling. The summer breeze sweeps through the sighing pines above the heaved-up mound. Mournful, yet sweet, the music of the wind-harp — mournful, in that one so young, so full of life and hope and promise, should go so soon; sweet, in that he did his work so nobly. Had he lived a century he could not have completed it more thoroughly or faithfully. His was a short soldier's life, extending only from the peaceful shades of Andover to the entrenchments of Petersburg; but oh, how full!

Will the tree of Liberty prematurely decay, if nourished by such life-giving blood? It is costly, but the fruit is precious. For pain and anguish, waste and desolation, we have such rich recompense as this — such examples of patriotic ardour, heroic

daring, and Christian fortitude, that make men nobler, nations greater, and the world better by their contemplation.

I have stood by the honoured dust of those whose names are great in history, whose deeds and virtues are commemorated in brass and marble, who were venerated while living and mourned when dead; but never have I felt a profounder reverence for departed worth than for this young Christian soldier, uncoffined, unshrouded, wrapped only in his blanket, and sleeping serenely beneath the evergreen pines.

His last words — the messages to his comrades, to his father, and his brother — are worthy to live so long as the flag of our country shall wave or the cross of Christ endure.

“Stand up for the dear old flag and cling to the cross of Christ!” They are the emblems of all our hopes for time and eternity. Short, full, rounded, complete was his life. Triumphant and glorious his death!

Grant determined to assault all along the line on the morning of the 18th, as nearly the entire army had arrived. Lee, however, fell back during the night to a new position nearer the city.

But the attack was made. The Eighteenth, Second, and Sixth Corps gained no advantage; but the Ninth and Fifth drove the rebels across the Norfolk Railroad, and reached the Jerusalem plank road. The position of the besieging army is shown by the accompanying diagram:

On the 21st of June Grant attempted to take the Weldon Railroad with the Second and Sixth Corps, but was opposed by the rebels on Davis's farm, beyond the Jerusalem road, and a battle ensued.

The engagement was renewed the next day. There was a gap in the lines, of which A. P. Hill took advantage, and attacked Barlow's division in flank. A severe struggle followed, in which Gibbon's division lost four guns. The battle was continued on the 23d, but no farther progress was made. The troops had been fighting, marching, or building breast-works for forty-seven days, without interruption. Daily and nightly, from the Rapidan to the Weldon road, they had been in constant action. The troops were exhausted. Grant had

lost seventy thousand. We are not to think of that number as having been killed and wounded, but those who had broken down under the hardships, and were unfit for duty.

The reinforcements which had reached him were inexperienced. Men when physically prostrated are indifferent to commands. Discipline becomes lax. Hundreds of efficient officers had fallen during the campaign. Brigades were commanded by majors, regiments by captains, companies by corporals. The army needed thorough reorganisation. The right of the line was sufficiently near to Petersburg to commence siege operations. Entrenchments were accordingly thrown up and guns mounted, and the army enjoyed comparative rest. But it was a rest under fire, day and night, the Ninth and Eighteenth Corps especially being constantly harassed by the enemy, who were bitterly opposed to the employment of coloured troops. It was systematic hostility — ingrained, revengeful, relentless. They would not recognise or treat them as prisoners of war. Slavery long before had proclaimed that black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect. For them was no mercy; only the fate of their compatriots at Fort Pillow awaited them, if taken in arms against their former masters, though wearing the uniform of the republic which had given them freedom and sent them to battle.

There was a tacit understanding between the soldiers of the Fifth and the enemy in front of them that there should be no picket-firing. They filled their canteens at the same spring, and had friendly conversations. But not so in front of the Ninth, in which thirty were wounded or killed every twenty-four hours. Such was the unnecessary sacrifice of life to this Moloch of our generation! There were those in the army, as well as out of it, who were not willing that the coloured soldier should be recognised as a man.

"The negroes ought not to be allowed to fight," said a Massachusetts captain to me.

"Why not, sir?"

"Because the Confederates hate us for making them soldiers," was the reply; and adding, dubiously, "I don't know

but that the negroes have souls; but I look upon them as a lower order of beings than ourselves."

The old prejudice remained. We were not willing to deal fairly. We asked the negro to help fight our battles, but we were willing to pay him only half a soldier's wages, as if we feared this simple act of justice might be construed as an acknowledgment of his social as well as civil equality.

Through all the weary months of fighting and exposure the wants of the soldiers were greatly relieved by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. The warm-hearted people in the North never ceased their contributions. The machinery of both those excellent organisations was so perfect that the soldiers had quick relief.

The power of any force — moral and religious as well as mechanical — is in proportion to the directness of its application. I recall, in this connection, a hot, dry, sultry day. The sun shone from a brazen sky. The grass and shrubs were scorched, withered, and powdered with dust, which rose in clouds behind every passing wagon. Even the aspens were motionless, and there was not air enough to stir the long, lithe, needles of the pines. The birds of the forest sought the deepest shade, and hushed even their twitter. It was difficult for men in robust health to breathe, and they picked out the coolest places and gave themselves up to the languor of the hour. It required an earnest effort to do anything. Yet through this blazing day men crouched in the trenches from morning till night, or lay in their shallow rifle-pits, watching the enemy — parched, broiled, burned, not daring to raise their heads or lift their hands. To do so was to suffer death or wounds.

The hospital tents, though pitched in the woods, were like ovens, absorbing and holding the heat of the sun, whose rays the branches of the trees but partially excluded. Upon the ground lay the sick and wounded, fevered and sore, with energies exhausted, perspiration oozing from their faces, nerves quivering and trembling, pulses faint and feeble, and life ebbing away. Their beds were pine boughs. They lay as they came from the battle-field, wearing their soiled, torn, and bloody garments, and tantalised by myriads of flies.

The surgeons in charge were kind-hearted and attentive. They used all means in their power to make their patients comfortable. Was this the place where the sick were to regain their health, far from home and friends! With nothing to cheer them, hope was dying out, and despondency setting in; and memory, ever busy, was picturing the dear old home scenes, so painfully in contrast with their dismal present.

It was the Sabbath, and there were many among the suffering thousands who had been accustomed to observe the day as one of worship and rest from toil and care. In imagination they heard the pealing of church-bells, the grand and solemn music of the organ, or the hum of children's voices in the Sabbath school.

There were no clouds to shut out the sun, but the brazen dome of the sky glowed with steady heat. The Christian Commission tent had been besieged all day by soldiers, who wanted onions, pickles, lemons, oranges — anything sour, anything to tempt the taste. A box of oranges had been brought from City Point the night before. It was suggested that they be distributed at once to the sick and wounded. "Certainly, by all means," was the unanimous voice of the Commission. I volunteered to be the distributor.

Go with me through the tents of the sufferers. Some are lying down, with eyes closed, faces pale, and cheeks sunken. The paleness underlies the bronze which the sun has burned upon them. Some are half reclining on their elbows, bolstered by knapsacks, and looking into vacancy — thinking, perhaps, of home and kin, and wondering if they will ever see them again.

Others are reading papers which delegates of the Commission have distributed. Some of the poor fellows have but one leg; others but the stump of a thigh or an arm, with the lightest possible dressing, to keep down the fever. Yesterday those men, in the full tide of life, stood in the trenches confronting the enemy. Now they are shattered wrecks, having, perhaps, wife and children or parents dependent upon them; with no certainty of support for themselves, even, but the small bounty of Government, which they have earned at such fearful sacri-

fice. But their future will be brightened with the proud consciousness of duty done and country saved — the surviving soldier's chief recompense for all the toil and suffering and privation of the camp and field.

As we enter the tent they catch a sight of the golden fruit. There is a commotion. Those half asleep rub their eyes, those partially reclining sit up, those lying with their backs toward us turn over to see what is going on, those so feeble that they cannot move ask what is the matter. They gaze wistfully at our luscious burden. Their eyes gleam, but not one of them asks for an orange. They wait. Through the stern discipline of war they have learned to be patient, to endure, to remain in suspense, to stand still and be torn to pieces. They are true heroes!

"Would you like an orange, sir?"

"Thank you."

It is all he can say. He is lying upon his back. A minie bullet has passed through his body, and he cannot be moved. He has a noble brow, a manly countenance. Tears moisten his eyes and roll down his sunken cheeks as he takes it from my hand.

"It is a gift of the Christian Commission, and I accept your thanks for those who made the contribution."

"Bully for the Christian Commission," shouts a wide-awake, jolly soldier, near by, with an ugly wound in his left arm.

"Thank you," "God bless the Commission," "I say, Bill, aren't they bully?" are the expressions I hear behind me.

In one of the wards I came upon a soldier who had lost his leg the day before. He was lying upon his side; he was robust, healthy, strong and brave. The hours dragged heavily. I stood before him, and yet he did not see me. He was stabbing his knife into a chip, with nervous energy, trying to forget the pain, to bridge over the lonely hours, and shut the gloom out of the future. I touched his elbow; he looked up.

"Would you like an orange?"

"By jingo! that is worth a hundred dollars!"

He grasped it as a drowning man clutches a chip.

"Where did this come from?"

"The Christian Commission had a box arrive last night."

"The Christian Commission? My wife belongs to that. She wrote to me about it last week — that they met to make shirts for the Commission."

"Then you have a wife?"

"Yes, sir, and three children."

His voice faltered. Ah! the soldier never forgets home. He dashed away a tear, took in a long breath, and was strong again.

"Where do you hail from, soldier?"

"From old Massachusetts. I had a snug little home upon the banks of the Connecticut; but I told my wife that I didn't feel just right to stay there, when I was needed out here, and so I came, and here I am. I shall write home and tell Mary about the Christian Commission. I have been wishing all day that I had an orange; I knew it was no use to wish. I didn't suppose there was one in camp; besides, here I am, not able to move a peg. I thank you, sir, for bringing it. I shall tell my wife all about it."

These expressions of gratitude were not indifferent utterances of courtesy, but came from full hearts. Those sun-burned sufferers recognised the religion of Jesus in the gift. The Christian religion, thus exemplified, was not a cold abstraction, but a reality, providing for the health of the body as well as the soul. It was easy to converse with those men concerning their eternal well-being. They could not oppose a Christianity that manifested such regard for their bodily comfort. Such a religion commended itself to their hearts and understandings. Thus the Commission became a great missionary enterprise. Farina, oranges, lemons, onions, pickles, comfort-bags, shirts, towels, given and distributed in the name of Jesus, though designed for the body, gave strength to the soul. To the quickened senses of a wounded soldier, parched with fever, far from home and friends, an onion was a stronger argument for the religion which bestowed it than the subtle reasoning of Renan, and a pickle sharper than the keenest logic of Colenso!

Visiting Washington one day, I passed through several of

the hospitals, and was present when the delegates came to the headquarters of the Commission and narrated their experiences of the day. About fifty were present. Their work was washing and dressing wounds, aiding the sick and wounded in every way possible, distributing reading matter, writing letters for those unable to write, with religious exercises and conversation. No delegate was allowed to give jellies or wines as food, or to hold meetings in any ward, without permission of the surgeon in charge, which usually was granted. It was a rule of the Commission, and not of the Medical Department. The design was to do everything possible for the good of the men, and nothing for their hurt. One delegate said that he found fully one-third of the men in his ward were Christians. They were glad to see him, and rejoiced in their religious reading.

A chaplain asked one of the men if he were a Christian.

"No," he replied, "but I have a sister who wrote to me the other day that she wanted to be one, and I wrote back that I wanted her to be one; and I guess everybody who believes the Bible feels about so. If they ain't good themselves they want their friends to be."

One of the wounded men sitting up in bed was writing a letter home, upon a bit of paper, and the chaplain gave him a full sheet and envelope.

"Are you a Christian Commission man?" he asked.

"Yes," said the chaplain.

"You are a d — good set of fellows."

"Hold on, soldier, not quite so hard."

"I beg your pardon, chaplain, I didn't mean to swear, but, darn it all, I have got into the habit out here in the army, and it comes right out before I think."

"Won't you try to leave it off?"

"Yes, chaplain, I will."

One just returned from the army at Petersburg, said: "I came across a drummer-boy of one of the Massachusetts regiments, a member of the Sabbath school at home, who lost his Bible during the campaign, but he has written the heads of his drum all over with texts of Scripture, from memory. He beats a Gospel drum."

CHAPTER XX

SIEGE OPERATIONS

THE Norfolk Railroad enters Petersburg through a ravine. In the attack upon the enemy's lines, on the 18th of June, the hollow was gained and held by Burnside's troops, their most advanced position being about four hundred feet from the Confederate line.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants, commanding the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, a practical miner, conceived the idea of excavating a tunnel under the works and exploding a mine. He submitted the plan to Burnside, who approved it. General Meade said it could not be done. Major Duane, of the engineers, laughed at the idea. Other officers, of high rank, scouted the project. Colonel Pleasants was fully convinced of its practicability, and set his men to work.

He made application at headquarters for a theodolite to make a triangulation of the distance, but was refused its use. He was obliged to send to Washington to obtain one. No facilities were granted him. He could neither obtain boards, lumber, nor mining-picks. But his regiment, numbering four hundred men, were mostly miners, and he was confident of success. Work was accordingly commenced on the 25th of June, at noon. No wheelbarrows being provided, the men were obliged to make hand-barrows of cracker boxes. But they were at home in the earth, and not easily discouraged by difficulties or want of proper tools to work with, and pushed forward the gallery, which was about four and a half feet high and the same in width, with great zeal. The earth brought out was covered with bushes, to conceal it from the enemy, who, by its fresh appearance, might suspect where the mine was being sunk, as it was known throughout the army that mining operation had been commenced, and the Confederates had heard of

it. The Richmond papers published the news, and it was heralded through the North.

At every discharge of the Confederate artillery there was danger of the caving in of the earth; but Pleasant's daring burrowers crept steadily forward, till the noise overhead, as well as previous measurements, convinced them that they were immediately under the works. The main gallery was five hundred and ten feet in length, beside which were two lateral galleries, one thirty-seven and the other thirty-eight feet in length.

A short distance from the entrance, inside of the Union fortifications, a vertical shaft was sunk, in which a fire was kept constantly burning, to produce ventilation. Eight magazines were placed in the lateral galleries, charged with four tons of powder, strongly tamped, and connected by fuses. The mine was completed on the 23d of July.

Grant planned an assault upon the enemy, independently of the explosion of the mine. He sent two divisions of the Second Corps, with two divisions of Sheridan's cavalry, to the Army of the James, at Deep Bottom, where an attack was made, four guns captured, and the line extended from Deep Bottom to the New Market road. Lee attempted to recover his lost ground, but failed. Grant, in this expedition, employed an immense train of empty baggage-wagons, which, passing in sight of the Confederate pickets, made the movement an enigma to Lee. The soldiers in the fortifications had commenced a counter-mine, but suspended labour.

General Burnside wished that the coloured troops of his division, under General Ferrero, should lead in the assault after the mine was exploded; and the troops were drilled with that special object in view. He believed that they would make a successful charge. They were fresh, had taken but little part in the campaign, and were desirous of emulating the example of their comrades of the Eighteenth Corps. The white troops were worn with hard marching, fighting, and exposure in the trenches in front of Petersburg, where they had been on the watch day and night. The lines were so near that a man could not show his head above the parapet without being shot.

They had acquired the habit of taking their positions by covered approaches, and had lost the resolute confidence and fearlessness manifested at the beginning of the campaigns.

General Meade objected to Burnside's plan.

"I objected," says Meade, "not that I had any reason to believe that the coloured troops would not do their duty as well as the white troops, but that they were a new division, and had never been under fire, had never been tried, and, as this was an operation which I knew beforehand was one requiring the very best troops, I thought it impolitic to trust to a division of whose reliability we had no evidence."

The matter was referred to General Grant, who says:

"General Burnside wanted to put his coloured division in front, and I believe if he had done so it would have been a success. Still I agreed with General Meade in his objections to the plan. General Meade said that if we put the coloured troops in front (we had only one division), and it should prove a failure, it would then be said, probably, that we were shoving those people ahead to get killed, because we did not care anything about them. But that could not be said if we put white troops in front."

General Burnside had three divisions of white troops; as there were reasons for assigning either of the divisions to lead the assault, lots were cast, and the duty fell upon General Ledlie.

Burnside was directed by Meade to form his troops during the night, and be ready to assault at daylight on the 30th. His pioneers were to be equipped to destroy the enemy's abatis. Entrenching tools were provided, so that if successful in breaking the enemy's lines, the position might be quickly secured.

Portions of the Fifth and the Eighteenth Corps were brought up to support the Ninth.

The field artillery was to be harnessed for immediate use. The siege artillery was to open a heavy fire. The Second Corps, at Deep Bottom, was to move to the rear of the Eighteenth, and be ready for any emergency. Sheridan, with the cavalry, was ordered to attack south and east of Petersburg.

The engineers were to have sandbags, gabions, and fascines in readiness. The mine was to be fired at half-past three, and simultaneously with the explosion the assaulting column was to rush into the gap.

"Promptitude, rapidity of execution, and cordial coöperation are essential to success," wrote General Meade, in his concluding orders.

The movements and preparations were completed before three o'clock. The moon was shining brightly, but the rebels made no discovery of the change of position and massing of troops in rear of the Ninth Corps. The heights near the hospitals were covered with teamsters, ambulance drivers, surgeons, and civilians, waiting with intense interest for the expected upheaval.

Half-past three came, and the fuse was lighted. A stream of fire ran quickly along the gallery, but no explosion followed. Had the fuse failed? Lieutenant Douty and Sergeant Reese went boldly in to ascertain, and found the fire had gone out one hundred feet from the entrance. The fuse was relighted, but it was almost five o'clock, and the anxious spectators began to speculate as to the cause of delay.

Grant and Meade were at the front. The troops thought the whole thing a failure, and began to ridicule the Pennsylvania miners.

Fleming's brigade, composed of the Seventh, Eighteenth, and Twenty-second North Carolinas, was asleep over the mine. The pickets only were awake. Pegram's battery was also in the redoubt.

Finally there came a trembling of the earth, then a bursting forth of volcanic flames and rolling up of dense clouds of smoke. A mountain of rubbish rose in the air. Earth, men, planks, timbers, cannon, shot and shell, were hurled upward and outward! The sight was terribly grand. To add to the frightfulness of the eruption and the grandeur of the spectacle, one hundred guns instantly belched forth their thunders. The Confederates were surprised and panic-stricken for the moment, and ran to escape the falling earth and timbers, leaving their artillery silent. A huge gap had been made in the

works, four or five hundred feet in length and twenty feet in depth.

Success depended upon the immediate occupation of the breach. Ten minutes passed before Ledlie moved, and then he only advanced to the crater. The rebels offered no opposition. The important point to be gained and held was a ridge four hundred yards beyond. Ledlie still halted in the excavation. Wilcox and Potter soon followed him, and the three divisions became intermixed, and general confusion prevailed. An hour of precious time was lost. Ledlie made no attempt to move in or out, and Potter and Wilcox could not go forward while he blocked the way.

The enemy gradually recovered from their stupor, and began to fire from the hills, and batteries of artillery were brought up on the right and left to enfilade the crater; but not a cannon-shot was fired by the Confederate artillery till after seven o'clock. The supporting brigades meanwhile were crowding upon those in front. The coloured troops were ordered forward. They also entered the crater, which only added to the confusion.

Potter succeeded in freeing his troops from Ledlie's, and pushed on toward the crest, but, being unsupported, he was obliged to retire, driven back by the canister which the enemy poured into his ranks from the new position they had taken on Cemetery Hill. Eight, nine, ten o'clock passed; their batteries were throwing a concentrated fire of shells and solid shot into the mingled human mass. Mahone's and Ransom's divisions of infantry were hurried to the top of the ridge, and mortars were brought into play, and the crater became a terrible scene of slaughter. Meade, seeing that further attempt to take the ridge would be not only useless, but a waste of life, permitted Burnside to withdraw his troops at discretion. Yet to retire was to run the gauntlet of almost certain death. The space between the abyss and Burnside's breastworks was swept by a cross-fire from the enemy's artillery and infantry. To remain in the crater was sure destruction; to advance was impossible; to retreat the only alternative. Permission was given the troops to retire. By degrees they fled to the rear; but it

was two o'clock in the afternoon before the place was wholly evacuated.

Forty-seven officers and three hundred and seventy-two soldiers were killed, one hundred and twenty-four officers and fifteen hundred and fifty-five soldiers wounded, and nineteen hundred missing; a total loss of over four thousand men, and no substantial advantage gained.

The loss of the Confederates by the explosion was very great, as also by the heavy artillery fire.

The causes of the failure, as decided by the Committee on the Conduct of the War, were: the injudicious formation of the troops assaulting; the halting of Ledlie; lack of proper engineers; and the want of a competent head at the scene of assault.

The reasons why the attack ought to have been successful are thus stated:

"1. The evident surprise of the enemy at the time of the explosion of the mine, and for some time after.

"2. The comparatively small force in the enemy's works.

"3. The ineffective fire of the enemy's artillery and musketry, there being scarcely any for about thirty minutes after the explosion, and our artillery being just the reverse as to time and power.

"4. The fact that our troops were able to get two hundred yards beyond the crater, towards the west, but could not remain there or proceed farther for want of supports."

It was a humiliating, disgraceful failure, which filled the North with mourning. The Confederates manifested their hatred of the coloured troops by shooting some of them even after they had surrendered. The *Richmond Enquirer* said that the assaulting column was led by coloured troops, who rushed on with the cry of "No quarter," but the assertion is not true. The coloured troops were not ordered forward till late in the morning, and then advanced but a few steps beyond the crater. The *Enquirer* of August 1st doubtless gave expression to the sentiments of the Southern people respecting the treatment to be accorded to coloured soldiers. Said that paper:

"Grant's war-cry of 'No quarter,' shouted by his negro soldiers, was returned with interest, we regret to hear not so heavily as it ought to have been, since some negroes were captured instead of being shot. . . . Let every salient we are called upon to defend be a Fort Pillow, and butcher every negro that Grant hurls against our brave troops, and permit them not to soil their hands with the capture of one negro."

It was the opinion of many officers who saw the advance of the coloured division, that, had they been permitted to lead the assault, the crest would have been seized and held. Such is the opinion of the Lieutenant-General, already given.

The onset promised to be successful, but ended in one of the severest disasters of the war, without any compensation worthy of mention.

The ground was thickly strewn with dying and dead. The sun blazed from a cloudless sky, and the heat was intense. The cries of the wounded were heartrending. Officers and men on both sides stopped their ears, and turned away heart-sick at the sight. It was an exhibition of the horrible features of war which, once seen, is forever remembered.

The operation of Grant upon the enemy's lines of communication was beginning to be felt in Richmond. Wilson and Kautz on the Danville and Weldon roads, Sheridan on the Virginia Central, and Hunter in the vicinity of Lynchburg, altogether had caused an interruption of communication which advanced the prices of produce in the markets of that city.

It is amusing to read the papers published during the summer of 1864. All of Grant's movements from the Rapidan to Petersburg were retreats. Lee, in his despatches to Jeff Davis from the Wilderness, said that Grant was retreating towards Fredericksburg. It happened, however, that Lee found Grant attacking his lines at Spottsylvania on the following morning. "The enemy is falling back from Spottsylvania," said the *Examiner*, when Grant moved to the North Anna.

"Grant is floundering in the swamp of the Chickahominy; he has reached McClellan's graveyard," said the rebel press, when he was at Cold Harbour.

"Grant's attitude before Petersburg is that of a baffled, if not a ruined man," said the Richmond *Enquirer*.

"We can stand such a siege as Grant thinks he has established, for twenty years to come," was the language of the Petersburg *Express*.

Another number of the *Enquirer*, commenting upon the Richmond markets, revealed more clearly the truth.

"The extortion *now* practised upon the people," said the *Enquirer* of June 30th, "in every department of necessary supply, is frightful. It is a pitiable sight to see the families of this city swarming in the markets for food, and subjected to the merciless exactions of this unrestrained avarice."

The fortunes of the Confederacy were becoming desperate. Sherman had advanced from Chattanooga, driving Johnston to Atlanta. The removal of Johnston, and the appointment of an officer in his stead who would fight the Yankees, was demanded. Jefferson Davis heeded the cry, removed Johnston, and appointed Hood to succeed him. The *Enquirer* was jubilant. Said that sheet:

"There must be an end of retreating, and the risk of defeat must be encountered, or victory can never be won. The rule of Cunctator must have an end, for the rashness of Scipio can only end this war. If General Johnston has been relieved, the country will accept this action of the President as a determination henceforth to accept the risk of battle, as involving the fate and fixing the destiny of the Confederacy. To go forward and to fight is now the motto of our armies, and since Johnston would not advance, Hood has no other alternative, for his appointment has but one meaning, and that is to give battle to the foe. . . . Grant is hopelessly crippled at Petersburg, and Lee has but a few days ago thundered his artillery in the corporate limits of Washington City. Grant, while apparently advancing, has been really retreating, and this day is in a position from which he can advance no farther, and from which his retreat is only a question of time. Grant is exhausting the malice of disappointment and the chagrin of defeat in bombarding Petersburg; but Sherman, unless defeated by Hood, must march into Atlanta. The movements of Gen-

eral Lee have so weakened the army of Grant, that it is more an object of pity than of fear."

Early in the campaign Grant, seeing the necessity of keeping the ranks of the Army of the Potomac full, had ordered the Nineteenth Corps, then on the Mississippi, to take transports for the James. His policy was concentration combined with activity. His foresight and prudence in this matter were of inestimable value, as will be seen in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XXI

INVASION OF MARYLAND

THE time for which many of the soldiers had enlisted was expiring. President Lincoln had ordered a draft, to fill up the ranks. Men who had opposed the war at the beginning were saying that the South never could be conquered. Mr. Lincoln had been renominated for President. General McClellan was also a candidate. Those who supported General McClellan said that if he were elected there would soon be peace. The soldiers who had served three years were almost wholly in favour of the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln. They were for carrying on the war till the old flag should wave once more over all the seceded States, and they showed their patriotism by reënlisting—bidding good-by to father and mother, and going back once more to the army, ready to give their lives to their country.

The armies of the Union in Virginia, in the West, beyond the Mississippi, and along the Gulf were controlled by General Grant. The chess-board was continental in its dimensions, but everything upon it seemed within reach of his hand. He had two armies under his immediate direction—the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James. He was in constant communication with Sherman at Atlanta, and his orders reached the forces a thousand miles distant on the Mississippi! The details were left to the commanders of the various armies, but all important schemes were submitted to him for approval. But his best plans sometimes miscarried, from the neglect or inability of his subordinates to carry them into execution. Before starting from the Rapidan, General Grant ordered Hunter, who had succeeded to the command of Sigel in the Shenandoah, to proceed up the valley to Staunton and Gordonsville. When Grant was on the North Anna,

he advised that officer to move on Charlottesville and Lynchburg, live on the country as he marched, and destroy the railroads, and, if possible, the James River Canal. Accomplishing that, he was to return to Gordonsville, and there join Grant. Hunter advanced. Sheridan was sent with the cavalry, while Grant was at Cold Harbour, to aid him. Sheridan broke up the Virginia Central Railroad, moved to Gordonsville, but hearing nothing of Hunter returned to White House, and rejoined Grant at Petersburg.

Hunter moved up the valley. At the same time Generals Crook and Averill, leaving western Virginia, met Hunter near Staunton, where they had a battle with the Confederates under General Jones, who was killed, and his force routed, with a loss of three guns and fifteen hundred prisoners.

Hunter, instead of approaching Lynchburg by Gordonsville and Charlottesville, took the road leading through Lexington and thus missed Sheridan.

He reached Lynchburg on the 16th of June, at the same time that Grant was moving from Cold Harbour to the James. Lee, seeing the danger which threatened him at the back door of the Confederate capital, threw reinforcements into Lynchburg, and Hunter was obliged to retreat, being far from his base, and having but a limited supply of ammunition. Having advanced upon Lynchburg from the west, instead of from the north, he was obliged to retreat in the same direction, through western Virginia, a country well-nigh barren of supplies. This left the Shenandoah open. There was no force to oppose the Confederates who were at Lynchburg. The decision of Hunter to go forward by Lexington instead of by Gordonsville disarranged Grant's plans, who did not direct him to move by Charlottesville. His letter to Halleck, of the 25th of May, reads: "If Hunter can possibly get to Charlottesville and Lynchburg, he should do so, living on the country. The railroad and canals should be destroyed beyond the possibility of repair for weeks. Completing this, he could find his way back to his original base, or from Gordonsville join this army." No mention was made of his advancing by Lexington; but taking that route, and being compelled to retreat by

the Great Kanawha, gave Lee an opportunity to strike a blow at Washington. He was active to improve it, but Grant was quick to discover his intentions.

Ewell was sick, and Early was appointed to command the rebel troops in the Valley. Breckenridge was sent up from Richmond. The troops took cars and moved up the Lynchburg road to Gordonsville. Early found himself at the head of twenty-five or thirty thousand men. Mosby, with his band of guerrillas, was scouring the Valley and western Virginia. He reported a clear coast towards Washington, but that Sigel was at Martinsburg.

Early passed rapidly down the Valley, drove Sigel across the Potomac, and followed him to Hagerstown. The people of western Maryland and southern Pennsylvania, who had already received two unpleasant visits from the rebels, fled in haste towards Baltimore and Harrisburg. The panic was widespread, Extravagant stories were told of the force of the enemy; Lee's whole army was advancing; he had outgeneralled Grant; he had sixty thousand men across the Potomac; Washington and Baltimore were to be captured. All of which was received with exceeding coolness by the Lieutenant-General in command at City Point, who detached the Sixth Corps, ordering Rickett's division to Baltimore and the other two divisions to Washington. The Nineteenth Corps, which had arrived at Fortress Monroe, was despatched to Washington.

The news was startling. Leaving the army at Petersburg, I hastened to City Point, to proceed to Washington. There was no commotion at General Grant's headquarters. The chief quartermaster was looking over his reports. The clerks were at their regular work. There were numerous transports in the stream, but no indications of the embarkation of troops. General Grant was out, walking leisurely about, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, smoking his cigar so quietly and apparently unconcerned, that, had it not been for the three stars on his shoulders, a stranger would have passed him without a thought of his being the man who was playing the deepest game of war in modern times. The members of his military family were not in the least excited. Calling on

Colonel Bowers, Grant's adjutant-general, I found him attending to the daily routine.

"They are having a little scare at Washington and in the North. It will do them good," said he.

"How large a force is it supposed the rebels have in Maryland?"

"Somewhere about twenty-five thousand — possibly thirty. Breckenridge has gone, with his command. Early has raked and scraped all the troops possible which were outside of Richmond. Mosby is with him, and the irregular bands of the upper Potomac, and the troops which met Hunter at Lynchburg. It will not affect operations here. Lee undoubtedly expected to send Grant post-haste to Washington; but the siege will go on."

On the wall of his room was a map of the Southern States, showing by coloured lines the various gauges of all the railroads. Grant came in, looked at it, said "Good-morning," and went out for another stroll about the grounds, thinking all the while.

On board our boat was a lively company, principally composed of the soldiers of the Massachusetts Sixteenth, who had served three years, and were on their way home. They were in the Peninsular campaigns. Their commander, Colonel Wyman, was killed at Glendale, where they held the ground when McCall's line was swept away. His fugitives ran through Hooker's and Sumner's lines, but the men of the Sixteenth stood firm in their places, till the drift had passed by, and moved forward to meet the exultant enemy, pouring in such a fire that the Confederate column became a mob, and fled in haste towards Richmond. They were in Grover's brigade at the second battle of Manassas. There have been few bayonet-charges pushed with such power as theirs in that battle. The rebels were on Milroy's left flank, which was bending like a bruised reed before their advance, when Grover moved to the attack.

"We stood in three lines," said a wounded officer of the Second Louisiana, a prisoner at Warrenton, two months after that battle. "They fell upon us like a thunderbolt. They paid

no attention to our volleys. We mowed them down, but they went right through our first line, then through our second, and advanced to the railroad embankment, and there we stopped them. They did it so splendidly that we couldn't help cheering them. It made me feel bad to fire on such brave fellows."

They were reduced to a squad. Their comrades were lying on nearly all the battle-fields of Virginia.

"We have had a pretty rough time of it, and I am glad we are through; but I wouldn't mind having another crack at the Johnnies round Washington," said a soldier, lying on the deck, with his knapsack for a pillow.

The whole regiment was ready to volunteer for the defence of Washington.

The cannoneers of the Twelfth New York battery were of the company. They were in Wilson's raid, had lost their guns, and felt sore. Even when their loss is owing to no fault on the part of the artillerists, they usually feel that it is humiliating. They give pet names to the dogs of war; and when a good shot has been made, affectionately pat their brazen lips.

There were members of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, taking care of the sick and wounded; also a family of refugees from Prince George County, on the way to Maryland, to find a new home till the war was over.

The time for which many of the soldiers had enlisted was expiring, and they were returning home. The new regiments recruited under the draft ordered by the Government had not arrived to take their places, or, if arriving, were inexperienced and undisciplined, and could not be relied on for aggressive operations. It was this changing of troops that prevented General Grant from making extended movements. His plan of the general campaign, east and west, was not comprehended by the public, for the public did not know how far-reaching it was. He believed that the army under Sherman would work its way into the heart of the Confederate States; that Sherman's movement would prevent the Confederate Government from sending large bodies to reinforce Lee; that if he could hold Lee at Petersburg, the time would come when he could take

the aggressive once more, and win the final victory. He was not concerned for the safety of Washington, but, deeming it best to be on the safe side, detached the Sixth Corps, under General Wright, to go down the James and up the Potomac to hold Early in check.

Early was making the most of his opportunity. His cavalry moved at will, with no force to oppose them.

They divided into small bodies and overran the country from Frederick to Williamsport, destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, burning canal-boats, seizing horses, cattle, and supplies from the farmers, ransacking houses as thoroughly as the soldiers of the Union had done in Virginia.

The first invasion of Maryland, in 1862, was a political as well as a military movement. It was supposed by the rebel leaders that the State was ready to join the Confederacy, that the people were held in subjection by a military despotism. "My Maryland" was then the popular song of the South, sung in camp, on the march, and in parlours and concert-halls.

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple-door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That wept o'er gallant Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!"

When Jackson's corps crossed the Potomac, his troops sang it with enthusiastic demonstrations, tossing up their caps. They came as liberators. Jackson's orders were strict against pillage. All property taken was to be paid for in Confederate notes — at that time esteemed by the rebels to be as good as greenbacks, though not very acceptable to the Marylanders. It was an invasion for conciliation. The troops respected the orders, and, aside from the loss of a few horses, the people of Maryland were well treated in that campaign. But in the second invasion, when Lee passed into Pennsylvania, no favour was shown to Maryland. Houses, stores, public and private

buildings alike, were sacked and burned. The soldiers foraged at will, and the one who could secure the most clothing or food was the best fellow. In this third and last invasion, officers and soldiers pillaged indiscriminately.

"Pay me twenty thousand dollars or I will burn your town," said Early to the citizens of Hagerstown, who advanced the money or its equivalent.

General Lew Wallace was in command at Baltimore. He sent what troops he could collect to the Monocacy, where he was joined by Rickett's division of the Sixth Corps. Wallace formed his line across the railroad and awaited Early's advance. With the exception of Rickett's division, Wallace's troops were men enlisted for one hundred days, also heavy artillerymen taken from the Baltimore fortifications, invalids from the hospitals, and volunteers, numbering about nine thousand. The rebels forded the stream, and began the attack. They were held in check several hours.

It was a brave and stubborn resistance which the troops under Wallace made, but they were vastly outnumbered. The loss was about twelve hundred. The determined stand, the knowledge that he was confronted by a portion of the Army of the Potomac made Early cautious. Had he pushed on with the energy that had characterised his advance to that point, it seems probable that he might have made his way into Washington. Wallace showed excellent judgment in fighting this battle of Monocacy against a vastly superior force. At the most he could only hope to delay the Confederate advance.

His defeat, and the stories of the magnitude of the rebel force, put Baltimore and Washington in great excitement. The battle at Monocacy was fought on Saturday. On Sunday morning the church-bells in Baltimore were rung, and the citizens, instead of attending worship, made haste to prepare for the enemy. Alarming reports reached that city from Westminster, Reisterstown, and Cockeysville, that the rebels were in possession of those places. Couriers dashed into Washington from Rockville, only twelve miles distant, crying that the rebels were advancing upon the capital. On Monday morning they were near Havre-de-Grace, at Gunpowder River,

where they burned the bridge, cut the telegraph, captured trains, and robbed passengers, entirely severing Baltimore and Washington from the loyal North. Only five miles from Washington, they burned the house of Governor Bradford, and pillaged Montgomery Blair's. Government employees were under arms, and troops were hastening out on the roads leading north and west, when I arrived in Washington. Loud cheers greeted Wright's two divisions of the Sixth Corps, and still louder shouts the veterans of the Nineteenth Corps, from the Mississippi, as they marched through the city. It was amusing and instructive to watch the rapid change in men's countenances. When disaster threatens, men are silent; the danger past, the tongue is loosened.

On Tuesday, July 12th, the Confederate sharpshooters were in front of Fort Stevens, a short distance out from Washington. President Lincoln rode out to that fortification. General Wright had much difficulty in preventing him from exposing himself. He stood looking over the parapet unmindful of the bullets singing now and then through the air from the Confederate sharpshooters; not till an officer was wounded did he seem to realise his imprudence. His presence thrilled the veterans, who, knowing that the President was there, made quick work in driving Early from his position. The Confederate Commander says:

"My rapid marching had broken down my men, who were weakened by previous exposure. My force was reduced to about eight thousand muskets. Not more than one-half of my men could have been carried into action."

This was written after his retreat, and may be regarded as a special plea in justification of his retreat. He had a conference with his subordinate officers — Breckenridge, Rodes, Gordon, and Ramseur. He could not bear to give up the project so dear to him — the capture of Washington, jointly of President Lincoln. If he could but accomplish it, he would revive the failing fortunes of the Confederacy. During the night he received word from General Bradly Johnston from near Baltimore, that two corps of the Army of the Potomac had arrived, and that the whole of Grant's army would soon be there.

When day dawned he saw the fortifications alive with troops. He could see the unfinished dome of the Capitol, could hear the church-bells toll the hours. The prize he so much coveted was so near and yet so far away! Instead of rushing upon the fortifications, the newly arrived Union troops were advancing to drive him into the Potomac. He saw that he must hasten away, and retreated to Virginia with an immense amount of plunder taken from the people of Maryland.

While the Confederates were helping themselves to horses and cattle, north of the Potomac, the property of slaveholders throughout the South, where the Union troops advanced, came of its own accord into the camp, to become soldiers, or, if not carrying muskets, using the shovel and pickax in building fortifications, serving as deck-hands on steamboats. Through the coloured people General Grant in Virginia, General Sherman before Atlanta, the War Department in Washington received reliable information. The cavalry soldiers ranging the country as scouts could obtain far more trustworthy information than from the white people. The sympathisers of the negroes were all with the Union troops and with "Massa Linkum," who had given them their freedom. At night, while their masters were asleep, the negroes were wide-awake, communicating information from cabin to cabin. They offered no violence to their masters or mistresses; stayed on the plantation till the soldiers under the Stars and Stripes were within reach, and then, without bidding their masters good-by, started for the Union lines—no longer to be turned back, by orders of General Halleck and other commanders, but heartily welcomed. In Washington there was a great encampment of coloured people—refugees, who were fed by the Government. From the former slaves of the Confederates the Union Army was filling up its ranks, preparing for the final struggle. The young negroes, fed by the Government, having nothing to do, enjoyed a continuous holiday.

The problem, as to what should be done with them, was difficult of solution. The philanthropic sentiment of the country was appealed to, and scores of teachers came from Northern homes to gather the rollicking young negroes into schools, preparing them for future citizenship.

CHAPTER XXII

AFFAIRS IN THE WEST

THE Army under General Sherman was fighting its way towards Atlanta. At the beginning of that campaign the Confederates held a very strong position at Tunnel Hill and Buzzard's Roost, but General Sherman, by a flank movement, compelled Johnston to retreat to Resaca. The Confederates stood on the defensive, but were compelled to take new positions till they were forced back to Atlanta. The inability of Johnston to hold his ground against Sherman angered the Southern people. The newspapers demanded his removal and the appointment of a commander who would strike a blow against Sherman. Jefferson Davis disliked Johnston on personal grounds, and appointed General Hood to the command.

General Hood was a brave, bold, energetic commander, who had led his troops in many battles. He had opposed Johnston's policy of falling back. A spy brought information to General Sherman of Hood's appointment to succeed Johnston. General Sherman comprehended the meaning of the change of Confederate commanders, that instead of attacking he might expect to be attacked. Hood was a believer in what was called the Stonewall Jackson method of attack, to march with a portion of his army and strike a blow in one direction, then turn and give a second blow somewhere else.

On the afternoon of July 19th, leaving a portion of his army to hold the breastworks and fortifications around Atlanta, Hood marched with the larger part of his army to attack the troops under Major-General Thomas. He had expected to drive Thomas from his position, but when night came was compelled to fall back behind his entrenchments, having lost more than four thousand men. Three days later Hood suffered a second defeat, and the Union troops gained

a position east of Atlanta, from whence they could throw shells into the town. General Hood next day made a roundabout march, gained the rear of the troops commanded by General McPherson, and made a vigorous attack. The battle raged all day, resulting in the defeat of Hood. The Union loss was about thirty-five hundred, while the Confederate loss was nearly ten thousand, one of the most disastrous during the war. The Union general, McPherson, one of the ablest officers in the service, was killed. General Sherman keenly felt his loss.

The siege of Atlanta began. General Sherman had no intention of assaulting the Confederate works made strong by gangs of slaves and by the Confederate troops. General Hood having suffered so severely, had no inclination to attack Sherman. The Union army rested while the engineers were building a bridge across the Chattahoochee River. That done, General Sherman was ready for a new movement. He sent his cavalry to destroy the railroads east of Atlanta. He had approached the town from the north and east, in order to destroy the Confederate communication with Richmond. He determined to place the army southwest of the town. He wanted to do several things—to be near the railroad that brought his supplies from Nashville; to be in position to cut off Hood's supplies; to compel Hood to evacuate the town.

General Stoneman, commanding Sherman's cavalry, proposed that a portion of the cavalry under General McCook should be detailed to destroy the railroads south of Atlanta, while he, himself, with another body, should make a forced march to Andersonville, one hundred and ten miles south, and relieve the thirty-three thousand prisoners who were being starved to death in that horrible prison. General Sherman consented to the plan. It was an error of judgment. Stoneman had five thousand men, McCook four thousand. United they would have been a formidable force, able to cope with any Confederate force likely to be sent against them; divided Stoneman was too weak to accomplish his purpose. Instead of stopping to destroy railroad tracks, a forced march should have been made. Stoneman reached the river opposite Macon,

found himself confronted by Confederates, and fell back when he should have acted with great vigour. The Confederates were gathering around him. A portion of his troops cut their way out, but he himself with more than seven hundred men were taken prisoners.

General Sherman, on July 29th, moved southwest of Atlanta. Hood thought it a good time to make an attack. The result was a defeat with a loss of more than four thousand. Hood sent his cavalry under General Wheeler into Tennessee to destroy Sherman's railroad connections. Some damage was done, but the roads were soon repaired.

Sherman, seeing that his own cavalry could not permanently cripple Hood's connections, determined to make a movement of his infantry. He sent the Twentieth Corps northward to protect his trains. The Confederates thought that Sherman was retreating. Hood concluded that Wheeler was creating such havoc in Sherman's rear that he was obliged to retreat. He did not mistrust that the larger part of the army was on its way to Jonesborough, south of Atlanta. When the movement was discovered he hurried a portion of his troops there. His army was widely scattered, while Sherman's, with the exception of the Twentieth Corps, was compact. After a battle Sherman was in possession of the railroad at Jonesborough, and Hood, on September 1st, was compelled to evacuate Atlanta.

While Sherman was making this movement, Admiral Farragut with his fleet made his way past the forts at the entrance to Mobile Bay, engaged and defeated the Confederate warships. The Confederates still held the city of Mobile, so that General Conley in command of the land forces could not advance and coöperate with Sherman. Having secured Atlanta, General Sherman allowed his army to rest, while he prepared for a second movement. People at the North thought he would move toward Mobile.

On the Confederate side Jefferson Davis hastened from Richmond to Georgia to confer with Hood. Together they planned a campaign which they confidently believed would compel Sherman to give up all he had gained and hasten

northward to Kentucky. Hood was to make a *détour* to the west, gain Sherman's rear, destroy the railroad leading to Nashville. That accomplished, Sherman would be under the necessity of turning back, to keep his army from starving.

"Your feet," said Davis, to the soldiers, "shall press the soil of Tennessee within thirty days. The retreat of Sherman from Atlanta shall be like Napoleon's from Moscow."

As Hood's army had been driven all the way from Dalton to Jonesborough, this place is one of the most remarkable in military history. It hardly comes within the scope of military criticism, but belongs rather to the comic page. Then came the spectacle of Sherman's preparing to cut loose from his base of supplies, while Hood was preparing to make his northward march.

Sherman had already contemplated a movement to Savannah, and had opened correspondence with Grant.

"Until we can repopulate Georgia it is useless to occupy it; but the utter destruction of its roads, houses, and people will cripple their military resources. By attempting to hold the roads we will lose a thousand men monthly, and will gain no result. I can make the march and make Georgia howl. . . . Hood may turn into Tennessee and Kentucky, but I believe he will be forced to follow me. Instead of being on the defensive, I would be on the offensive. Instead of guessing at what he means, he would have to guess at my plans. The difference in war is fully twenty-five per cent. I can make Savannah, Charleston, or the mouth of the Chattahoochee, and prefer to march through Georgia, smashing things to the sea."

Grant authorised the movement. Hood was preparing to move north.

Sherman's right wing, commanded by Howard, was composed of Osterhaus's Fifteenth Corps and the Seventeenth, under Blair; Slocum had his left wing, containing the Fourteenth Corps under Jeff. C. Davis, and the Twentieth with Williams.

The Twentieth was consolidated from the Eleventh and

Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, which had fought at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

Sherman sent his last despatch to Washington on the 11th of November. On the 17th, the day on which Sherman left Atlanta, Hood crossed the Tennessee River, to make the movement which was to compel Sherman to evacuate Georgia!

Sherman's southward march was a surprise to the rebels. They affected joy, and predicted his destruction.

Said the *Augusta Constitutionalist*:

"The hand of God is in it. The blow, if we can give it as it should be given, may end the war. We urge our friends in the track of the advance to remove forage and provisions, horses, mules, and negroes, and stock, and burn the balance. Let the invader find the desolation he would leave behind him staring him in the face. . . . Cut trees across all roads in front of the enemy, burn the bridges, remove everything possible in time, and, before the enemy arrives, burn and destroy what cannot be removed,—leave nothing on which he can subsist; and hide the millstones and machinery of the mills. . . . The Russians destroyed the grand army of Napoleon, of five hundred thousand men, by destroying their country, by the fulness of fire applied to their own cities, houses, and granaries. Let Georgians imitate their unselfishness and love of country for a few weeks, and the army of Sherman will have the fate of the army of Napoleon."

Said the *Savannah News*.

"We have only to arouse our whole arms-bearing people, hover on his front, his flanks, and rear, remove from his reach or destroy everything that will subsist man or beast, retard his progress by every means in our power, and, when the proper time comes, fall upon him with the relentless vengeance of an insulted and outraged people, and there need be no doubt of the result."

"If it be true," said the *Examiner* of Richmond, "that Sherman is now attempting this prodigious design, we may safely predict that his march will lead him to the Paradise

of Fools, and that his magnificent scheme will hereafter be reckoned

“‘With all the good deeds that never were done.’”

On September 22d, General Hood began his march. General Forrest with a large body of Confederate cavalry suddenly appeared at Athens, Alabama, capturing twelve hundred Union troops and destroying the railroad. Sherman sent a portion of his troops to hold Chattanooga. Leaving the Twentieth Corps to hold Atlanta, he marched back to Marietta. Hood sent five thousand men to capture Allatoona Pass. The Union troops — nineteen hundred — held it. General French, commanding the Confederates, sent a flag with a letter to General Corse, the Union commander.

“I have placed the forces under my command in such position that you are surrounded, and, to avoid a needless effusion of blood, I call on you to surrender your forces at once and unconditionally. Five minutes will be allowed you to decide; should you accede to this you will be treated in the most honourable manner as prisoners of war.”

I was not at Allatoona, but with the Army of the Potomac at the time; but I had made the acquaintance of General Corse at Shiloh and Corinth. There was not a man in the army braver than he. Five minutes was ample time for him to deliberate as to what answer he should give.

“Your communication,” he wrote, “demanding the surrender of my command, I acknowledge the receipt of, and respectfully reply that we are prepared for the ‘needless effusion of blood’ whenever it is agreeable to you.”

Before the white flag got back to his lines, General French began his advance. It was early in the morning. General Sherman was twenty miles away on the top of Kenesaw Mountain. Looking northward he could see columns of smoke curling above the forest along the line of the railroad leading to Allatoona, from bridges set on fire by the Confederates. He could see through his glass the Confederates advancing to attack General Corse upon the hill-top at Allatoona Pass.

From morning till three o'clock in the afternoon the battle

raged, the Confederates especially desiring to capture the immense amount of stores Sherman had accumulated at that point. The signal officer telegraphed through the air over the heads of the Confederates a message informing Corse that he would soon have reinforcements. Corse replied that he had lost a cheek-bone and one of his ears, but was able to whip the enemy.

The Confederates, hearing that reinforcements were advancing, which would place them between two fires, made a hasty retreat, having suffered severe loss. The Confederates greatly damaged the railroad, but in a few days the cars were again running.

General Sherman saw that it would be a very difficult matter for him to keep open communication with Nashville, his base of supplies. He believed he could cut loose from them, abandon Atlanta and all that section of country, and march to Savannah, destroying all the railroads on the way, and thus cripple the operations of the Confederates. He would leave General Thomas with sufficient troops to hold Nashville. He sent this outline of his plan to General Grant at Petersburg:

"I propose that we break up the railroad from Chattanooga, and that we strike with our wagons for Milledgeville, Millers, and Savannah. By attempting to hold the roads, we shall lose one thousand men each month and will gain no results. I can make the march and make Georgia howl."

The plan was so bold that President Lincoln doubted if it would be successful. General Grant asked by telegraph if it would not be advisable first to destroy Hood's army. Sherman replied that no single army could catch Hood. Grant thereupon gave him authority to carry out his plan.

All material collected at Savannah was sent to Nashville. Hood's spies informed him that Sherman evidently was getting ready to retire to that point. Beauregard was sent west by Jefferson Davis to command the department, while Hood made his northward march. Neither of them had any suspicion as to what Sherman really intended to do. Not till the bridge across the Chattahoochee was burned and the rail-

road torn up by Sherman's soldiers to prevent Hood from using it, not till Sherman was ready to leave Atlanta, did the Confederate commander comprehend what Sherman was doing.

There were three conditions to the plan: the first that a sufficient force should be concentrated in Tennessee to confront Hood; the second, that Grant should prevent Lee from stealing away from Petersburg to fall upon Sherman; and third, that supplies should be sent to the fleet off Savannah for the army upon its arrival.

On Nov. 12th, the army, sixty-two thousand, having sixty-five cannon and rations, marched out of Atlanta.

General Sherman was methodical in all his movements. He selected the roads upon which the columns were to move. Every morning at seven o'clock the march must begin and fifteen miles must be made before the soldiers could kindle their bivouac fires. Behind each regiment was to be one baggage wagon and one ambulance. All the sick and feeble had been sent to Tennessee; he started with only able-bodied men. Each brigade commander must detail men to collect provisions from the plantations. In all, there were twenty-five hundred wagons, but so distributed that they would not impede the troops.

Not till Sherman was moving out of Atlanta did Beauregard comprehend what was going on. He issued a proclamation, "Arm for the defence of your native soil. Obstruct and destroy all the roads, and Sherman's army will soon starve," he said.

The Confederate Secretary of War sent telegrams to citizens asking everybody to seize their guns, burn all bridges, remove their cattle and negroes, assail the invaders in front, flank, and rear, night and day, give Sherman no rest. It was a small matter to send a telegram, but quite different to organise an army to oppose sixty thousand resolute, disciplined men, who had pushed Johnston from near Chattanooga to Atlanta and defeated Hood in several battles. The Legislature passed an act ordering every man able to bear arms to turn out. The newspapers said that Sherman was making a movement which

would ensure the destruction of his army. On the other hand, the Union soldiers swung their hats and hurraed as they cut loose from Atlanta.

Sherman had pontoons made of canvas, light and serviceable, which could be packed in small space, by which he could quickly lay bridges and cross the rivers. The divisions of his army marched on parallel roads, cutting a swath fifty miles wide, obtaining provisions for the entire force, living on the best the country afforded. The Legislature was in session at Milledgeville, but left suddenly for their homes, barely escaping the Union cavalry. The Union troops entered the capital, organised themselves into a legislature, voted Georgia back into the Union, made patriotic speeches, hurraed for President Lincoln and General Sherman. There was constant skirmishing between the Union and Confederate cavalry, but no pitched battle. Some of the brigades were detailed to march along the railroads. Laying down their guns and ranging themselves along the track, the soldiers lifted it from the ground and pitched great sections of it down the embankment. They kindled great fires, laid the rails across the burning ties, which at a red heat could be easily twisted out of shape. Bridges were burned, and hundreds of miles of railroad rendered unserviceable. The slaves upon the plantations welcomed the army, and flocked by the thousand to Sherman's lines, welcoming the troops as their friends.

Not till Sherman crossed the Ogeechee River could the Confederates comprehend whether he was intending to make for Savannah, Port Royal, or Charleston. When they saw that the movement was towards Savannah, all available troops were hurried to the defence of that city. Instead of advancing directly upon the entrenchments, he sent Hazen's division to attack Fort McAllister. Getting possession of that fortification he would be in communication with the Union warships.

In 1863 I had witnessed the engagement between the monitors and the fort. Through the months it had frowned defiance to the Union fleet. The Confederates had placed a strong abatis around it, but the troops crawled through the

tangled branches of the fallen trees, charged upon the fort, and in a very few minutes planted the Stars and Stripes upon the parapet.

Obtaining heavy guns from the fleet, he placed them in position to open fire upon the Confederate fortification. General Hardee seeing that he could not hope to hold the city, laid a bridge across the Savannah River, and evacuated the place. With flying colours and the bands playing, the army entered the city. It was a brief despatch which Sherman sent to President Lincoln, December 28th:

"I beg to present you as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

CHAPTER XXIII

SCENES IN SAVANNAH

WHEN the Union army entered Savannah the people were on the verge of starvation. General Sherman, seeing the destitution, made an appeal to the people of the North to send a supply of food. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were quick to respond. In Boston thirty thousand dollars were contributed in four days, a steamer chartered, loaded, and despatched on its errand of mercy. The occasion being so unusual, I deemed it worth while to visit Savannah, to be an eye-witness to the reception of the timely and munificent gift.

The employment of the Steamer *Greyhound* on such a mission added to the interest. She was a captured blockade-runner, built at Greenock, Scotland, in 1863, purposely to run the blockade. She made one trip into Wilmington, and was seized while attempting to escape from that port. In every timber, plank, rivet, and brace was England's hatred of the North, support of the South, and cupidity for themselves; but now she carried peace and good-will, not only to the people of Savannah, but to men of every clime and lineage, race and nation. The *Greyhound*, speeding her way, was a type and symbol of the American Republic, freighted with the world's best hopes, and sailing proudly forward to the future centuries.

Among the passengers on board at the time of her capture was Miss Belle Boyd, of notoriety as a spy,—bold, venturesome, and dashing, unscrupulous, bitter in her hatred of the Yankees, regardless of truth or honour, if she could but serve the rebels. She was of great service to them in the Shenandoah. Being within the Union lines, she obtained informa-

tion which on several occasions enabled Jackson to make those sudden dashes which gave him his early fame.

It was nearly dark on Saturday evening, January 14th, when the *Greyhound* discharged her pilot off Boston Light. The weather was thick, the wind southeast, but during the night it changed to the northwest and blew a gale. The cold was intense. Sunday morning found us in Holmes's Hole, covered with ice. At noon the gale abated, and we ran swiftly across the Vineyard Sound, shaping our course for Hatteras. Off Charleston we passed through the blockading fleet, which was gayly decorated in honour of the taking of Fort Fisher. The rebel flag was floating defiantly over Sumter. On Thursday evening we dropped anchor off Port Royal, where a half-day was lost in obtaining permission from the custom-house to proceed to Savannah. The obstructions in Savannah River made it necessary to enter Warsaw Sound and go up Wilmington River. With a coloured pilot,—the only one obtainable, recommended by the harbour-master of Hilton Head,—the *Greyhound* put to sea once more, ran down the coast, and on Sunday morning entered the Sound. Our pilot professed to know all the crooks and turns of the river, but suddenly we found ourselves fast on a mud-bank. It was ebb-tide, and the incoming flood floated us again. Then the engines refused to work, the pumps having become foul, and the anchor was dropped just in season to save the steamer from drifting broadside upon a sand-bar. It was ten miles to Thunderbolt Battery. The captain of a pilot-boat was kind enough to send Messrs. Briggs and Baldwin, of the committee of the citizens of Boston in charge of the supplies, Mr. Glidden, of the firm owning the *Greyhound*, and the writer, up to that point. Our course was up a winding creek bordered by gum-trees and beautiful with semi-tropical verdure. We landed, and stood where the rebels had made sad havoc of what was once a pleasant village. Some Iowa soldiers, on seediest horses and sorriest mules, were riding round, on a frolic. Shiftless, long-haired, red-eyed men and women, lounging about, dressed in coarsest homespun, stared at us. A score of horses and mules were in sight, and here

were collected old carts, wagons, and carriages which Sherman's boys had brought from the interior.

"We want to get a horse and wagon to take us to Savannah," said one of the party to a little old man, standing at the door of a house.

"Wal, I reckon ye can take any one of these yere," he said, pointing to the horses and mules. Such animals! Ring-boned, spavined, knock-kneed, wall-eyed, sore-backed,—mere hides and bones, some of them too weak to stand, others unable to lie down on account of stiff joints.

"How far is it to Savannah?" we asked of the residents of the village.

"Three miles," said one.

"Two miles and a half, I reckon," said a second.

"Three miles and three-quarters," was the estimate of a third person.

A woman dressed in plaid petticoat, a snuff-coloured linsey-woolsey tunic, with a tawny countenance, black hair, and flashing black eyes, smoking a pipe, said: "I'll tell yer how fur it be. Savannah be a frying-pan and Thunderbolt be the handle, and I live on the end on it. It be four miles long, zactly."

Two coloured soldiers rode up, both on one horse, with "55" on their caps.

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"The Fifty-fifth Massachusetts."

Their camp was a mile or so up-river. A steamboat captain, who wished to communicate with the quartermaster, came up-stream in his boat and kindly offered to take us to the Fifty-fifth. It began to rain, and we landed near a fine old mansion surrounded by live-oaks, their gnarled branches draped with festoons of moss, where we thought to find accommodations for the night; but no one answered our ringing. The doors were open, the windows smashed in; marble mantels of elaborate workmanship, marred and defaced; the walls written over with doggerel. There were bunks in the parlours, broken crockery, old boots,—*débris* everywhere.

The committee took possession of the premises and made

themselves at home before a roaring fire, while the writer went out on a reconnoissance, bringing back the intelligence that the camp of the Fifty-fifth was a mile farther up the river. It was dark when we reached the hospitable shanty of Lieutenant-Colonel Fox, who, in the absence of Colonel Hartwell, was commanding the regiment, which had been there but twenty-four hours. The soldiers had no tents.

One of the committee rode into Savannah, through a drenching rain, to report to General Grover. The night came on thick and dark. The rain was pouring in torrents. Colonel Fox, with great kindness, offered to escort us to a house near by, where we could find shelter. We splashed through the mud, holding on to each other's coat-tails, going over boots in muddy water, tumbling over logs, losing our way, being scratched by brambles, falling into ditches, bringing up against trees, halting at length against a fence,—following which we reached the house. The owner had fled, and the occupant had moved in because it was a free country and the place was inviting. He had no bed for us, but quickly kindled a fire in one of the chambers, and spread some quilts upon the floor. "I haven't much wood, but I reckon I can pick up something that will make a fire," said he. Then came the pitch-pine staves of a rice cask; then a bedstead, a broken chair, a wooden flowerpot.

The morning dawned bright and clear. General Grover sent out horses for us, and so we reached the city, after many vexatious delays and rough experiences.

The people in Savannah generally were ready to live once more in the Union. The fire of Secession had died out. There was not much sourness,—less even than I saw at Memphis, when that city fell into our hands, less than was manifest in Louisville at the beginning of the war.

At a meeting of the citizens, resolutions expressive of gratitude for the charity bestowed by Boston, New York and Philadelphia were passed, also of a desire for future fellowship and amity.

A store at the corner of Bay and Barnard Streets was taken for a depot, the city canvassed, and a registry made of all

who were in want. I passed a morning among the people who came for food. The air was keen. Ice had formed in the gutters, and some of the jolly young negroes, who had provided themselves with old shoes and boots from the campgrounds of Sherman's soldiers, were enjoying the luxurious pastime of a slide on the ice. The barefooted cuddled under the sunny side of the buildings. There was a motley crowd. Hundreds of both sexes, all ages, sizes, complexion, and costumes; gray-haired old men of Anglo-Saxon blood, with bags, bottles, and baskets; coloured patriarchs, who had been in bondage many years, suddenly made freemen; well-dressed women, wearing crape for their husbands and sons who had fallen while fighting against the old flag, stood patiently waiting their turn to enter the building, where through the open doors they could see barrels of flour, pork, beans, and piles of bacon, hogsheads of sugar, molasses, and vinegar. There were women with tattered dresses,—old silks and satins, years before in fashion, and laid aside as useless, but which now had become valuable, through destitution.

There were women in linsey-woolsey, in negro and gunny cloth, in garments made from meal-bags, and men in Confederate gray and butternut brown; a boy with a crimson plush jacket, made from the upholstering of a sofa; men in short jackets, and little boys in long ones; the cast-off clothes of soldiers; the rags which had been picked up in the streets, and exhumed from garrets; boots and shoes down at the heel, open at the instep, and gaping at the toes; old bonnets of every description, some with white and crimson feathers, and ribbons once bright and flaunting; hats of every style worn by both sexes, palm-leaf, felt, straw, old and battered and well ventilated. One without a crown was worn by a man with red hair, suggestive of a chimney on fire, and flaming out at the top! It was the ragman's jubilee of charity.

One of the tickets issued by the city authorities, in the hand of a woman waiting her turn at the counter, read thus:

"CITY STORE.

MARY MORRELL.

12 lbs. Flour.
7 " Bacon.
2 " Salt.
2 qts. Vinegar."

Andersonville, Belle Isle, Libby Prison, Millen, and Salisbury will forever stand in suggestive contrast to this City Store in Savannah, furnished by the free-will offering of the loyal people of the North.

"At Libby," reads the report of the United States Sanitary Committee, "a process of slow starvation was carried on. The corn bread was of the roughest and coarsest description. Portions of the cob and husk were often found grated in with the meal. The crust was so thick and hard that the prisoners called it 'iron-clad.' To render the bread eatable they grated it, and made mush of it; but the crust they could not grate. Now and then, after long intervals, often of many weeks, a little meat was given them, perhaps two or three mouthfuls. At a later period they received a pint of black peas, with some vinegar, every week; the peas were often full of worms, or maggots in a chrysalis state, which, when they made soup, floated on the surface. . . . But the most unaccountable and shameful act of all was yet to come. Shortly after this general diminution of rations, in the month of January, the boxes (sent by friends in the North to the prisoners), which before had been regularly delivered, and in good order, were withheld. No reason was given. Three hundred arrived every week, and were received by Colonel Ould, Commissioner of Exchange; but instead of being distributed, they were retained and piled up in warehouses near by, in full sight of the tantalised and hungry captives."

While these supplies were being distributed to the people of Savannah, thirty thousand Union prisoners in the hands of the rebels in southwestern Georgia were starving to death.

The treatment of the Union prisoners at Andersonville, where there are nearly thirteen thousand white headstones

marking the graves of the dead, will ever be a stain upon those who directed affairs in the Confederacy.

In contrast, the Confederate prisoners in the North received, invariably, the same rations, in quality and quantity, given to the Union soldiers in the field, with ample clothing, fuel, and shelter. So unexceptional was their treatment, that since the war a Southern writer, desirous of removing the load of infamy resting upon the South, has advertised for statements of unkind treatment in Northern prisons!

Of the treatment of Union soldiers in the Southern prisons the United States Sanitary Commission says:

"The prisoners were almost invariably robbed of everything valuable in their possession; sometimes on the field, at the instant of capture, sometimes by the prison authorities, in a quasi-official way, with the promise of return when exchanged or paroled, but which promise was never fulfilled. This robbery amounted often to a stripping of the person of even necessary clothing. Blankets and overcoats were almost always taken, and sometimes other articles; in which case damaged ones were returned in their stead. This preliminary over, the captives were taken to prison."

The prison at Andersonville was established January, 1864, and was used a little more than a year. It was in the form of a quadrangle, 1,295 feet long, 865 feet wide. A small stream, rising from neighbouring springs, flowed through the grounds. Within the enclosure, seventeen feet from the stockade, the dead-line was established, marked by small posts, to which a slight strip of board was nailed. Upon the inner stockade were fifty-two sentry-boxes, in which the guards stood, with loaded muskets; while overlooking the enclosure were several forts, with field artillery in position, to pour grape and canister upon the perishing men at the first sign of insurrection.

Miss Clara Barton, the heroic and tender-hearted woman who, in the employ of Government, visited this charnel-house to identify graves of the victims, thus reports:

"Under the most favourable circumstances and best possible management the supply of water would have been in-

sufficient for half the number of persons who had to use it. The existing arrangements must have aggravated the evil to the utmost extent. The sole establishments for cooking and baking were placed on the bank of the stream immediately above and between the two inner lines of the palisades. The grease and refuse from them were found adhering to the banks at the time of our visit. The guards, to the number of three thousand six hundred, were principally encamped on the upper part of the stream, and when the heavy rains washed down the hillsides covered with thirty thousand human beings, and the outlet below failed to discharge the flood which backed and filled the valley, the water must have become so foul and loathsome that every statement I have seen of its offensiveness must fall short of the reality; and yet within rifle-shot of the prison flowed a stream, fifteen feet wide and three feet deep, of pure, delicious water. Had the prison been placed so as to include a section of 'Sweet Water Creek,' the inmates might have drank and bathed to their hearts' content."

The prisoners had no shelter from the fierce sun of summer, the pelting autumn rains, or the cold of winter, except a few tattered tents. Thousands were destitute of blankets. For refuge they dug burrows in the ground.

Miss Barton says:

"The little caves are scooped out and arched in the form of ovens, floored, ceiled, and strengthened, so far as the owners had means, with sticks and pieces of board, and some of them are provided with fire-places and chimneys. It would seem that there were cases, during the long rains, where the house would become the grave of its owner, by falling upon him in the night. . . . During thirteen long months they knew neither shelter nor protection from the changeable skies above, nor the pitiless, unfeeling earth beneath. . . .

"Think of thirty thousand men penned by close stockade upon twenty-six acres of ground, from which every tree and shrub had been uprooted for fuel to cook their scanty food, huddled like cattle, without shelter or blanket, half clad and hungry, with the dewy night setting in after a day of autumn rain. The hilltop would not hold them all, the val-

ley was filled by the swollen brook. Seventeen feet from the stockade ran the fatal dead-line, beyond which no man might step and live. What did they do? I need not ask where did they go, for on the face of the whole earth there was no place but this for them. But where did they place themselves? How did they live? Ay! how did they die?"

Twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety graves are numbered on the neighbouring hillside,—the starved and murdered of thirteen months,—one thousand per month, thirty-three per day! Davis, Lee, Seddon, and Breckenridge may not have issued orders to starve the prisoners; but if cognisant of any inhumanity, it was in the power of Davis to stop it, and, of Lee, as commander-in-chief of the army, as also of Seddon, and after him Breckenridge, Secretaries of War. An order from either of these officials would have secured humane treatment.

The future historian will not overlook the fact that General Lee, if not issuing direct orders for the starvation of Union prisoners, made no remonstrance against the barbarities of Andersonville, or of the course taken to debauch the patriotism of the Union soldiers. It was promised that whoever would acknowledge allegiance to the Confederacy, or consent to make shoes or harness or clothing for the rebels, should have the privilege of going out from the stockade, and finding comfortable quarters and plenty of food and clothing. Thus tempted, some faltered, while others died rather than be released on such terms, preferring, in their love for the flag, to be thrown like logs into the dead-cart, and tumbled into the shallow trenches on the hillside!

Among the prisoners was a lad who pined for his far-off Northern home. Often his boyish heart went out lovingly to his father and mother and fair-haired sister. How could he die in that prison! How close his eyes on all the bright years of the future! How lie down in death in that lonesome place, when, by taking the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, he could obtain freedom? His comrades were dying. Every day the dead-cart came and bore them away by scores and hundreds. What a sight their stony eyes, sunken

cheeks, and swaying limbs! Around him was a crowd of living skeletons.

"Take the oath and you shall live," said the tempter. What a trial! Life was sweet. All that a man hath will he give for his life. How blessed if he could but hear once more the voice of his mother, or grasp again a father's hand! What wonder that hunger, despair, and death, and the example of some of his comrades, made him weakly hesitate?

Too feeble to walk or to stand, he crawled away from the dying and the dead, over the ground reeking with filth. He had almost reached the gate beyond which were life and liberty. A comrade, stronger and older, suspected his purpose. Through the long, weary months this brave soldier had so-laced his heart by taking at times from his bosom a little flag,—the Stars and Stripes,—adoring it as the most sacred of all earthly things. He held it before the boy. It was the flag he loved. He had sworn to support it,—never to forsake it. He had stood beneath it in the fierce conflict, quailing not when the death-storm was thickest. Tears dimmed his eyes as he beheld it once more. Trembling he grasped it with his skeleton fingers, kissed it, laid it on his heart, and cried, "God help me! I can't turn my back upon it. O comrade, I am dying; but I want you, if ever you get out of this horrible place, to tell my mother that I stood by the old flag to the last!"

And then with the flag he loved lying on his heart, he closed his eyes, and his soul passed on to receive that reward which awaits those to whom duty is greater than life.

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

On Sunday, wishing to see how the coloured people regarded the new order of things, I attended one of their churches, a commodious edifice, with gallery and pipe-organ, and furnishings that would have done credit to many a community in the North. The building, I learned, had been erected in

part by the contributions of the former slaves, and in part by the contributions of their masters. The Anglo-Saxon visitors were ushered to a seat near the pulpit. Our presence evidently was a surprise. Not many of the white citizens of Savannah had attended service there. The services were decorous. The preacher, a coal-black African, whose curly locks were turning to iron-gray, prayed fervently for the strangers in their midst, who had come from the North on an errand of mercy. The amens in response were hearty. The sermon was an appeal to the sinners to repent and live righteous lives. Abraham Lincoln was not forgotten,—the Moses who had delivered them from bondage.

At the close of the sermon the minister, looking down from the pulpit, benignly said: "Perhaps our good friends from the North will say a few words to us." The three strangers, one by one, expressed their pleasure at being present, and rejoiced that they were free and that thenceforth they were to be their own masters, that there was to be no more separation of families, that the auction block was a thing of the past. Very fervent and impressive were the "Amens," and "Glory to God" given in response.

As I intended to spend some days in Savannah, I set out one afternoon in search of lodgings more commodious than those furnished at the Pulaski House, and I was directed to a house owned by a gentleman who, during the war, had resided in Paris,—a large brick mansion, fronting on one of the squares, elegantly finished and furnished. It had been taken care of, through the war, by two faithful negroes, Robert and his wife, Aunt Nellie, both of them slaves.

I rang the bell, and was ushered into the basement by their daughter Ellen, also a slave. Robert was fifty-three years of age,—a tall, stout, coal-black, slow-spoken, reflective man. Aunt Nellie was a year or two younger. Her features were of the African type; her eyes large and lustrous. Her deportment was ladylike, her language refined. She wore a gingham dress, and a white turban.

Ellen, the daughter, had a fair countenance, regular features, of lighter hue than either father or mother. She ap-

peared as much at ease as most young ladies who are accustomed to the amenities of society.

Aunt Nellie called me by name.

"I saw you yesterday at church," she said.

She placed a chair for me before the fire, which burned cheerfully on the hearth. There was a vase of amaranth on the mantel, and lithographs on the walls. A clock ticked in one corner. There were cushioned arm-chairs. The room was neat and tidy, and had an air of cheerfulness. A little boy, four or five years old, was sitting by the side of Aunt Nellie,—her grandnephew. He looked up wonderingly at the stranger, then gazed steadily into the fire with comical gravity.

"You are from Boston, I understand," said Aunt Nellie. "I never have been to Boston, but I have been to New York several times with my master."

"Did you have any desire to stay North?"

"No, sir, I can't say that I had. This was my home; my children and friends, and my husband were all here."

"But did you not wish to be free?"

"That is a very different thing, sir. God only knows how I longed to be free; but my master was very kind. They used to tell me in New York that I could be free; but I couldn't make up my mind to leave master, and my husband. Perhaps if I had been abused as some of my people have, I should have thought differently about it."

"Well, you are free now. I suppose that you never expected to see such a day as this!"

"I can't say that I expected to see it, but I knew it would come. I have prayed for it. I didn't hardly think it would come in my time, but I knew it must come, for God is just."

"Did you not sometimes despair?"

"Never! sir; never! But, oh, it has been a terrible mystery, to know why the good Lord should so long afflict my people, and keep them in bondage,—to be abused, and trampled down, without any rights of their own,—with no ray of light in the future. Some of my folks said there wasn't any God, for if there was he wouldn't let white folks do as

they have done for so many years; but I told them to wait, and now they see what they have got by waiting. I told them that we were all of one blood,—white folks and black folks all come from one man and one woman, and that there was only one Jesus for all. *I knew it,—I knew it!*” She spoke as if it were an indisputable fact, which had come by intuition.

Here Aunt Nellie’s sister and her husband came in.

“I hope to make your better acquaintance,” she said, courtesying. It is a common form of expression among the coloured people of some parts of the South. She was larger, taller, and stouter than Aunt Nellie, younger in years, less refined,—a field hand,—one who had drunk deeply of the terrible cup which slavery had held to her lips. She wore a long gray dress of coarse cloth,—a frock with sleeves, gathered round the neck with a string,—the cheapest possible contrivance for a dress, her only garment, I judged.

“These are new times to you,” I said.

“It is a dream, sir,—a dream! ’Pears like I don’t know where I am. When General Sherman come and said we were free, I didn’t believe it, and I wouldn’t believe it till the minister (Rev. Mr. French) told us that we were free. It don’t seem as if I was free, sir.” She looked into the fire a moment, and sat as if in a dream, but aroused herself, as I said:

“Yes, you are free.”

“But that don’t give me back my children,—my children, that I brought forth with pains such as white women have,—that have been torn from my breast, and sold from me; and when I cried for them was tied up and had my back cut to pieces!”

She stopped talking to me, raised her eyes as if looking into heaven, reached up her hands imploringly, and cried in agony:

“O Lord Jesus, have mercy! How long, O Lord? Come, Jesus, and help me. ’Pears like I can’t bear it, dear Lord. They is all taken from me, Lord. ’Pears like as if my heart would break. O blessed Jesus, they say that I am free, but where are my children! — my children! — my children!”

Her hands fell, tears rolled down her cheeks. She bowed her head, and sat moaning, wailing, and sobbing.

"You wouldn't believe me," said Aunt Nellie, speaking to her. "You said that there was no use in praying for deliverance; that it was no use to trust God, that He had forgotten us!"

She rose and approached her sister, evidently to call her mind from the terrible reality of the past. "You used to come over here and go worry, worry, worry all day and all night, and say it was no use; that you might as well die; that you would be a great deal better off if you were dead. You wouldn't believe me when I said that the Lord would give deliverance. You wouldn't believe that the Lord was good; but just see what He has done for you,—made you free. Aren't you willing to trust Him now?"

The sister made no reply, but sat wiping away her tears, and sighing over the fate of her children.

"Did you not feel sometimes like rising against your masters?" I asked of the husband.

"Well, sir, I did feel hard sometimes, and I reckon that if it hadn't been for the grace which Jesus gave us we should have done so; but He had compassion on us, and helped us to bear it. We knew that He would hear us sometime."

"Did you ever try to escape?"

"No, sir. I was once interested in colonisation, and talked of going to Africa,—of buying myself, and go there and be free. Rev. Mr. Gurley came here and gave a lecture. He was the agent of the Colonisation Society, I reckon; but just then there was so much excitement among the slaves about it, that our masters put a stop to it."

"The good people of Boston are heaping coals of fire on the heads of the slaveholders and rebels," and Aunt Nellie.

"How so?" I asked.

"Why, as soon as General Sherman took possession of the city, you sent down shiploads of provisions to them. They have fought you with all their might, and you whip them, and then go to feeding them."

"I 'spect you intended that black and white folks should have them alike," said her sister.

"Yes, that was the intention."

"Not a mouthful have I had. I am as poor as white folks. All my life I have worked for them. I have given them houses and lands; they have rode in their fine carriages, sat in their nice parlours, taken voyages over the waters, and had money enough, which I and my people earned for them. I have had my back cut up. I have been sent to jail because I cried for my children, which were stolen from me. I have been stripped of my clothing, exposed before men. My daughters have been compelled to break God's commandment,—they couldn't help themselves,—I couldn't help them; white men have done with us just as they please. Now they turn me out of my poor old cabin, and say they own it. O dear Jesus, help me!"

"Come, come, sister, don't take on; but you must give thanks for what the Lord has done for you," said Aunt Nellie.

Her sister rose, stately as a queen, and said:

"I thank you, sir, for your kind words to me to-night. I thank all the good people in the North for what they have done for me and my people. The good Lord be with you."

As she and her husband left the room, Aunt Nellie said:

"Poor girl, she can't forget her children! She's cried for them day and night."

Never till then had I felt the full force of Whittier's burning lines,—

"A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood,—
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell,—
By every shrine of patriot blood,
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,
By mossy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
And hurrying shout of Marion's men,
The groan of breaking hearts is there,
The falling lash, the fetter's clank!
Slaves, SLAVES are breathing in that air
Which old De Kalb and Sumpter drank!

What, ho! *our* countrymen in chains!
The whip on WOMAN's shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
Americans to market driven,
And bartered, as the brute, for gold!"

The sisters, one a housemaid, the other a field hand, represented the best and the worst sides of the institutions of slavery. The lot of the housemaid, one who had been treated with the utmost kindness, gave no gilding to the institution. Slavery at its best was a relic of a barbaric age.

The night of the 28th of January was a fearful one in Savannah. The inhabitants experienced all the terror of a bombardment combined with the horror of a great conflagration. A fire broke out a little before midnight in a long row of wooden buildings at the west end of the city. The wind was fresh from the northwest, and the night exceedingly cold. My rooms were in the Pulaski House. I was awakened by a sudden explosion, which jarred the house, and heard the cry that the arsenal was on fire.

There was another explosion,—then a volley of shells, and large fragments came whirring through the air, striking the walls, or falling with a heavy plunge into the street.

"There are three thousand shells in the building," said a soldier running past, fleeing as if for his life.

"There are fifty tons of powder, which will go off presently," said another, in breathless haste. Fifty tons of powder! Savannah would be racked to its foundations! There would be a general crumbling of walls. Men, women, and children were running,—crying, and in fear of being crushed beneath the ruins of falling buildings.

It was the arsenal. I could not believe that the Confederates would store fifty tons of powder in the city, and waited for the general explosion. It did not come. Gradually I worked my way, under the shelter of buildings, towards the fire. The fire-engines were deserted, and the fire was having

its own way, licking up the buildings, one after another, remorselessly.

It was a gorgeous sight,—the flames leaping high in the air, thrown up in columns by the thirteen-inch shells, filling the air with burning timbers, cinders, and myriads of sparks. The streets were filled with fugitives. The hospitals were being cleared of sick and wounded, the houses of furniture.

It was grand, but terrible. General Grover at once took measures to arrest the progress of the flames, by tearing down buildings, and bringing up several regiments, which, with the citizens and negroes, succeeded in mastering the destroying element.

In the morning there was a wilderness of chimneys, and the streets were strewn with furniture.

It was amusing to see with what good humour and *non-chalance* the coloured people and the soldiers regarded the conflagration.

Two negro women passed me, carrying great bundles on their heads.

"I's clean burned out," said one.

"So is I;" and they both laughed as if it was very funny.

"Let 'em burn; who cares?" said one soldier. "They have fought us, and now let 'em suffer."

"We have got to do guard duty, and it is a little more comfortable to be quartered in a house than to sleep in a shelter-tent, so let us save the place," said another; and the two went to work with a will to subdue the flames.

General Sherman's Special Field Order No. 15, dated January 16, 1865, permitted the freedmen to take possession of the abandoned lands. A meeting, called by General Saxton, who had been appointed Inspector, was held in the Second African Baptist Church, a large building, which was crowded to its utmost capacity by the coloured people. It was the first meeting ever held in Savannah having in view the exclusive interests of the coloured people.

The organist was playing a voluntary when I entered the church. He was a free coloured man, a native of Charleston, having a bullet-shaped head, bright, sparkling eyes, and

a pleasant voice. He had lived in Savannah nine years, and was a music teacher, giving instruction on the violin, piano-forte, and organ, also vocal music, to persons of his own race. He was in the habit of putting in clandestinely some of the rudiments of the English language, although it was against the peace and dignity of the State. He dared to open a school, and taught in secret in the evening; but a policeman discovered that he was an incendiary, and he was compelled to hide till the matter was forgotten.

When the voluntary was completed, the choir sung Rev. Mr. Smith's American hymn:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

Their country! Their liberty! The words were no longer meaningless.

General Saxton addressed them.

"I have come to tell you what the President of the United States has done for you," said he.

"God bless Massa Linkum!" was the response of a thousand voices.

"You are all free."

"Glory to God! Hallelujah! Amen!" they shouted in tumultuous chorus.

He explained the cause of the war; how the rebels fired upon the flag, how they hated freedom, and wished to perpetuate slavery, which produced the war, that, in turn, under God's providence, had made them free men. They were free, but they must labour to live. Their relations to their masters had all been changed. They could go where they pleased, do what they pleased, provided they did that which was right; but they had no claim upon their masters,—they must work for themselves. All wealth came from the soil, and by cultivating the ground they could obtain food, and thus increase their wealth. He read and explained General Sherman's order, and told them of the advancement which the freedmen had made at Beaufort. They had comfortable homes, their children were attending

school, and the men and women had almost forgotten that they had been slaves. One man had accumulated ten thousand dollars in four years; another was worth five thousand. He advised them to go upon the islands and take possession of the abandoned lands. He also advised the young and able-bodied to enlist in the service of the United States. They were citizens, and they must begin to do their part as citizens. They were free, but there was still some fighting to be done to secure their liberty, something other than playing the banjo all day long.

Rev. Mr. French also addressed them.

"Your freedom," said he, "is the gift of God. The President has proclaimed it, and the brave men of General Sherman's army have brought it to you."

"God bless General Sherman! Amen! That's so!" were the enthusiastic responses. They clapped their hands, and gave expression to their joy in emphatic demonstrations. It was a strange sight — a sea of turbaned heads in the body of the house, occupied by the women, wearing the brightest coloured handkerchiefs, or bonnets with flaming ribbons; while above, in the galleries, were two sable clouds of faces. Every window was filled by a joyous, enthusiastic crowd.

"You are to show your late masters that you can take care of yourselves. If I were in your place I would go, if I had to live on roots and take possession of the islands," said Mr. French.

"Yes, sir, dat is what we will do. We're gwine."

"Show your old masters that you can work as hard to keep out of slavery as they did to keep you in bondage. And you must have but one wife, instead of two or three, as you used to do."

There was a great sensation at this point — an outburst of laughter echoing and reëchoing from floor to ceiling. I was utterly unable to understand how the remark was received, but the sable audience evidently looked upon it as a very funny affair. The negro race has a quick and natural appreciation of anything bordering upon the ridiculous. They boil over with uncontrollable merriment at a very small matter.

"Treat your old masters with all respect; be generous and kind to them. This is your day of rejoicing, and they are drinking their cup of sorrow. Do them good, help them. Break off bad habits, be good citizens, truthful and honest. Now, all of you who are ready to scratch for a living — who are resolved to make your own way in the world — hold up your hands."

Up went a thousand hands.

"You owe your liberty to the men of the North, to President Lincoln, to the thousands who have died — to Jesus Christ."

Deep and solemn was the amen — a spontaneous outburst of gratitude, welling up from their sympathetic and affectionate natures.

A prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Houston, of the Third African Baptist Church. It was impassioned, fervent, and earnest, in which there was thanksgiving, confession of sin, and a pleading for God's help. The President, the Union army, the Federal Government, were remembered. He prayed also that God would bring the rebels to see that they ought to lay down their arms and be at peace.

Then in conclusion they sang the hymn —

"Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy words."

How gloriously the grand old choral of Luther rang! Old men sang — tottering upon the verge of the grave, their heads white, their voices tremulous, their sight dim; women with scarred backs sang — who had toiled unrequited in the malarious rice-swamps, who had prayed in dungeons and prisons, who had wept and moaned for their stolen babes — for their husbands, mangled and torn by bloodhounds. But that was all of the past. The day of jubilee had dawned. They had cried day and night, "O Lord, how long!" But now they had only thanksgiving and praise.

After the meeting there was a general shaking of hands. "Bless de Lord for dis yere day." "May de good Lord be

wid you." "I never 'spected to see dis yere day; but de praise belongs to de good Lord; he be wid you, brudder."

Such were the congratulations. There were none of the white people of Savannah present. Before the men of the West entered the city, such a gathering, even for religious worship, would have been incendiary, unless attended by white men. But it was an inauguration of a new era — a beginning of the settlement of the question over which philanthropists, politicians, and statesmen had puzzled their philosophic brains: "What shall we do with them?"

Rev. Mr. Houston accompanied me to my room, and gave me a history of his life. He was forty-one years old, had always been a slave, and received his freedom at the hands of General Sherman. When a boy his master hired him out to the Marine Hospital. Waiting upon the sailors, he had an opportunity to hear a great deal about the world. They had books and papers. He had a desire to learn to read, and they, not having the black laws of Georgia before their eyes, taught him his letters. Then obtaining a Bible, and other books, he read with great zeal. He wanted to be a preacher, and after examination by the Baptist Association, was ordained to preach by white men. He purchased his time before the war, paying fifty dollars a month to his master, and became a provision dealer, yet preaching on Sundays. He leased the lower story of a building fronting the market, where he sold his meat, and where he lived. Above him, up two flights, was the slave-mart of Savannah. He used to go into the country, up the railroad to the centre of the State, to purchase cattle, and became well acquainted with the planters. He heard their discussions on current affairs, and thus received information upon the politics of the country. He gave an account of the state of affairs, of opinions held in the North and in the South at the time when Fremont was a candidate for the presidency.

"We knew that he was our friend," said Mr. Houston, "and we wanted him elected. We were very much disappointed at the result of that election; but we kept hoping and praying that God would have mercy on us as a race."

"Did your people understand the points at issue between

the South and the North when the war began?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I think we did. When South Carolina fired on Sumter we understood that the North was fighting for the Union. The flag had been insulted, and we thought that you of the North would have spunk enough to resent the insult. Those of us who could read the papers knew that the points at issue really were between Freedom and Slavery."

"What did you think when we were defeated at Manassas? Did you not despair?"

"No, sir. I knew that the North would not give in for one defeat. Some of our people were down-hearted, but I had faith in God, sir. I felt that the war must go on till we were made free. Besides, we prayed, sir! There have been a great many prayers, sir, offered up from broken-hearted men and women—from negro cabins, not in public—for the success of the North. They could not offer such supplications at church; they were offered to a God who sees in secret, but who rewards openly. We are receiving all we ever asked for. Bless His holy name."

"You have seen people sold in the market, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir, thousands of them. Oh, sir, it seems as if I now could hear the groans and cries of mothers and fathers as they marched down those stairs out into the street in gangs—their chains rattling and clanking on the stairs. It was hell, sir! The wailings of the damned can never be more heart-rending, as they were driven out, crying, 'O Lord! have mercy! O massa, don't! don't! Oh, my poor children!'"

His eyes shone with a strange light. The muscles of his hands tightened. He arose and walked the room, wiped the tears from his eyes, but composing himself sat down, and said: "Iniquity was at its height when the war began, and it continued till General Sherman came. Oh, it was terrible! terrible! to be there in that room on the lower floor, and see the hundreds taken out, to see them nabbed in the streets, or taken from their beds at dead of night by the sheriff, and sold at once; for since the war began, white men have been obliged to raise money suddenly, and slave property being especially in-

secure, we were liable to be sold at any moment. Runaway slaves were whipped unmercifully. Last summer I saw one receive five hundred lashes out on the Gulf Railroad, because he couldn't give an account of himself. The man who kept the slave market left the city with a large number of slaves just before Sherman came, taking them South; but he is back in the city. He is a bitter old rebel."

Mr. Houston and a party of freedmen had been to Skidaway Island to take possession of lands under General Sherman's order, and commence a colony.

They laid out a village, also farm lots of forty acres, set aside one central lot for a church, another for a schoolhouse; then placing numbers in a hat, made the allotment. It was Plymouth Colony repeating itself. They agreed that if any others came to join them they should have equal privileges. So the *Mayflower* was blooming on the islands of the South Atlantic.

"We shall build our cabins and organise our town government for the maintenance of order," said Mr. Houston.

"I told you that I hired my time of my master," said he. "My master hired my money, and when I asked him for it he refused to pay me; and as I had no power before the law, I could not compel him, and have lost it. I have about five hundred hides, which I would like to send North. I want to purchase a portable sawmill. We shall need lumber — must have it to build our houses and our church."

Such was his plan, indicating a foresight which gave promise of a prosperous future.

Passing by a church, I saw the sexton, with brush in hand, sweeping the aisles. The edifice was a substantial, ancient structure, with a mahogany pulpit of the old style, a broad aisle, chandelier pendent from the arched roof, filagree and panel work around the balconies. Old and aristocratic families had sat in the cushioned pews, men of vast wealth, owning houses, lands and slaves. A great organ loomed high up in the gallery, its gilt pipes fronting the pulpit. Marriages and

funerals had been solemnised at the altar. For fifteen years, Sunday after Sunday, this sexton had faithfully discharged his duties at the church.

He was stout, thick-set, strong, with well-developed muscles and a clear eye. He was gentlemanly in his deportment, and his voice was the most musical I ever heard.

"Shall I take a look at the church?"

"Certainly, sir. Walk in."

His words were as if he had chanted them, so faultless the tone, inflection, and cadence. His features were well formed, but anthracite coal is not blacker than his complexion. I was interested in him at once. He, leaning upon his broom, and I, sitting in one of the pews, had a free conversation upon the events of his life.

He was born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1829.

"My old master died," said he, "and I fell to his son, who went off to college and got spreeing it, lost all his property and of course I had to be sold. I brought twelve hundred dollars — that was in 1849 — but another man offered the man who bought me a hundred and fifty dollars bonus for his bargain, which was accepted, and I was brought to Charleston. I have always been a slave."

"But you are a free man now; just as free as I am."

"Yes, sir, so General Sherman told me. I had a talk with him; and he talked just as free with me as if I was his own brother. But I don't feel it in my heart, sir, to go away and leave my old master, now that he is poor, and calamity has come upon him."

"Has he always treated you well?"

"Yes, sir — that is, he never scarred my back. Some masters are mighty hard, sir. I don't blame some negroes for running away from their masters now that they can, for they have been treated mighty bad, sir; but my master has had great calamity come upon him, sir. When I was brought here from Norfolk, master's son Bob, who is in Texas — a captain in the Southern army now — saw me, and liked me, and I liked him, and his father bought me for Bob, and Bob and I have been

like brothers to each other. I have no complaint to make. But master has lost two sons in Virginia. One of them was killed in the first battle of Manassas."

"I suppose you have heard many prayers here for Jeff Davis?"

"Yes, sir, and mighty fine sermons for the Southern army, sir; and there have been solemn scenes in this church, sir. Six bodies, one Sunday, after the first battle of Manassas, were here in this broad aisle. I had the communion table set out here, right in front of the pulpit, and there they lay — six of 'em. I couldn't help crying when I saw 'em, for they were just like old friends to me. They used to attend the Sunday school when they were boys, and used to cut up a little wild, and it was my business to keep 'em straight. They belonged to the Oglethrope Light Infantry, and went with Colonel Bartow. They went away gaily, and thought they were going to Richmond to have a nice time. Their mothers and sisters told them to go and fight the Yankees. They didn't expect to see them brought back dead, I reckon. It was a sad day, sir."

"Then the women were as eager as the men for the war?"

"Yes, sir — more. They were crazy about fighting the Yankees. I know that some of the boys didn't want to fight against the flag, but the women made 'em. The men had to wear Secession badges, as something to show that they were for the South. If it hadn't been for the ladies, I reckon we wouldn't have had the war."

"What do the women think now?"

"Well, sir, some of them are as bitter as ever they were against the Yankees, but I reckon they don't care to say much; and then there are others who see it ain't no use to try to hold out any longer. There are lots of 'em who have lost their husbands and brothers and sons. I reckon there are very few of the Light Infantry left. I know 'em all, for I took care of their hall — their armory — and they made me hoist the flag one day union down. That made me feel very bad, sir. I always loved the flag, and I love it now better than ever. It makes me feel bad to think that my boys fought against it (he meant the boys who attended the Sunday school). But I

reckon it is the Lord's doing, sir, and that it will be a blessing to us in the end."

"Can you read and write?" I asked.

"A little, sir. I never had any one to show me, but I used to sit down here in the pews and take up the hymn-book, and spell out the words, and one day master Bob sent me a copy in writing, and so I have learned a little. I can read the newspapers, sir, and have kept track of the war."

Upon the first battle of Manassas, the Peninsular campaigns, the blowing up of the *Merrimac*, the battles of Antietam, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, New Orleans, and Sherman's campaign, he was well informed. He had a brother who was fighting for the Union.

"He is a brave fellow, and I know he won't show the white feather," said he.

We talked upon the prospects of the coloured people now that they were free.

"I reckon, sir," said he, "that a good many of 'em will be disappointed. They don't know what freedom is. But they will find that they have got to work, or else they won't get anything to eat. They are poor, ignorant creatures; but I reckon, sir, that after a while, when things get settled, they will learn how to take care of themselves. But I think they are mighty foolish to clear out and leave their old masters, when they can have good situations, and good pay, and little to do. Then, sir, it is kind of ungrateful like, to go away and leave their old masters when the day of calamity comes. I could not do it, sir; besides, I reckon I will be better off to stay here for the present, sir."

I informed him that I was from Massachusetts.

"I know something about Massachusetts, and I reckon it is a mighty fine State, sir. I have heard you abused, and the people of Boston, also. Savannah people said hard things about you; that you were abolitionists, and wanted the negroes to have equal privileges with the white men. My father, when I was in Norfolk, undertook to get to Massachusetts, but he was hunted down in the swamps and sold South, away down to Alabama, and that is the last I have heard of him. I have

always liked Massachusetts. I reckon you are a liberal people up there. I hear you have sent a ship-load of provisions to us poor people."

I gave him information upon the subject, and spoke of Mr. Edward Everett, who made a speech at the meeting in Faneuil Hall.

"Mr. Everett! I reckon I heard him talk about General Washington once here, five or six years ago. He was a mighty fine speaker, sir. The house was crowded."

The sun was setting, and the sexton had other duties. As I left the church, he said: "Come round, sir, some afternoon, and I will take you up to the steeple, so that you can get a sight of the city, and may be you play the organ. I love to hear music, sir."

How strangely this will read fifty years hence! The words *slave — master — sold — hunted down*, will make this present time seem an impossibility to those who live after us. This sexton — a slave — heard the minister preach of the loosing of the bonds of the oppressed, and of doing unto others as they would be done by, yet he found in his own experience such a Gospel a lie. His bonds were not loosened; and the boys of the Sunday school, the petted sons of Savannah, went out from their aristocratic homes to perpetuate that lie. At last, through war, came deliverance; and yet there was so much gentleness in the heart of this man, that in the day of calamity which came to his master, when his sons one by one were killed in their endeavours to sustain that lie; when his property disappeared like dew before the morning sun; when his pride was humiliated; when his daughters, who were expectants of immense fortunes, were compelled to do menial service — this servant, though a free man, could not find it in his heart to leave them, and take the liberty he loved! It may have been an exceptional case; but it shows an interesting feature of Southern life. The words of this sexton of Savannah will adorn the historic page. "I reckon, sir, that it is the Lord's doing, and that it will be a blessing to us in the end."

Society in the South, and especially in Savannah, had undergone a great change. The extremes of social life were very

wide apart before the war; they were no nearer the night before Sherman marched into the city; but the morning after there was a convulsion, an upheaval, a shaking up and a settling down of all the discordant elements. The tread of the Army of the West, as it moved in solemn column through the streets, was like a moral earthquake, overturning aristocratic pride, privilege, and power.

Old houses, with foundations laid deep and strong in the centuries, fortified by wealth, name, and influence, went down beneath the shock. The general disruption of the former relations of master and slave, and forced submission to the Union arms, produced a common level. A reversal of the poles of the earth would hardly have produced a greater physical convulsion than this sudden and unexpected change in the social condition of the people of the city.

On the night before Sherman entered the place there were citizens who could enumerate their wealth by millions; at sunrise the next morning they were worth scarcely a dime. Their property had been in cotton, negroes, houses, land, Confederate bonds and currency, railroad and bank stocks. Government had seized their cotton; the negroes had possession of their lands; their slaves had become freemen; their houses were occupied by troops; Confederate bonds were waste paper; their railroads were destroyed; their banks insolvent. They had not only lost wealth, but they had lost their cause. And there were some who were willing to confess that they had been fighting for a system of iniquity.

One could not ask for more courteous treatment than I received during my stay in Savannah. I am indebted to many ladies and gentlemen of that city for kind invitations to pass an evening with them. There was no concealment of opinion on either side, but with the utmost good feeling full expression was given to our differing sentiments.

"We went into the war in good faith; we thought we were right; we confidently expected to establish our independence; but we are whipped, and have got to make the best of it," was the frank acknowledgment of several gentlemen.

"I hate you of the North," said a young lady. It came squarely, and the tone indicated a little irritation.

"I am very sorry for it. I can hardly think that you really hate us. You don't hate me individually?"

"Oh, no. You come here as a gentleman. I should indeed be rude and unladylike to say that I hated you; but I mean the Yankees in general. We never can live together in peace."

"If I were to reside here, you, of course would treat me courteously so long as I was a gentleman in my deportment?"

"Certainly; but you are an individual."

"But if two individuals can live peacefully, why not ten — or a hundred — a thousand — all?"

She hesitated a moment; and then, with flashing eyes and flushed countenance, which added charms to her beauty, said, "Well, it is hard — and you will not think any worse of me for saying it — to have your friends killed, your servants all taken away, your lands confiscated; and then know that you have failed — that you have been whipped. I wish that we had the power to whip you; but we haven't, and must make the best of it. What we are to do I don't know. We have been able to have everything that money could buy, and now we haven't a dollar. I don't care anything about keeping the negroes in slavery; but there is one feeling which we Southerners have that you cannot enter into. My old mamma who nursed me is just like a mother to me; but there is one thing that I never will submit to — that the negro is our equal. He belongs to an inferior race."

She laid down the argument in the palm of her hand with a great deal of emphasis.

"Your energy, boldness, and candour are admirable. If under defeat and disaster you sat down supinely and folded your hands, there would be little hope of your rising again; but your determination to make the best of it shows that you will adapt yourself readily to the new order of things. There never will be complete equality in society. Political and social equality are separate and distinct. Rowdies and ragamuffins have natural rights; they may have a right to vote, they

may be citizens; but that does not necessarily entitle them to free entrance into our homes."

The idea was evidently new to the young lady, and not only to her, but to all in the room. To them the abolition of slavery was the breaking down of all social distinctions. So long as the negro was compelled to enter the parlour as a servant, they could endure his presence; but freedom implied the possibility, they imagined, of his entrance as an equal, entitled to a place at their firesides and a seat at their tables. The thought was intolerable.

The poor whites of the South were far below the coloured people in ability and force of character. They were a class from which there is little hope. Nothing aroused their ambition. Like the Indians, they were content with food for to-day; to-morrow will take care of itself. In the cities they swarmed along the sides of buildings on sunny days, and at night crawled into their miserable cabins with little more aspiration than dogs that seek their kennels. Undoubtedly there is far less suffering among the poor of the Southern cities than among the poor of New York, where life is ever a struggle with want. The South has a milder climate, nature requires less labour for production, and the commercial centres are not overcrowded. The poor whites of the South maintain no battle with starvation, but surrender resignedly to poverty. They can exist without much labour, and are too indolent to strive to rise to a higher level of existence. The war had taken their best blood. Only shreds and dregs remained.

"What can be done for the poor whites?"

It is a momentous question for the consideration of philanthropists and statesmen.

They are very ignorant. Their dialect is a mixture of English and African, having words and phrases belonging to neither language; though the *patois* is not confined to this class, but is sometimes heard in sumptuously furnished parlours.

"I suppose that you will not be sorry when the war is over," I remarked to a lady in Savannah.

"No, sir. I reckon the Confederacy is done gone for," was the reply.

It is reported that a North Carolina colonel of cavalry was heard to address his command thus—" 'Tention, battalion. Prepare to gen on to yer critters. Git!"

The order to ride rapidly was, "Dust right smart!"

Young ladies said *paw*, for pa, *maw*, for ma, and then, curiously adding another vowel sound, they said *kear* for car, *thear* for there.

The poor whites of the country were called "poor white trash," "crackers," "clay-eaters," "sand hillers," and "swamp angels," by the educated whites. There was no homogeneity of white society. The planters, as a rule, had quite as much respect for the negroes as for the shiftless whites.

The poor whites were exceedingly bitter against the North; it was the bitterness of ignorance—brutal, cruel, fiendish, produced by caste, by the spirit of slavery. There is more hope, therefore, for the blacks in the future, than for this degraded class. The coloured people believed that the people of the North were their friends. Freedom, food, schools, all were given by the Yankees; hence gratitude and confidence on the part of the freedmen; hence, on the part of the poor whites, hatred of the North and cruelty toward the negro. Idleness, not occupation, had been, and is, their normal condition. It is ingrained in their nature to despise work. Indolence is a virtue, laziness no reproach. Thus slavery arrayed society against every law of God, moral and physical.

The poor whites were in bondage as well as the blacks, and to all appearance will remain so, while the natural buoyancy of the negro makes him rise readily to new exigencies; with freedom he is at once eager to obtain knowledge and acquire landed estates.

The coloured people who had taken up lands on the islands under General Sherman's order met for consultation in the Slave Market, at the corner of St. Julian Street and Market Square. I passed up the two flights of stairs down which thousands of slaves had been dragged, chained in coffle, and entered a large hall. At the farther end was an elevated platform about eight feet square—the auctioneer's block. The windows were grated with iron. In an anteroom at the right

women had been stripped and exposed to the gaze of brutal men. A coloured man was praying when I entered, giving thanks to God for the freedom of his race, and asking for a blessing on their undertaking. After prayers, they broke out into singing. Lieutenant Ketchum, of General Saxton's staff, who had been placed in charge of the confiscated lands, was present to answer their questions.

"I would like to know what title we shall have to our lands, or to the improvements we shall make?" was the plain question of a tall black man.

"You will have the faith and honour of the United States," was the reply.

Rev. Mr. French informed them that the Government could not give them deeds of the land, but that General Sherman had issued the order, and, without doubt, President Lincoln would see it was carried out. "Can't you trust the President who gave you your freedom?" he asked.

A stout man, with a yellow complexion, rose in the centre of the house; "I have a house here in the city. I can get a good living here, and I don't want to go to the islands unless I can be assured of a title to the land; and I think that is the feeling of four-fifths present."

"That's so!" "Yes, brother!" was responded. There was evidently a reluctance to becoming pioneers in such an enterprise — to leaving the city unless the guaranty were sure.

Another man rose. "My bredren, I want to raise cotton and I'm gwine."

It was a short but effective speech. With keen, sharp intellect, he had comprehended the great commercial question of the day. He knew that it would pay to raise cotton on lands which had been held at fabulous prices when the staple was worth but ten or fifteen cents. He was going to improve the opportunity to raise cotton, even if he did not become a holder of the estate.

"I'm gwine ye, brudder!" "So will I!" and there was a general shaking of hands as if that were sealing a contract. Having determined to go, they joined in singing "The Freedmen's Battle-Hymn," sung as a solo and repeated in chorus.

The coloured soldiers of Foster's army sang it at the battle of Honey Hill, while preparing to go into the fight. How gloriously it sounded now, sung by five hundred freedmen in the Savannah slave mart, where some of the singers had been sold in days gone by! It was worth a trip from Boston to *Savannah* to hear it.

The next morning, in the same room, I saw a school of one hundred coloured children assembled, taught by coloured teachers, who sat on the auctioneer's platform, from which had risen voices of despair instead of accents of love, brutal cursing instead of Christian teaching. I listened to the recitations, and heard their songs of jubilee. The slave mart transformed to a schoolhouse! Civilisation and Christianity had indeed begun their beneficent work.

Planters from the interior of the State were bringing their cotton to market in flatboats.

I made excursions into the surrounding country, visited Thunder Bolt battery, constructed by the Confederates, rode along country roads, through old fields, and through forests of live-oak, sombre with the long trails of moss swaying from the branches.

The negroes were selecting patches of ground for planting, going out in the early morning in squads. It was noticeable that they would not work alone. They must have company, somebody to join in the chorus of their songs. Desire for sociability was a marked characteristic.

War had left its desolation upon the entire section. The former owners of the plantations had fled, or were serving in Southern armies, or were at rest forever in unknown graves on the fields where battles had been fought, giving their lives ostensibly to maintain the rights of the States, but in reality to perpetuate a system which was antagonistic to the growing consciousness of the whole human race.

CHAPTER XXIV

SHERMAN IN SOUTH CAROLINA

GENERAL SHERMAN received, soon after his arrival in Savannah, instructions from General Grant to hasten with his army to James River. Transports were sent down for the shipment of the troops. Grant desired to combine the two great armies, throw Sherman upon his own left flank, and sever Lee's communications with the South, and also prevent his escape. Through all the long months of summer, autumn, and winter — from June to February — Grant had put forth his energies to accomplish this object, but had not been able to cut the Danville road, Lee's chief line of supply or retreat. The arrival of Sherman upon the seacoast made the plan feasible.

But that officer thought it better to march northward, driving the enemy before him, and finish up the entire rebel forces on the Atlantic coast; besides, South Carolina deserved a retribution as severe as that which had been meted out to Georgia. He also believed that he could thus join Grant quite as soon as by the more circuitous route by water. Grant assented to the proposition, and having full confidence in the ability of his lieutenant, left him to coöperate in the manner he thought most advisable.

The Confederates expected that Sherman would move upon Charleston, but such was not his intention. He determined to make a movement which would compel its evacuation, while at the same time he could drive the forces in the interior of the State northward, and, by destroying all the railroads in his progress, and severing Lee from the agricultural regions of the South, so cripple his resources as to paralyse the rebel army before Richmond, and bring the war to a speedy close.

He wished to preserve his army entire, and accordingly a division of the Nineteenth Corps, which had fought under Em-

ory in the Southwest and under Grover in the Shenandoah, having no enemy to pursue after the annihilation of Early, was sent down to garrison Savannah, Grover being made commandant of the post.

General Howard, commanding the right wing, took transports with the Seventeenth Corps, Blair's, for Beaufort, whence he pushed into the interior, striking the Charleston and Savannah Railroad at Pocatoligo, and establishing there a depot of supplies. The Fifteenth Corps, Logan's, followed, except Corse's division, which, being prevented by freshets from marching direct to Pocatoligo, moved with the left wing, commanded by Williams, joining the Twentieth Corps, and crossing the Savannah marched to Hardeeville, on the Charleston Railroad, and opened communication with Howard.

General Howard and General Williams both extended courteous invitations to me to accompany them in the march northward. It was a courtesy not easily declined, but a newspaper correspondent must ever forego personal preference, if he would render acceptable service to his constituency. It seemed reasonable to conclude that Sherman's movement through the interior of South Carolina would compel the Confederates to evacuate Charleston.

It was this city in which Secession was inaugurated; the city which the people of the North hoped to see humiliated. The people of Charleston confidently expected that Sherman's next movement would be in that direction; the Northern people expected the same. General Sherman made no statement in regard to the proposed movement, but as he intended to live largely upon the country, it was reasonable to conclude that he would avoid the sparsely settled section along the seacoast, and that his line of march would be inland away from the broad rivers and estuaries of the seacoast section.

Having a desire to enter Charleston, and knowing that if I accompanied the army I would have no means of communicating with the paper I represented, I declined the kind courtesies, and awaited coming events at Port Royal, where General Gillmore, in command of the department, had established his headquarters.

The march began with the movement of the Fourteenth Corps and Geary's division of the Twentieth, to Sister's Ferry, fifty miles above Savannah. The *détour* was necessary on account of the flooding of the country by freshets. The gunboat *Pontiac* was sent up to cover the crossing. When Slocum reached the river at Sister's Ferry he found it three miles in width, and too deep to ford, and was obliged to wait till the 7th of February before he could cross. This movement deceived Hardee and Beauregard. The presence of Howard at Pocatoligo looked like an advance upon Charleston, while Slocum being at Sister's Ferry indicated an attack upon Augusta. The Confederate commanders therefore undertook to hold a line a hundred miles in length. D. H. Hill was hurried to Augusta, Hardee took position at Branchville, while Beauregard remained at Charleston. This scattering of the forces made Sherman's task comparatively easy, as their combined army would hardly have been a match for Sherman in a pitched battle on a fair field. His troops had entire confidence in themselves and in their commander. Having fought their way from Chattanooga to Atlanta, having marched to the sea and taken Fort McAllister and Savannah, they believed there was no obstacle which they could not overcome in marching or fighting.

Wilmington had been captured, and Sherman proposed to receive his next supplies from the coast.

"I shall reach Goldsboro' about the 15th of March," said Sherman to his chief quartermasters, who at once made preparations to forward supplies from Morehead City in North Carolina.

Sherman had a conference with Admiral Dahlgren on the 22d of January, and with General Foster, commanding the Department of the South. All the troops in that quarter were to be employed in a movement against Charleston. General Foster being in feeble health, Major-General Gillmore, who had charge of the department during the summer, and who had conducted the engineering operations against Wagner and Sumter, again took command.

The march of the right wing, under Howard, commenced on

the 1st of February. Howard found obstructions on all the roads. The negroes from the plantations had been impressed into the Confederate service to burn bridges, fell trees, and open sluice-ways; but his Pioneer Corps was so thoroughly organised that such obstacles did not greatly impede his progress.

The Salkehatchie River runs southeast, and reaches the Atlantic midway between Charleston and Savannah. Howard moved up its southern bank, northwest, till he reached River's bridge, thirty-five miles above Pocatoligo.

It was a weary march, through swamps, mud, and pine-barrens. River's bridge and Beaufort bridge were held by the rebels, who were strongly posted. Blair, with the Seventeenth Corps, was ordered to carry the first, and Logan, with the Fifteenth, the latter. Blair detailed Mower's and Corse's divisions for the work. The troops saw before them a swamp three miles wide, overflowed, with soft mire beneath, filled with gnarled roots of gigantic trees. It was mid-winter. The air was keen. They knew not the depth of the water. The forest was gloomy. Above them waved the long gray tresses of moss. There was nothing of pomp and circumstance to inspire them. It was an undertaking full of hazard. They must shiver an hour in the water, breast deep, before they could reach the enemy. But they hesitated not an instant when the order was given to move. They stepped into the water jocosely, as if upon a holiday excursion.

A Confederate brigade guarded the farther shore; flanking it, and reaching the firm land below the bridge, the troops rushed recklessly forward, and quickly drove the enemy from his strong position, losing but seventeen killed and seventy wounded.

Thus by one dash the line of the Salkehatchie was broken and Hardee retired behind the Edisto to Branchville. The railroad from Charleston to Augusta was reached the next day, and D. H. Hill at Augusta, with one-third of the entire force, was severed from Hardee and Beauregard. For three days Howard's men were engaged in destroying the railroad west of the Edisto, waiting also for the left wing, which had been detained by freshets.

Kilpatrick, meanwhile, had pushed well up towards Augusta, driving Wheeler, burning and destroying property, and threatening Hill. The Confederates everywhere were in a state of consternation. They could not divine Sherman's intentions. The people of Charleston, who for four years had heard the thunder of cannon day and night down the harbour, and had come to the conclusion that it was impossible the city could ever be taken, now thought Sherman was intending to knock for admission at the back door. The people of Augusta saw that their fair town was threatened. It had been an important place to the Confederates through the war, contributing largely to help on the Rebellion by its manufacturing industry. Citizens fled from Charleston to Cheraw, Columbia, Winsboro', and other towns up the Santee and Catawba, little thinking that they were jumping from the "frying-pan into the fire."

Branchville is sixty-two miles northwest of Charleston, on the north bank of the Edisto. Hardee expected to see Sherman at that place, and made elaborate preparations to defend it, as it lay in the path to Charleston. But Sherman, instead of turning southeast, kept his eye on the north star, and moved on Orangeburg, thirteen miles north of Branchville, where also the Confederates were prepared to make a stand; but the Seventeenth Corps made one dash, and the enemy fled for a long breastwork of cotton-bales. This was on the 12th of February. Meanwhile General Hatch, with a portion of Gillmore's troops, was threatening Charleston along the coast.

A division, under General Potter, accompanied by a large number of gunboats, went to Bull's Bay, north of Charleston, as if to approach the city from that quarter. The monitors were inside the bar. There were Union troops on Morris's Island, ready to move, while the batteries kept up their fire, sending shells into the city. Thus from every point except on the northern side Charleston was threatened.

It was not till Howard was well up towards Columbia that Hardee saw he had been completely flanked, and that Sherman had no intention of going to Charleston. The only force in front of Sherman was Wheeler's and Wade Hampton's cavalry, with straggling bands of infantry. Hampton's home was

Columbia. He was rich, and had a palatial residence. He was an aristocrat, in principle and action. He was bitter in his hatred of the Union and the men of the North. He had fought upon nearly all the battle-fields of Virginia, and, doubtless, in common with most of the people of his State, had not thought it possible the war should reach his own door. But Sherman was there, and, being powerless to defend the capital of the State, he was reckless to destroy.

Columbia had been a depot of supplies through the war. In view of its occupation, Sherman gave written orders to Howard to spare all dwellings, colleges, schools, churches, and private property, but to destroy the arsenals and machinery for the manufacture of war material.

Howard threw a bridge across the river three miles above the city, and Stone's brigade of Wood's division of the Fifteenth Corps was sent across. The mayor came out in his carriage, and made a formal surrender to Colonel Stone, who marched up the streets, where huge piles of cotton were burning. Hampton, in anticipation of the giving up of the city, had caused the cotton to be gathered, public as well as private, that it might be burned. There were thousands of bales. Negroes were employed to cut the ropes that bound them, and apply the torch. As Stone marched in the last of Hampton's troops moved out. The wind was high, and flakes of burning cotton were blown about the streets, setting fire to the buildings. The soldiers used their utmost exertions to extinguish the flames, working under the direction of their officers. The whole of Wood's division was sent in for the purpose, but very little could be done towards saving the city. The fire raged through the day and night. Hundreds of families were burned out, and reduced from opulence, or at least competency, to penury. It was a terrible scene of suffering and woe — men, women and children fleeing from the flames, surrounded by a hostile army, composed of men whom they had called vandals, ruffians, the slime of the North, the pests of society, and whom they had looked upon with haughty contempt, as belonging to an inferior race. Indescribable their anguish; and yet no violence was committed, no insulting language or action given by

those soldiers. Sherman, Howard, Logan, Hazen, Wood — nearly all of Sherman's officers, — did what they could to stay the flames and alleviate the distress. They experienced no pleasure in beholding the agony of the people of Columbia.

General Sherman thus vindicates himself in his official report, and charges the atrocity upon Wade Hampton:

"I disclaim on the part of my army any agency in this fire, but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed. And without hesitation I charge General Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia — not with a malicious intent, or as the manifestation of a silly 'Roman stoicism,' but from folly and want of sense, in filling it with lint, cotton, and tinder. Our officers and men on duty worked well to extinguish the flames; but others not on duty, including the officers who had long been imprisoned there, rescued by us, may have assisted in spreading the fire after it had once begun, and may have indulged in unconcealed joy to see the ruin of the capital of South Carolina."

It is claimed that Sherman did not regard private property, but destroyed it indiscriminately with that belonging to the Confederate Government. Was there any respect shown by the Confederate authorities? Cotton, resin, turpentine, stores owned by private individuals, were remorselessly given to the flames by the Confederates themselves, and their acts were applauded by the people of the South as evincing heroic self-sacrifice.

South Carolina was ruled by a clique, composed of wealthy men, of ancient name, who secured privileges and prerogatives for themselves at the expense of the people, who had but little voice in electing their lawgivers.

The basis of representation in the Legislature was exceedingly complex. In the House of Representatives it was a mixture of property, population, white inhabitants, taxation, and slaves. In the Senate it consisted of geographical extent, white and slave population, taxation, and property. The Senate was constituted after the "Parish system," which gave the whole control of political affairs in the State into the hands of a few wealthy men from the seacoast.

There were two distinct classes of people in South Carolina — the lowlanders and the uplanders. The original settlers of the lowlands were emigrants from England and France, gentlemen with aristocratic ideas. The settlers of the uplands, in the western counties, were pioneers from Virginia and North Carolina — small farmers, cultivating their own lands. During the Revolutionary War the uplanders were Whigs, the lowlanders Tories. The lowlanders had wealth, the uplanders were poor. When the Constitution was formed, organising a State Government, the lowlanders took care of their own interests. The lowlands in Colonial times were divided into parishes, and with the forming of the Constitution each parish was to have a Senator. The uplands, not being parishes, were districts of much larger territorial area, hence political power fell into the hands of a few individuals along the coast. As white population increased in the districts, and decreased or remained stationary in the parishes, the up-country men tried to emancipate themselves from political serfdom, but there was no remedy except by an amendment to the Constitution, through a convention called by the Legislature; and as the lowlanders had control of that body, there was no redress. The State, therefore, became an engine of political power, managed and worked by a few men from Charleston, Beaufort, St. Helena, Edisto, Colleton, and other parishes along the seacoast.

Nature gave South Carolina sunny skies and a genial clime. The sea contributed an atmosphere which gained for Edisto and St. Helena islands the monopoly in the world's markets for cotton of the finest fibre. Wealth increased with the gathering in of each new crop, and with wealth came additional power. Superiority of political privilege made the few impatient of restraint and ambitious not only to control State, but national affairs. South Carolina attempted defiance of national law in 1832, and was defeated.

The parishes governed the State solely in the interests of slavery. It gave them power, to perpetuate which they made slavery aggressive.

The slaveholders saw that political power in national affairs was slipping from their grasp, through the rapid develop-

ment of the northern section of the country, and determined to secede from the Union. How little they comprehended the power of a free people will be seen by one or two quotations.

Upon the assembling of the Legislature for the choice of presidential electors, 1860, the President of the Senate, W. D. Porter, of Charleston, said to his fellow legislators:

"All that is dear and precious to this people — life, fortune, name, and history — all is committed to our keeping for weal or for woe, for honour or for shame. Let us do our part, so that those who come after us shall acknowledge that we were not unworthy of the great trusts devolved upon us, and not unequal to the great exigencies by which we were tried. . . . No human power can withstand or break down a united people, standing upon their own soil and defending their own firesides."

A senator said:

"For himself he would unfurl the Palmetto flag, fling it to the breeze, and with the spirit of a brave man determine to live and die as became our glorious ancestors, and ring the clarion notes of defiance in the face of an insolent foe."

Said Mr. Parker:

"It is no spasmodic effort that has come suddenly upon us; it has been gradually culminating for a long period of thirty years. At last it has come to that point where one may say the matter is entirely right."

"I have been engaged in this movement ever since I entered political life," said Lawrence M. Keitt.

"It is not anything produced by Mr. Lincoln's election or by the non-execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. It has been a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years," said R. Barnwell Rhett.

It was the fire of 1832 flaming anew. No rights had been invaded. That Secession was inaugurated without cause must ever be the verdict of history. And history will forever hold John C. Calhoun, R. Barnwell Rhett, Right Rev. Bishop Elliott, Rev. Dr. Thornwell, and other statesmen, editors, ministers — members of the slaveholding forum, bar, and pulpit —

responsible for all the suffering, bloodshed, and desolation which have come to the country.

Proud in spirit was South Carolina just then. The cotton crop was luxuriant. Planters were plethoric with money. The infernal slave-trade established its marts of human flesh all through the South. Virginia became slave-breeding, and South Carolina slave-consuming. In former years slavery was deemed an evil, a curse; but the call for cotton, its rise in market value, with increased profit for culture and a consequent demand for labour, transformed it into a blessing, to be perpetuated for the best good of the human race.

It was found to be in perfect accordance with the teachings of the Bible. The system itself was right; the abuse of the good was only evil. Rev. Dr. Thornwell, Professor of Theology in the Presbyterian Seminary at Columbia, came boldly forward to advocate slavery as a divine institution, ordained of God for the welfare of the human race. I quote from an article contributed by him to the *Southern Presbyterian Review*.

"Our slaves are our solemn trust, and while we have a right to use and direct their labours, we are bound to feed, clothe, and protect them, to give them the comforts of this life, and to introduce them to the hope of a blessed immortality. They are moral beings, and it will be found that in the culture of their moral nature we reap the largest reward from their service. *The relation itself is moral*, and in the tender affections and endearing sympathies it evokes it gives scope for the most attractive graces of human character. Strange as it may sound to those who are not familiar with the system, slavery is a school of *virtue*, and no class of men have furnished sublimer instances of heroic devotion than slaves, in their loyalty and love to their masters. We have seen them rejoice at the cradle of the infant, and weep at the bier of the dead; and there are few among us who have not drawn their nourishment from their generous breasts."

Slavery was the corner-stone and foundation of the Confederacy. Never was the trade in slaves between States so thriving as during the winter of 1860. And the leaders of the

Rebellion were looking forward to the time when the commerce with Africa would be reopened. Mr. Lamar, of Savannah, who during the Rebellion was agent of the Confederacy in London for the purchase of army supplies, imported in the bark *Wanderer* a cargo of native Africans, some of whom were sold in Charleston. There was a large party in the Confederate Congress which advocated the resumption of the foreign trade, the abolition of which in 1808 was set down as one of the grievances of the South.

The reasons for Secession as set forth in the ordinances of the several States was the alleged violation of the rights of the States, but the calm verdict of history will be that it was to perpetuate the institution of slavery.

CHAPTER XXV

OCCUPATION OF CHARLESTON

I MADE my headquarters at Hilton Head, waiting for what might come from Sherman's movement, and the movement of the troops under General Hatch, who advanced to Jacksboro on the Edisto. From a scout I obtained copies of the *Charleston Courier*, which called upon the people to imitate Russia in the burning of Moscow rather than permit the city to fall into the hands of the invaders. General Gillmore planned a movement to Bull's Bay, twenty miles north of Charleston, making a demonstration to land a force, and threaten the city from that direction. Concluding that the combined movements would compel the Confederate General Hardee to evacuate the city, I stepped on board the steamer *Fulton* on the morning of February 17th, and was taken to the blockading fleet. Before reaching the vessels I could see a great column of smoke rising heavenward in the direction of Charleston. A little nearer, and a blessed sight greeted my vision — the Stars and Stripes waving over all that was left of Sumter. The Confederates had evacuated the city during the night, and an officer from the fleet had raised it over the shapeless ruins where Secession in 1861 had humiliated it.

The *Fulton* was bound for New York. It was an enthusiastic despatch which I hastily pencilled, this its opening sentence: "The old flag waves over Sumter, Moultrie, and the city of Charleston. I can see its crimson stripes and fadeless stars waving in the warm sunlight of this glorious day. Thanks be to God who giveth the victory."

I had scarcely five minutes to write before the *Fulton* was to remove her course for New York. The correspondents of other papers were entrusting their despatches to the purser

of the steamer; mine was given to a passenger. Knowing that the vessel upon reaching the dock would probably bump her nose against it, throw out a line and work her way in, stern foremost, I instructed the gentleman to stand with carpet-bag in hand, and leap upon the pier the moment the steamer touched it, ride to the telegraph and put my despatch upon the wires for Boston. He entered heartily into the effort. I knew that the purser would not be able to deliver the despatches for the New York papers until his duties incident to the docking of the steamer were done. The *Fulton* reached her dock at eight-thirty o'clock in the morning. A half hour later the people of Boston were wild with the news. It was telegraphed to New York, Washington, and all over the country before any other account appeared. It was read in Congress, and by President Lincoln. It was regarded as one of the successful journalistic efforts of the war.

I accepted General Gillmore's courteous invitation to accompany him to Sumter and the city.

Through the night the boats of the fleet were fishing up the torpedoes from the harbour. The sun was not yet above the horizon when the steamer *Coit* of light draft, with General Gillmore and staff, glided up the harbour. A band on the steamer, from Concord, New Hampshire, the pet band of Gillmore's force, played "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and the "Star Spangled Banner," as we glided past Sumter, and moved on to the city, above which a great cloud of smoke hung like a funeral pall. A few rowboats were rocking gently on the waves but not a vessel was to be seen in the harbour, which, before the war, was crowded with vessels from New York, Boston, and Liverpool.

Before the sailors had time to moor the steamer to the pier, I leaped over its sides. No citizen was to be seen. The silence was as profound as that of Judmar in the desert. I walked up the grass-grown streets, beholding a pavement strewn with glass, shattered from windows by exploding shells fired from Morris Island.

When near the upper end of the pier we encountered an old man bending beneath the weight of seventy years — such

years as slavery alone can pile upon the soul. He bowed very low.

"Are you not afraid of us Yankees?"

"No, massa, God bless you. I have prayed many a night for you to come and now you are here. Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!"

He kneeled, clasped my hand, and with streaming eyes poured out his thanks to God.

I asked him to pilot me to the building in which slaves were sold. I found it a structure of one story, with the word "Mart" in gilded letters upon the façade. Upon a post before the building was a single gilded star. Asking the old man to allow me to climb upon his shoulders, I wrenched the star from the post and the gilded letters from the side of the building, securing them as mementoes. Entering the building, I found it a large hall, with an elevated bench on three sides, raised about four feet from the floor, upon which the slaves stood when exposed for sale. A grated door on one side led to the iron-grated cells of the jail, where they were incarcerated before the auction. In the little room used by the auctioneer as an office, I found a book of letters, his correspondence with parties who had slaves for sale, with descriptions of their virtues; also an advertisement of an administrator's sale, the settlement of an estate. As the War of the Rebellion was a great event, not only in the history of our country, but in the progress of civilisation, I transcribe this relic of the institution, for the perpetuation of which the Southern States seceded from the Union and established a Confederacy.

Through the day I roamed the city, beholding ruin everywhere.

The siege of Charleston was commenced on the 21st of August, 1863, by the opening of the "Swamp-Angel" battery. On the 7th of September Fort Wagner was taken, and other guns were trained upon the city, compelling the evacuation of the lower half. For fourteen months it had been continued; not a furious bombardment, but a slow, steady fire from day to day. About thirteen thousand shells had been thrown into the town — nearly a thousand a month.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE, BY ORDER OF THE ORDINARY.

A PRIME AND ORDERLY GANG OF

68 Long Cotton Field Negroes,

Belonging to the Estate of the late Christopher J. Whaley.

WILBUR & SON

Will sell at PUBLIC AUCTION in Charleston,

At the Mart in Chalmers Street,

ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY, 2d, 1860,

COMMENCING AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK

THE FOLLOWING GANG OF LONG COTTON NEGROES,

Who are said to be remarkably prime and will be sold as per Catalogue

NAMES.	AGES.	NAMES.	AGES.
Jimmy,	driver, 30	Carter	36
Flora,	seamstress, 24	Taffy,	13
James	5	Rachel, (\$720,)	8
Charles, (\$125,)	1	Jannett,	18
August,	52	Phebe, (\$560,)	40
Mathias, (\$1,220,)	18	Judy,	8
Sandy,	16	Major,	40
John,	13	Lavinia,	30
Tom,	70	Billy, (\$550,)	10
Jack,	38	Tamor,	6
James,	6	Jimmy,	52
Leah,	5	Kate,	46
Flora,	2	Susan,	25
Andrew,	42	Thomas, (\$380,)	6
Binah,	40	Kate,	1
Phillis,	20	Edward,	49
Mary,	15	Amey,	22
Lymus,	10	Teneh,	30
Abram, (\$275,)	2	Josephine,	9
Binah,	2 mos.	Sam,	1
Andrew,	29	Isaac,	5
Hagar,	25	William,	1
Dayman,	4	Amey,	27
Cuffy,	21	Louisa, (\$750,)	8
Hagar, (\$1,320,)	20	Joe,	3
Margaret,	85	Sam,	65
Lucy,	cripple, 60	Andrew,	61
John,	22	Daniel,	70
Ellick, (\$1,160,)	18	Lymus,	30
Libby,	19	Lucy,	nurse, 58

They were fired at a great elevation, and were plunging shots — striking houses on the roof and passing down from attic to basement, exploding in the chambers, cellars, or in the walls. The effect was a complete riddling of the houses. Brick walls were blown into millions of fragments, roofs were torn to pieces; rafters, beams, braces, scantlings, were splintered into jack-straws. Churches, hotels, stores, dwellings, public buildings, and stables, all were shattered. There were great holes in the ground, where cart-loads of earth had been excavated in a twinkling.

In 1860 the population of the city was 48,509 — 26,969 whites, 17,655 slaves, and 3,885 free coloured. The first flight from the city was in December, 1861, when Port Royal fell into the hands of Dupont; but when it was found that the opportunity afforded at that time for an advance inland was not improved, most of those who had moved away returned. The attack of Dupont upon Sumter sent some flying again; but not till the messengers of the "Swamp-Angel" dropped among them did the inhabitants think seriously of leaving. Some went to Augusta, others to Columbia, others to Cheraw. Many wealthy men bought homes in the country. The upper part of the city was crowded. Men of fortune, who had lived in princely style, were compelled to put up with one room. Desolation had been coming on apace. The city grew old rapidly, and had become the completest ruin on the continent. There were from ten to fifteen thousand people still remaining in it, two-thirds of whom were coloured.

When Sherman flanked Orangeburg, Hardee, who commanded the rebels in Charleston, saw that he must evacuate the place. There was no alternative; he must give up Sumter, Moultrie, and the proud old city to the Yankees. It was bitter as death. A few of the heavy guns were sent off to North Carolina, all the trains which could be run on the railroad were loaded with ammunition and commissary supplies, the guns in the forts were spiked, and the troops withdrawn.

The inhabitants had been assured that the place should be defended to the last; and in the *Courier* office we found the following sentence in type, which had been set up not twenty-

four hours before the evacuation: "There are no indications that our authorities have the first intention of abandoning Charleston, as I have ascertained from careful inquiry!" Duplicity to the end.

The Rebellion was inaugurated through deception, and had been sustained by an utter disregard of truth.

The 17th and 18th were terrible days. Carts, carriages, wagons, horses, mules, all were brought into use. The railroad trains were crowded. Men, women, and children fled, terror-stricken, broken-hearted, humbled in spirit, from their homes.

General Hardee remained in the city till Friday night, the 17th instant, when he retired with the army, leaving a detachment of cavalry to destroy what he could not remove. Every building and shed in which cotton had been stored was fired on Saturday morning. The ironclads *Palmetto State*, *Chicora*, and *Charleston* were also given to the flames. They lay at the wharves, and had each large quantities of powder and shell on board. General Hardee knew that the explosions of the magazines would send a storm of fire upon the city. He knew it would endanger the lives of thousands.

The torch was applied early on the morning of the 18th. The citizens sprang to the fire-engines and succeeded in extinguishing the flames in several places; but in other parts of the city the fire had its own way, burning till there was nothing more to devour. On the wharf of the Savannah railroad depot were several hundred bales of cotton and several thousand bushels of rice. On Lucas Street, in a shed, were twelve hundred bales of cotton. There were numerous other sheds all filled. Near by was the Lucas mill, containing thirty thousand bushels of rice, and Walker's warehouse, with a large amount of commissary stores, all of which were licked up by the fire so remorselessly kindled.

At the Northwestern Railroad depot there was an immense amount of cotton, which was fired. The depot was full of commissary supplies and ammunition, powder in kegs, shells, and cartridges. The people rushed in to obtain the supplies. Several hundred men, women, and children were in the build-

ing when the flames reached the ammunition and the fearful explosion took place, lifting up the roof and bursting out the walls, and scattering bricks, timbers, tiles, beams, through the air; shells crashed through the panic-stricken crowd, followed by the shrieks and groans of the mangled victims lying helpless in the flames, burning to cinders in the all-devouring element. Nor was this all. At the wharves were the ironclads, burning, torn, rent, scattered over the water and land—their shells and solid shot, iron braces, red-hot iron plates, falling in an infernal shower, firing the wharves, the buildings, and all that could burn.

There was more than this. Two magnificent Blakely guns, one at the battery, the other near the gas-works on Cooper River, were loaded to the muzzle and trains laid to burst them. The concussion shattered all the houses in the immediate vicinity.

The buildings near the Northeastern depot were swept away. All the houses embraced in the area of four squares disappeared. The new bridge leading to James Island was destroyed, the fire eating its way slowly from pier to pier through the day. The citizens did their utmost to stay the flames, but from sunrise to sunset on Saturday, all through Saturday night, Sunday, and Monday, the fire burned. How fearful this retribution for crime! Abandoned by those who had cajoled and deceived them, who had brought about their calamity, while swearing to defend them to the last, humbled, reduced from affluence to poverty, the people of Charleston were compelled to endure the indescribable agony of those days.

Colonel Bennett, commanding the Twenty-first United States Coloured Troops of Morris Island, seeing signs of evacuation on Saturday morning, the 18th, hastened up the harbour in boats with his regiment, landing at the South Atlantic wharf.

"In the name of the United States Government," was his note to the mayor, "I demand the surrender of the city of which you are the executive officer. Until further orders, all citizens will remain in their houses."

The mayor, meanwhile, had despatched a deputation to Morris Island with formal intelligence of the evacuation.

"My command," wrote Colonel Bennett, "will render every possible assistance to your well-disposed citizens in extinguishing the flames."

The Twenty-first United States Coloured Troops was made up of the old Third and Fourth South Carolina regiments, and many of them were formerly slaves in the city of Charleston. They were enlisted at a time when public sentiment was against them, in the winter of 1862-63. I was at Port Royal then, and they were employed in the quartermaster's department. They were sneered at and abused by officers and men belonging to white regiments; but Colonel Bennett continued steadfast in his determination, obtained arms after a long struggle, in which he was seconded by Colonel Littlefield, Inspector-General of coloured troops in the department. Colonel Bennett had organised four companies of the Third and Colonel Littlefield four companies of the Fourth. The two commands were united and numbered as the Twenty-first United States Coloured Troops. They went to Morris Island in 1863, took part in two or three engagements, and proved themselves good soldiers of the Union. It was their high privilege to be first in the city. The stone which the builders rejected once in the history of the world became the head-stone of the corner; and in like manner the poor, despised, rejected African race, which had no rights, against whom the city of Charleston plotted iniquity and inaugurated treason, marched into the city to save it from destruction! Following the Twenty-first was a detachment of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts.

I recalled the day when it stood marshalled beneath the elms on Boston Common, to receive its flag from the hands of the governor of Massachusetts, John A. Andrew. "I know not," said he, as he placed the colours in the hands of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, "when in all human history there has been vouchsafed to any one thousand men in arms, a work so noble, so full of hope and promise, as is given to you."

They were most of them ex-slaves. Some of them had been sold in the Charleston slave mart. They had no country. The

Supreme Court of the United States had made its solemn declaration that they had no civil rights. Yet they had enlisted to fight for the preservation of the Union. I recall the opprobrious remarks of some of Boston's cultured citizens. "They will run at the first fire." But at Wagner they had proved their valour. When they followed their intrepid leader down into the moat, waded waist-deep through the water, climbed the glacis and poured their volleys into the faces of the Confederates, they demonstrated their right to citizenship, and refuted all the calumnies which, through the centuries, had been heaped upon their race. In the morning after the assault, when General Gillmore, with a white flag, asked for the body of Colonel Shaw, the Confederate commander gave the reply:

"Let him lie buried beneath his niggers!" Stung by the insult to the memory of their lamented commander, and by the sneer at themselves, will they not now wreak their vengeance on the ill-fated city? It is their hour for retaliation. But they harbour in their hearts no malice or revenge. Conscious of their manhood, they are glad of another opportunity of showing it.

The soldiers of the Fifty-fourth have proved their prowess on the field of battle; they have met the chivalry of South Carolina face to face, and shown their equality in courage and heroism, and on this ever memorable day they make manifest to the world their superiority in honour and humanity.

Let the painter picture it. Let the poet rehearse it. With the old flag above them, keeping step to freedom's drum-beat, up the grass-grown streets, past the slave marts where their families and themselves have been sold in the public shambles, laying aside their arms, working the fire-engines to extinguish the flames, and, in the spirit of the Redeemer of men, saving that which was lost.

"It was the intention of some of our officers to destroy the city," said one of the citizens; "they not only set it on fire, but they double-shotted the guns of the ironclads, and turned them upon the town, but, fortunately, no one was injured when they exploded."

The lower half of the city was called Gillmore's town by the inhabitants.

We visited the office of the *Mercury*, in Broad Street. A messenger sent from Morris Island had preceded us, entering the roof, exploding within the chimney, dumping several cart-loads of brickbats and soot into the editorial room, breaking the windows and splintering the doors. It was the room in which Secession had its incubation. The leading spirits sat there in their arm-chairs and enthroned King Cotton. They demanded homage to his majesty from all nations. The first shell sent the *Mercury* up-town to a safer locality, but when Sherman began his march into the interior, the *Mercury* fled into the country to Cheraw, right into his line of advance!

The *Courier* office in Bay Street had not escaped damage. A shell went down through the floors, ripping up the boards, jarring the plaster from the walls, and exploded in the second story, rattling all the tiles from the roof, bursting out the windows, smashing the composing-stone, opening the whole building to the winds. Another shell had dashed the sidewalk to pieces and blown a passage into the cellar, wide enough to admit a six-horse wagon. Near the *Courier* office were the Union Bank, Farmers' and Exchange Bank, and Charleston Bank, costly buildings, fitted up with marble mantels, floors of terra-cotta tiles, counters elaborate in carved work, and with gorgeous frescoing on the walls. There, five years before, the merchants of the city, the planters of the country, the slave-traders, assembled on exchange, talked treason, and indulged in extravagant day-dreams of the future glory of Charleston.

The rooms were silent now, the oaken doors splintered, the frescoing washed from the walls by the rains which dripped from the shattered roof; the desks were kindling-wood, the highly-wrought cornice work had dropped to the ground, the tiles were ploughed up, the marble mantels shivered, the beautiful plate glass of the windows was in fragments upon the floor. The banks helped on the rebellion, contributed their funds to inaugurate it, and invested largely in the State securities to place the State on a war footing. The three banks named held, on January 6, 1862, six hundred and ten thousand

dollars' worth of the seven per cent. State stock, issued under the act of December, 1861.

The entire amount of the State loan of one million eight hundred thousand dollars issued under the act was taken by the banks of the State. Every bank, with the exception of the Bank of Camden and the Commercial Bank of Columbia, subscribed to the stock. The seven Charleston banks at this early stage of the war had loaned the State, permanently, eleven hundred and forty-two thousand dollars.

At this period of the war the State had twenty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty-two troops in the field, out of a white population of two hundred and ninety-one thousand, by the census of 1860, nearly one-half of the voting population, so fiercely burned the fires of Secession. But the flames had reached their whitest heat. Even at that time, the people had grown weary of the war, and refused to enlist.

"The activity and energy had been already abstracted," writes the chief of the Military Department of the State; "they had stricken at the sovereignty of the State; ignorance, indolence, selfishness, disaffection, and to some extent disappointed ambition, were combined and made unwittingly to aid and abet the enemy, and to become the coadjutors of Lincoln and all the hosts of abolition myrmidons."

Passing from the banks to the hotels, we found a like scene of destruction. The doors of the Mills House were open. The windows had lost their glazing and were boarded up. Sixteen shots had struck the building. The rooms where Secession had been rampant in the beginning, where bottles of wine had been drunk over the fall of Sumter, echoed only to our footsteps. The Charleston Hotel, where Governor Pickens had uttered his proud, exultant, defiant words (1861) was pierced in many places. Dining-halls, parlours, and chambers had been visited by messengers from Morris Island. I gathered strawberry flowers and dandelion from the grass-green pavement in front of the hotel, trodden by the drunken multitude on that night when the flag of the Union was humbled in the dust.

No wild, tumultuous shoutings now, but silence deep, pain-

ful, sorrowful. Our own voices only echoed along the corridors and balconies where surged the lunatics of that hour. We passed at will along the streets, wanderers in a desolate city. Along the Battery, a beautiful promenade of the city, shaded by magnolias, and fragrant with the bloom of roses and syringas, overlooking the harbour, stood the residences of the "chivalric" men of South Carolina. From their balconies and windows the occupants had watched the first bombardment of Sumter. They had seen with joyful eyes the flames lick up the barracks, and the lowering of the flag of the Union. But now their palatial homes were wrecks, and they were fugitives. Doorless and windowless the houses. The elaborate centrepieces of stucco-work in the drawing-rooms crumbled; the bedrooms filled with bricks, the white marble steps and mahogany balusters shattered; owls and bats might build their nests in the coming springtime, undisturbed, in the deserted mansions; the esplanade of the Battery, the pleasure-ground of the Charlestonians, their delight and pride, was now merely a huge embankment of earth — a magazine of shot and shell.

The churches — where slavery had been preached as a missionary institution, where Secession had been prayed for, where *Te Deums* had been sung over the fall of Sumter, and hosannas shouted for the great victory of Manassas — were, like the houses, wrecks. The pavements were strewn with the glass shattered from the windows of old St. Michael's, the pride and reverence of Charleston; and St. Philip's, where worshipped the rich men. The yard was overrun with weeds and briars. Bombs had torn through the church. Pigeons had free access. Buzzards might roost there undisturbed.

In 1861 the heart of the city was burned out by a great fire, which swept from the Cooper River to the Ashley. How it ignited no one has told. The coloured people are fully imbued with the belief that it was sent of the Lord. No attempt had been made to rebuild the waste. All the energy of the people had been given to prosecuting the war. There had been no sound of trowel, hammer, or saw, except upon the ironclads.

The blackened area was overgrown with fire-weeds. Lean and hungry curs barked at us from the tenantless houses. Cats

which once purred by pleasant firesides ran from their old haunts at our approach. The rats had deserted the wharves and moved up-town with the people. The buzzards, which once picked up the garbage of the markets, had disappeared. A solitary rook cawed to us, perched on the vane of the courthouse steeple. Spiders were spinning their webs in the counting-houses.

It was an indescribable scene of desolation — of roofless houses, cannon-battered walls, crumbling ruins, upheaved pavement, and grass-grown streets; silent to all sounds of business, voiceless only to a few haggard men and women wandering amid the ruins, reflecting upon a jubilant past, a disappointed present, and a hopeless future!

Charleston was one of the great slave marts of the South. She was the boldest advocate for the reopening of the slave-trade. Her statesmen legislated for it; her ministers of the Gospel upheld it as the best means for Christianizing Africa and for the ultimate benefit of the whole human race. Being thus sustained, the slave-traders set up their auction-block in no out-of-the-way place. A score of men opened offices and dealt in the bodies and souls of men. Among them were T. Ryan & Son, M. M. McBride, J. E. Bowers, J. B. Oaks, J. B. Baker, Wilbur & Son, on State and Chalmers Streets. Twenty paces distant from Baker's was a building bearing the sign, "Theological Library, Protestant Episcopal Church." Standing by Baker's door, and looking up Chalmers Street to King Street, I read another sign, "Sunday-school Depository." Also, "Hibernian Hall," the building in which the ordinance of Secession was signed. In another building on the opposite corner was the Registry of Deeds. Near by was the guard-house with its grated windows, its iron bars being an appropriate design of double-edged swords and spears. Thousands of slaves had been incarcerated there for no crime whatever, except for being out after nine o'clock, or for meeting in some secret chamber to tell God their wrongs, with no white man present. They disobeyed the law by not listening to the bell of old St. Michael's, which at half-past eight in the evening, in its high and venerable tower, opened its trembling lips and shouted:

"Get you home! Get you home!" Always that; always of command; always of arrogance, superiority, and caste; never of love, good-will, and fellowship. On Sunday morning it said: "Come and sit in your old-fashioned, velvet-cushioned pews, you rich ones! Go up-stairs, you niggers!"

The guard-house doors were wide open. The jailer had lost his occupation. The last slave had been immured within its walls, and St. Michael's curfew was to be sweetest music henceforth and forever. It shall ring the glad chimes of freedom,—freedom to come, to go, or to tarry by the way; freedom from sad partings of wife and husband, father and son, mother and child.

The brokers in flesh and blood took good care to be well buttressed. They set up their markets in a reputable quarter, with St. Michael's and the guard-house, the Registry of Deeds and the Sunday-school Depository, the court-house and the Theological Library around them to make their calling respectable.

But the bursting bombs had splintered the pews of St. Michael's, demolished the pulpit, and made a record of its doings in the Registry building, opened the entire front of the Sunday-school Depository to the light of heaven. There was also a mass of evidence in the court-room — several cart-loads of brick and plaster, introduced by General Gillmore — against the right of the State to secede.

I entered the Theological Library building through a window from which General Gillmore had removed the sash by a solid shot. A pile of old rubbish lay upon the floor,—sermons, tracts, magazines, books, papers, musty and mouldy, turning into pulp beneath the rain-drops which came down through the shattered roof.

In 1860, in the month of December, Lieutenant-Colonel Woodford, of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers, was in Charleston on business. He was waited on one day by a company of citizens and informed that he had better leave the city, inasmuch as he was a Northerner, and, besides, was suspected of being an Abolitionist. He was put on board a steamer, and compelled to go North. He was now Provost-Marshall of the Department. On the morning of

the 20th he visited the office of the *Charleston Courier*. The editors had fled the city, but the business man of the establishment remained to protect it. Colonel Woodford was received very graciously. The following conversation passed between them:

Colonel W. "Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

Business man. "Mr. L——, sir."

Col. W. "Will you do me the favour to loan me a piece of paper?"

Mr. L. "Certainly, certainly, sir."

Col. W. "Shall I also trouble you for a pen and ink?"

Mr. L. "With pleasure, sir."

The ink was muddy and the pen poor, but the business man, with great alacrity, obtained another bottle and a better pen. Colonel Woodford commenced writing again:

"OFFICE PROVOST-MARSHAL,
CHARLESTON, February 20, 1865.

"Special Order, No. 1.

"The *Charleston Courier* establishment is hereby taken possession of by the United States."

Mr. L. had been overlooking the writing, forgetful of courtesy in his curiosity. He could hold in no longer.

"Colonel, surely you don't mean to confiscate my property! *Why, I opposed nullification in 1830.*"

"That may be, sir, but you have done what you could to oppose the United States since 1860. If you will show me by your files that you have uttered one loyal word since January 1, 1865, I will take your case into consideration."

He could not, and the *Courier* passed into other hands.

The rich men of the city — those who had begun and sustained the Rebellion — fled when they saw that the place was to fall into the hands of the Yankees. But how bitter the humiliation! On the Sunday preceding, Rev. Dr. Porter, of the Church of the Holy Communion, preached upon the duty of fighting the Yankees to the last. "Fight! fight, my friends, till the streets run blood! Perish in the last ditch rather than permit the enemy to obtain possession of your homes!"

But on Monday morning Dr. Porter was hastening to Che-

raw, to avoid being caught in Sherman's trap. The people of Charleston expected that Sherman would swing round upon Branchville, and come into the city, and therefore hastened to Columbia, Cheraw, and other northern towns of the interior, where not a few of them became acquainted with the "Bummers."

Rev. Dr. Porter owned a fine residence, which he turned over to an English lady. As there were no hotel accommodations, my friend and I were obliged to find private lodgings, and were directed to the house of the Reverend Doctor. We were courteously received by Mrs. ———, a lady in middle life, still wearing the bloom of old England on her cheeks, although several years a resident of the sunny South. Rising early in the morning, for a stroll through the city before breakfast, I found the cook and chambermaid breaking out in boisterous laughter. The cook danced, clapped her hands, sat down in a chair, and reeled backward and forward in unrestrained ecstasy.

"What pleases you, aunty?" I asked.

"O massa! I's tickled to tink dat massa Dr. Porter, who said dat no Yankee eber would set his foot in dis yar city, had to cut for his life, and dat a Yankee slept in his bed last night! Bless de Lord for dat!"

The white women manifested their hatred to the bitter end.

"I'll set fire to my house before the Yankees shall have possession of the city!" was the exclamation of one excited lady, when it was whispered that the place was to be evacuated; but her rebel friends saved her the trouble by applying the torch themselves.

The coloured people looked upon the Yankees as their deliverers from bondage. They spoke of their coming as the advent of the Messiah. Passing along King Street, near the citadel, we met an old negress with a basket on her arm, a broad-brimmed straw hat on her head, wearing a brown dress and roundabout. She saw that we were Yankees, and made a profound courtesy.

"How do you do, aunty?"

"Oh, bless de Lord, I's very well, tank you," grasping my

hand, and dancing for joy. "I am sixty-nine years old, but I feel as if I wa'n't but sixteen." She broke into a chant,—

"Ye's long been a-comin,
Ye's long been a-comin,
Ye's long been a-comin,
For to take de land.

"And now ye's a-comin,
And now ye's a-comin,
And now ye's a-comin,
For to rule de land."

And then, clapping her hands, said, "Bless de Lord! Bless de dear Jesus!"

"Then you are glad the Yankees are here?"

"O chile! I can't bress de Lord enough; but I doesn't call you Yankees."

"What do you call us?"

"I call you Jesus's aids, and I call you head man de Messiah." She burst out into a rhapsody of hallelujah and thanksgivings. "I can't bress de Lord enough, and bress you, chile; I can't love you enough for comin'."

"Were you not afraid, aunty, when the shells fell into the town?"

She straightened up, raised her eyes, and with a look of triumphant joy, exclaimed:

"When Mr. Gillmore fired de big gun and I hear de shell a-rushin' ober my head, I say, Come, dear Jesus, and I feel nearer to heaben dan I eber feel before!"

My laundress at Port Royal was Rosa, a young coloured woman, who escaped from Charleston in 1862, with her husband and four other persons, in a small boat. On that occasion Rosa dressed herself in men's clothes, and the whole party early one morning rowed past Sumter, and made for the gun-boats.

"If you go to Charleston I wish you would see if my mother is there," said Rosa. "Governor Aiken's head man knows where she lives."

We went up King Street to Governor Aiken's. We found

his "head man" in the yard,—a courteous black, who, as soon as he learned that we were Yankees, and had a message from Rosa to her mother, dropped all work and started with us, eager to do anything for a Yankee. A walk to John Street, an entrance through a yard to the rear of a dwelling-house, brought us to the mother, in a small room, cluttered with pots, kettles, tables, and chairs. She was sitting on a stool before the fire, cooking her scanty breakfast of corn-cake. She had a little rice meal in a bag given her by a rebel officer. She was past sixty years of age,—a large, strong woman, with a wide, high forehead and intellectual features. She was clothed in a skirt of dingy negro cloth, a sack of old red carpeting, and poor, thin canvas shoes of her own make. Such an introduction!

"Here comes de great Messiah, wid news of Rosa!" said my introducer, with an indescribable dramatic flourish.

The mother sprang from the stool with a cry of joy. "From Rosa? From Rosa? Oh, thank the Lord!" She took hold of my hands, looked at me with intense earnestness and joy, and yet with a shade of doubt, as if it could not be true.

"From Rosa?"

"Yes, aunty."

She kneeled upon the floor and looked up to heaven. The tears streamed from her eyes. She recounted in prayer all her long years of slavery, of suffering, of unrequited toil, and achings of the heart. "You have heard me, dear Jesus! O blessed Lamb!"

It was a conversation between herself and the Saviour. She told Him the story of her life, of all its sorrows, of His goodness, kindness, and love, the tears rolling down her cheeks the while and falling in great drops upon the floor. She wanted us to stay and partake of her humble fare, pressed my hands again and again; and when we told her we must go, she asked for God's best blessing and for Jesus' love to follow us. It was a prayer from the heart. We had carried to her the news that she was free, and that her Rosa was still alive. The long looked-for jubilee morning had dawned, and we were to her God's messengers, bringing the glad tidings.

The 22d of February, Washington's birthday, was celebrated in Charleston as never before. In the afternoon a small party of gentlemen from the North sat down to a dinner. Among them were Colonel Webster, chief of General Sherman's staff, Colonel Markland of the Post-office Department, several officers of the army and navy, and four journalists, all guests of a patriotic gentleman from Philadelphia, Mr. Getty.

Our table was spread in the house of a caterer who formerly had provided sumptuous dinners for the Charlestonians. He was a mulatto, and well understood his art; for, notwithstanding the scarcity of provisions in the city, he was able to provide an excellent entertainment, set off with canned fruits, which had been put up in England, and had run the gauntlet of the blockade.

Sentiments were offered and speeches made, which in other days would have been called incendiary. Five years before if they had been uttered there the speakers would have made the acquaintance of Judge Lynch, and been treated to a gratuitous coat of tar and feathers, or received some such chivalric attention, if they had not dangled from a lamp-post or the nearest tree. Lloyd's Concert Band, coloured musicians, were in attendance, and "Hail Columbia," the "Star-Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle,"—songs which had not been heard for years in that city,—were sung with enthusiasm. To stand there with open doors and windows, and speak freely, without fear of mob violence, was worth all the precious boon had cost, to feel that our words, our actions, our thoughts even, were not subject to the misinterpretation of irresponsible inquisitors, that we were not under espionage, but in *free* America, answerable to God alone for our thoughts even, and to no man for our actions, so long as they did not infringe the rights of others.

While dining we heard the sound of drums and a chorus of voices. Looking down the broad avenue we saw a column of troops advancing with steady step and even ranks. It was nearly sunset, and their bayonets were gleaming in the level rays. It was General Potter's brigade, led by the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts,—a regiment recruited from the ranks of slavery.

Sharp and shrill the notes of the fife, stirring the drum-beat, deep and resonant the thousand voices singing their most soul-thrilling war-song,—

“John Brown’s body lies a mouldering in the grave.”

Mingling with the chorus were cheers for Governor Andrew and Abraham Lincoln.

They raised their caps, hung them upon their bayonets. Proud their bearing. They came as conquerers. Some of them had walked those streets before as slaves. Now they were free-men,—soldiers of the Union, defenders of its flag.

Around them gathered a dusky crowd of men, women, and children, dancing, shouting, mad with very joy. Mothers held up their little ones to see the men in blue, to catch a sight of the starry flag, with its crimson folds and tassels of gold.

“O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb,
Waiting for God, your hour at last has come,
And freedom’s song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong.”

Upon the avenue, past the citadel, with unbroken ranks, they marched, offering no insult, uttering no epithet, manifesting no revenge, for all the wrongs of centuries heaped upon them by a people now humbled and at their mercy.

While walking down the street an hour later I inquired my way of a white woman. She was going in the same direction, and kindly volunteered to direct me.

“How do the Yankees behave?” I asked.

“Oh, they behave well enough, but the niggers are dreadful sassy.”

“They have not insulted you, I hope.”

“Oh, no, they haven’t insulted me, but they have other folks. They don’t turn out when we meet them; they smoke cigars and go right up to a gentleman and ask him for a light!”

The deepest humiliation to the Charlestonians was the presence of negro soldiers. They were the provost guards of the city, with their headquarters in the citadel. Whoever desired

protection papers or passes, whoever had business with the marshal or the general commanding the city, rich or poor, high-born or low-born, white or black, man or woman, must meet a coloured sentinel face to face, and obtain from a coloured sergeant permission to enter the gate. They were first in the city, and it was their privilege to guard it, their duty to maintain law and order.

A Confederate officer who had given his parole, but who was indiscreet enough to curse the Yankees, was quietly marched off to the guard-house by these coloured soldiers. It was galling to his pride, and he walked with downcast eyes and subdued demeanour.

The gorgeous spectacle of the numerous war-vessels in the harbour, flaming with bunting from yardarm and topmast, and thundering forth a national salute in double honour of the day and the victory, deeply impressed the minds of the coloured population with the invincibility of the Yankees.

"Oh, gosh a mighty! It is no use for de rebs to think of standing out against de Yankees any longer. I'll go home and bring Dinah down to see de sight!" cried an old freedman as he beheld the fleet. Bright colours are the delight of the African race, and a grand display of any kind has a wonderful effect on their imagination.

Neither the white nor the coloured people comprehended the change which had taken place in their fortunes. The whites forgot that they were no longer slave-drivers. Passing down Rutledge Street one morning, I saw a crowd around the door of a building. A friend who was there in advance of me said that he heard an outcry, looked in, and found a white man whipping a coloured woman. Her outcries brought a coloured sergeant of the provost guard and a squad of men, who quietly took the woman away, and told her to go where she pleased, and informed the man that that sort of thing was "played out." Two white women were passing at the time. "Oh, my God! To think that we should ever come to this!" was the exclamation of one. "Yes, madam, you have come to it, and will have to come to a good deal more," was the reply of my friend.

There were a few Union men in the city, who through the

long struggle had been true to the old flag. They were mostly Germans. Many Union officers escaping from prison had been kindly cared for by these faithful friends, who had been subjected to such close surveillance that secretiveness had become a marked trait of character.

I saw a small flag waving from a window, and wishing to find out what sort of a Union man resided there, rang the bell. A man came to the door, of middle age, light hair, and an honest, German face.

"I saw the Stars and Stripes thrown out from your window, and have called to shake hands with a Union man, for I am a Yankee."

He grasped my proffered hand, and shook it till it ached.

"Come in, sir. God bless you, sir."

Then suddenly checking himself, he lowered his voice, looked into the adjoining rooms, peeped behind doors, to see if there were a listener near.

"We have to be careful; spies all about us," said he, not fully realising that the soldiers of the Union had possession of the city. He showed me a large flag.

"Since the fall of Sumter," said he, "my wife and I have slept on it every night. We have had it sewed into a feather-bed."

He gazed upon it as if it were the most blessed thing in the world.

He had aided several soldiers in escaping from prison; and on one occasion had kept two officers secreted several weeks, till an opportunity offered to send them out to the blockading fleet.

During the bombardment of the city, the newspapers had published their daily bulletins,—“So many shells fired. No damage.” From the proud beginning to the humiliating breaking up of the rule of Secession, the people were cheated, deluded, and deceived by false promises and lying reports. It was sad to walk amid the ruins of what had been once so fair. It seemed a city of a past age and of an extinct generation. And it was. The Charleston of former days was dead as Palmyra.

Embarking on the steamer with General Gillmore, we sailed down the harbour to visit Sumter.

The steamer *Deer*, built on the Clyde, a few hours from Nassau, with an assorted cargo,—a low, rakish, fast-running craft, with steam escaping from her pipes,—was lying under the guns of a monitor. She had worked her way in during the night. The crestfallen captain was chewing the cud of disappointment on the quarter-deck, looking gloomily seaward the while, and doubtless wishing himself in the harbour of Nassau. Two nights before the *Syren* had passed in. The wreck of a third blockade-runner was lying on the sands of Sullivan's Island, near Moultrie, which months before had been run ashore by the fleet. The tide was surging through the cabin windows. Barnacles had fastened upon the hull, and long tresses of green, dank seaweed hung trailing from the iron paddle wheels. It was a satisfaction to know that the time was at hand when Englishmen at Nassau would have to shut up shop.

The steamer could not approach near the landing, and we were taken to the fort in small boats. We reached the interior through a low, narrow passage.

The fort bore little resemblance to its former appearance, externally or internally. None of the original face of the wall was to be seen, except on the side towards Charleston and a portion of that facing Moultrie. From the harbour and from Wagner it appeared only a tumulus,—the *débris* of an old ruin. All the casemates, arches, pillars, and parapets were torn up and utterly demolished. The great guns which two years before kept the monitors at bay, which flamed and thundered awhile upon Wagner, were dismounted, broken, and partially buried beneath the mountain of brick, dust, concrete, sand, and mortar. After Dupont's attack, in April, 1863, a reinforcement of palmetto logs was made on the harbour side, and against half of the wall facing Moultrie, and the lower casemates were filled with sand-bags; but when General Gillmore obtained possession of Wagner, his fire began to crumble the parapet. The rebels endeavoured to maintain its original height by gabions filled with sand, but this compelled a widening of

the base inside by sand-bags, thousands of which were brought to the fort at night. Day after day, week after week, the pounding from Wagner was maintained so effectually that it was impossible to keep a gun in position on the side of Sumter fronting it, and the only guns remaining mounted were five or six on the side towards Moultrie, in the middle tier of casemates. Five howitzers were kept on the walls to repel an attack by small boats, the garrison keeping under cover, or seeking shelter whenever the lookout cried, "A shot!"

Cheveaux-de-frise of pointed sticks protected the fort from a scaling party. At a base outside was a barrier of interlaced wire, supported by iron posts. There was also a submerged network of wire and chains, kept in place by floating buoys.

I had the curiosity to make an inspection of the wall nearest Moultrie, to see what had been the effect of the fire of the ironclads in Dupont's attack. With my glass at that time I could see that the wall was badly honeycombed; a close inspection now proved that the fire was very damaging. There were seams in the masonry, and great gashes where the solid bolts crumbled the bricks to dust. It was evident that if the fire had been continued any considerable length of time the wall would have fallen. Its effect suggested the necessity of filling up the lower casemates.

For four long years the cannon of Sumter had hurled defiance at the rights of man; but the contest now was ended. Eternal principles had prevailed against every effort of rebel hate to crush them. The strong earthworks on Sullivan's and Johnson's Islands, the batteries in the harbour, Castle Pinckney and Fort Ripley, and those in the city erected by slaves, were useless forever, except as monuments of folly and wickedness. As I stood there upon the ruins of Sumter, looking down into the crater, the past like a panorama was unrolled, exhibiting the mighty events which will forever make it memorable. The silent landing of Major Anderson at the postern gate, the midnight prayer and solemn consecration of the little band to defend the flag till the last, the long weeks of preparation by the rebels, the *Star of the West* turning her bow seaward, the 12th of April, the barracks on fire, the supplies ex-

hausted, the hopelessness of success, the surrender, and all that had followed, were vivid memories of the moment.

How inspiring to hear the music of the band, to behold the numerous vessels of the fleet decorated from bowsprit to yard-arm and topmast with flags and streamers, to recall the heroic sacrifices of those who had fought through the weary years, to know that Sumter, Moultrie, the city, and the State were redeemed from the worst system of vassalage, that our country was still a nation, renewed and regenerated by its baptism of fire and blood, that truth and right were vindicated before the world; and to look down the coming years, and know that freedom was secured to all beneath the folds of the flag that had withstood the intrigues of cabals and the shock of battle, and that Christianity and civilisation, twin agents of human progress, had received an impetus that would make the republic the leader and teacher of all the nations.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE LAST CAMPAIGN

HASTENING northward, I joined the Army of the Potomac in season to be an observer of Grant's last campaign. It was evident that the power of the Rebellion to resist was rapidly on the wane. In the West there were several small rebel forces, but no large organised body. Hood's defeat at Nashville had paralysed operations east of the Mississippi. Johnston was falling back before Sherman, without ability to check his advance.

Grant had strengthened his own army. Schofield was at Wilmington, preparing to coöperate with Sherman. Sheridan was in the Valley, at Winchester,—his cavalry in excellent condition for a move. The cavalry arm of the service had been growing in importance. Grant had fostered it, and now held it in his hand, as Jove his thunderbolts. His letter to Sheridan, written on the 20th of February, shows how thoroughly he had prepared for the finishing work.

"As soon as it is possible to travel," he writes, "I think you will have no difficulty about reaching Lynchburg with a cavalry force alone. From thence you could destroy the railroad and canal in every direction, so as to be of no further use to the Rebellion. Sufficient cavalry should be left behind to look after Mosby's gang. From Lynchburg, if information you might get there would justify it, you could strike south, heading the streams of Virginia to the westward of Danville, and push on and join Sherman. This additional raid, with one now about starting from East Tennessee, under Stoneman, numbering four or five thousand cavalry; one from Eastport, Mississippi, numbering ten thousand cavalry; Canby from Mobile Bay, numbering thirty-eight thousand mixed troops,—these three latter pushing for Tuscaloosa, Selma, and Montgom-

ery, and Sherman with a large army eating out the vitals of South Carolina, is all that will be wanted to leave nothing for the Rebellion to stand upon. I would advise you to overcome great obstacles to accomplish this. Charleston was evacuated on Tuesday last."

Sheridan started on the 27th of February with two divisions of cavalry, numbering about ten thousand men, reached Staunton on the 2d of March, fell upon Early at Waynesboro', capturing sixteen hundred prisoners, eleven guns, seventeen battle-flags, and two hundred wagons; occupied Charlottesville on the 3d, destroyed the railroad, and burned the bridge on the Rivanna River. A rain-storm delaying his trains, and obliging him to wait two days, he abandoned the attempt to reach Sherman; then dividing his force, he sent one division towards Lynchburg, which broke up the railroad, while the other went down James River, cutting the canal.

He intended to cross the James at New Market, move southeast to Appomattox Court House, strike the South Side Railroad, tear it up, and join Grant's left flank; but a freshet on the James prevented the accomplishment of his purpose. He therefore sent scouts through the rebel lines to Grant, to inform him of the difficulties he had encountered and the consequent change of plan.

"I am going to White House, and shall want supplies at that point," said he. The scouts left him on the 10th at Columbia, and reached Grant on the 12th. Sheridan made a rapid march, passing quite near Richmond on the north, and raising a midnight alarm in the rebel capital.

"Couriers reported that the enemy were at the outer fortifications, and had burned Ben Green's house," writes a citizen of Richmond.

"Mr. Secretary Mallory and Postmaster-General Regan were in the saddle, and rumour says the President and the remainder of the Cabinet had their horses saddled, in readiness for flight."

Sheridan was not quite so near, and had no thought of attacking the city. He passed quietly down the north bank of the Pamunkey to White House, where supplies were in

waiting. He rested his horses a day or two, and then moved to Petersburg.

At daylight on the morning of the 25th of March, Lee made his last offensive movement.

He conceived the idea of breaking Grant's line east of Petersburg, and destroying his supplies at City Point. The first part he successfully accomplished, but the last could not have been carried out. He massed Gordon's and Bushrod Johnson's divisions in front of the Ninth Corps, for an attack upon Fort Steadman and the batteries adjoining. The fort was held by the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery. It was a square redoubt, covering about one acre, and mounted nine guns, and was not more than five hundred feet from the rebel line. The rebels tore away their own abatis, and in less than a minute were inside the fort. Almost the whole garrison was captured, and turned upon the batteries.

Colonel Tidball, commanding the artillery in the Ninth Corps, quickly had his men at work. General Parke, commanding the Ninth, threw Hartranft's and Wilcox's division in rear of Fort Steadman. They fell like a thunderbolt upon Gordon's front line, taking eighteen hundred prisoners, forcing the enemy out of the fort, and recapturing the guns.

Long and loud the huzzas which went up when the guns were wheeled once more upon the discomfited foe. President Lincoln saw the battle from the high ground near the house of Mr. Dunn. During the forenoon Gordon sent in a flag of truce, asking permission to bury his dead, which was granted. The Union loss was not far from eight hundred and thirty, mostly in prisoners, while Lee's exceeded three thousand.

General Meade ordered a general attack. He thought that there must be a weak place in some portion of the rebel line. The Second and Sixth Corps succeeded in taking the entrenched picket line, and holding it. Great efforts were made by Lee to regain it, but in vain. Nine hundred prisoners were captured during the afternoon.

I rode to City Point in the evening, and visited Grant's headquarters. General Grant was well satisfied with the results of the day.

"It will tell upon the next great battle," said he. "Lee has made a desperate attempt and failed. The new recruits fought like veterans."

He had already issued his order for the grand movement which was to give the finishing blow to the Rebellion. He had been impelled to this by various causes, not the least of which was the unjust course pursued by some of the newspapers of the West, which lauded Sherman and his men, but sneered at the Army of the Potomac. The soldiers of the East had accomplished nothing, they said, and the soldiers of the West would have to finish the Rebellion. Sherman had fought his way from Chattanooga to the sea. He was driving all before him. He would come in on Grant's left flank and rout Lee. These taunts and innuendoes were keenly felt by the men who had won the fields of Gettysburg, Antietam, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and who had lost eighty thousand of their comrades in forty days. Grant felt it. He saw the dangerous tendency of such jealousy. He knew what the Eastern soldiers could do; that they had fought with unsurpassed bravery and heroism. To avoid sectional animosity between the East and the West, he determined to strike Lee before Sherman's arrival, and accordingly issued his order on the 24th.

General Sherman, having reached North Carolina and opened communication with Wilmington, took a steamer and made his way to Grant's headquarters to confer with the commander-in-chief, while his army was resting and receiving fresh supplies of clothing and rations.

On the morning of March 28th, while sitting in the adjutant-general's office at Grant's headquarters, I saw the door of the little cabin in which he had passed the winter open. Presently General Grant appeared, followed by President Lincoln, Generals Sherman, Meade, Sheridan, Ord, and Cook. A group of men whose names are writ large in the history of our country.

President Lincoln was most conspicuous, being taller than any others of the group and wearing a tall hat, round-shouldered, loose-jointed, with large features. Grant, at his right hand, was of low stature, compactly put together, silent,

undemonstrative, wearing a stiff military hat, puffing a cigar. Sherman, tall, commanding forehead, almost as loosely built as the President. His sandy whiskers were closely cropped. His coat was shabby with constant wear. His trousers were tucked into his military boots. His felt hat was splashed with mud. He was talking and gesticulating, now to the President, now to Grant, now to Meade, who was also tall, with thin, sharp features, gray beard, wearing spectacles and a little stooping in his gait. Sheridan was the shortest of all in stature. But every movement was marked with energy. He was browned by exposure, but was courteous and affable. I had not met him for several months, but he greeted me cordially and spoke of the days at Pittsburg Landing in Tennessee, where I had made his acquaintance.

They entered the room where I was sitting. The President extended his hand and said:

"Where have you been during these weeks?"

"I have just returned from Savannah and Charleston."

"Indeed! And how do the people down there like the new order of things?"

"I infer that they are somewhat reconciled, for while at Savannah I saw a flatboat come down the river, piled with bales of cotton, which the owner was bringing to market, accompanied by his wife and children, and a negro woman and her children, of whom the planter was the supposed father."

"Oh, yes. Patriarchal times have come once more. Abraham, Sarah, Hagar, Isaac, and Ishmael, all in the same boat."

There was a merry twinkle in his eyes. The company enjoyed the humour of the President, who turned to the map lying on the table, showing the disposition of the troops. General Grant briefly outlined the situation of affairs, and pointed to Five Forks as a locality which he should endeavour to secure. His line was nearly forty miles long, extending from the north side of the James to Hatcher's Run. General Ord, who had succeeded Butler in command of the Army of the James, had left Weitzel to maintain the position north of James River, and was moving with two divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps under Gibbon, and one of the Twenty-

fifth under Birney, with a division of cavalry under McKenzie, to Hatcher's Run, arriving there on the morning of the 29th.

On the afternoon of the 28th, Sheridan started with Crook's and Merritt's divisions of cavalry for Dinwiddie Court House, while Warren with the Fifth Corps crossed Hatcher's Run, and marched towards the same point.

"We have four days' rations in our haversacks, and twelve days' in our wagons," said Colonel Batchelder, quartermaster-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac.

Lee discovered the movement, and during the evening of the 29th made a diversion against the North Corps. Precisely at ten o'clock there was a signal-gun, a yell, a volley of musketry as the rebels attacked Parke's picket-line. Then came the roar of the cannonade. The Ninth Corps was prepared. Through the afternoon there had been suspicious movements along the rebel lines, and Parke was on the watch. It was surmised that Lee would endeavour to compel Grant to recall the Fifth and Second Corps. Parke strengthened his picket-line, and brought up his reserve artillery, to be ready in case of emergency. In three minutes nearly two hundred guns and mortars were in play. The night was dark, the wind south, and rain falling, but the battle increased in intensity. I stood upon the hill in rear of the Ninth Corps, and witnessed the display. Thirty shells were in the air at the same instant. The horizon was bright with fiery arches, crossing each other at all angles, cut horizontally by streams of fire from rifled cannon. Beneath the arches thousands of muskets were flashing. It surpassed in sublimity anything I had witnessed during the war.

During the day I had been to City Point to send despatches to the *Boston Journal*, and accepted an invitation to a lunch at the headquarters of the Christian Commission, where there were several clergymen from the North, who had volunteered to serve as nurses in the hospitals. Most of them doubtless had a laudable desire to see something of the war. One of them, a gentleman of the old school, had come wearing a claw-hammer coat and a glossy silk hat, a costume generally regarded as suited for an evening social party. He expressed a great de-

sire to go to the front. If there was to be a battle he would like to be on the field to minister to the wounded and dying. The officers in charge at City Point graciously granted the request for a pass, and the clerical gentleman took the cars on the military railroad to minister to the soldiers in the trenches.

While the cannonade was going on I discerned, by the flashes of the guns, a figure approaching — a man running as best he could — his footsteps quickened by the occasional thud of solid shots falling around us.

"Do — you — think — they — will get up here?" he asked, panting for breath.

"One cannot always tell what will happen in battle," I replied.

"What — shall — we — do?"

"We can tell better when the time comes."

"Do — you — think — I — can — get — down — to — City — Point?"

"Yes. There is a train on the railroad now. You can get on board, I guess."

As he passed I saw by the flashing cannon, the claw-hammer coat and silk hat of the clerical gentleman, who had so ardently desired to minister to the wounded and dying on the field. He had seen enough of war, and it was not just what he thought it was.

A soldier, who had been slightly wounded the day before and was in reserve, came and stood by my side.

"I wish I was down there with the boys," he said.

After two hours of terrific cannonade the uproar ceased, Lee having found that Grant's lines were as strong as ever. The demonstration cost him several hundred soldiers. I talked with one of the wounded Confederates.

"You can't subdue us even if you take Richmond," said he; "we'll fight it out in the mountains."

"Undoubtedly you feel like fighting it out, but you may think better of it some of these days."

A delegate of the Christian Commission sat down to write a letter for him to his wife, to be sent by a flag of truce.

"Tell her," said he, "that I am kindly treated."

His voice choked and tears rolled down his cheeks. A nurse stood over him bathing his wounds to cool the fever, combing his hair, and anticipating all his wants. I recalled the words of a citizen of Savannah, who said, "I went to the stockade when your prisoners were brought down from Millen, with a basket of oranges to give to the sick and dying, but was told by the officer in command that his orders were imperative to allow no one to give anything to the prisoners."

Observe the contrast. Here were good beds, nourishing food, delicacies from the stores of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, and kind attention. There a crowd of wretches in rags, exposed to the winds, the rains, the broiling heat or the biting cold, eating corn-meal and water, and meat alive with maggots,—stinted till starved, held captive till hope died, till the mind wandered, and the victims became drivelling imbeciles or walking skeletons, and greeted death as a welcome release from the horrors of their prison-pen.

Hatcher's Run, an affluent of Rowanty Creek, has a general southeast course. It is crossed by three main highways, which lead out of Petersburg towards the southwest,—the Vaughn road farthest east, Squirrel Level road next, and last the Boydtown plank road. The Squirrel Level road forks seven miles out, one fork running to the Vaughn road and the other to the plank road. It is nine miles from Petersburg to the toll-gate on the plank road, which is situated a few rods south of the run. The stream above this crossing of the plank road tends west and southwest, so that if a fisherman with his rod and fly were to start at the head-waters of the creek he would travel northeast, then east, then at the bridge on the plank road southeast, and after reaching the Vaughn road, south.

Were we to stand upon the bridge where the plank road crosses the stream, and look northeast, we would obtain a view of the inside of the Confederate lines. The bridge was in Lee's possession, also the toll-gate on the south side, also a portion of the White Oak road, which branches from the plank road, near the toll-gate, and leads west, midway between the run and the plank road.

The country was densely wooded, mostly with pine, with

occasional clearings. Several steam sawmills had been erected in this vicinity which cut timber for the Petersburg market. The plank road leads to Dinwiddie Court House, fifteen miles from Petersburg. Just beyond the Court House is Stony Creek, which has a southeast course, with a branch called Chamberlain's Bed, coming down from the north, having its rise in a swamp near the head of Hatcher's Run.

Now to understand the direction of the Confederate line of fortifications, let us in imagination start from Petersburg and walk down the plank road. We face southwest, and walk in rear of fort after fort nine miles to Hatcher's Run, where a strong work had been erected on the north bank of the stream. We cross the bridge and find another on the south bank near the toll-house and Burgess's tavern. Here we leave the plank road, and, turning west, walk along the White Oak road with Hatcher's Run north of us, a mile distant. Four miles from the town we come to "Five Forks," where five roads meet, midway the head of Chamberlain's Bed and Hatcher's Run. This was an important point,—the key of Petersburg,—which, although so far away from the town, and apparently of no importance, is in reality the most vital point of all. There is no stream immediately behind or before it, but a mile south is the swamp of Chamberlain's Run; a mile north the low lands of Hatcher's Run, but here firm, hard ground. If Grant can break through this gateway he can tear up the rails of the South Side road, have unobstructed passage to the Danville road, and Richmond and Petersburg are his. It is six miles from the Forks, north, to the railroad, but that is the best place for Lee to fight, and there he establishes a strong line of works.

Grant's movement was that of fishermen stretching a seine. He kept one end of the net firmly fastened to the bank of the Appomattox, while Sheridan drew the other past Dinwiddie Court House to Five Forks, with the intention of reaching the railroad west of Petersburg, to enclose, if possible, Lee's entire army. Such the plan,—noble in conception, grand in execution.

Sheridan had started to cut the South Side road at Burkes-

ville, but Grant, upon deliberation, decided to strike nearer.

"I feel like ending the matter, if it is possible to do so, before going back," wrote Grant, from Gravelly Run,—three miles west of Hatcher's Run. "I do not want you to cut loose and go after the enemy's roads at present. In the morning push round the enemy if you can, and get on to his right rear."

The rain, which commenced falling at midnight on the 29th, continued through the 30th and the forenoon of the 31st, but Sheridan kept in motion, reached Dinwiddie at five o'clock on the 29th, where he bivouacked.

On the morning of the 30th he came in contact with the enemy a mile beyond the Court House, posted on the west bank of Chamberlain's Run.

W. H. F. Lee's cavalry held the right of the line, with Pickett's division of infantry on the left. During the forenoon Bushrod Johnson's division of infantry came down from Five Forks and formed on Pickett's left.

Sheridan reconnoitred the position during the forenoon, and began the attack about two P. M., but the ground was marshy, and his horses could not be used. Johnson's and Pickett's divisions, and Wise's brigade, which also had arrived, crossed the run about half past two. The fight was severe. Sheridan dismounted his men, deployed them as infantry, and contested the ground, falling back on Dinwiddie Court House, where the battle ended at eight o'clock in the evening.

Meade ordered McKenzie's division of cavalry to hasten to the assistance of Sheridan, and at five o'clock directed Warren to push a small force down the White Oak road to communicate with that officer, and Bartlett's brigade was sent. During the night Warren's whole force moved towards Dinwiddie to attack Pickett and Johnson in the rear, and at daylight was ready for the assault; but the rebels had decamped, and were once more in position at Five Forks.

On the morning of the 1st of April, Sheridan, having command of the Fifth Corps, as well as the cavalry, moved cautiously towards Five Forks. The forenoon was passed in reconnoitring the position, which was defended by the whole of

Pickett's division, Wise's independent brigade of infantry, Fitz Hugh Lee's, W. H. Lee's, and Ross's divisions of cavalry, and Johnson's division of infantry.

Sheridan's order was to form the whole corps before advancing, so that all the troops should move simultaneously.

Following the Fifth Corps, we came to the Gravelly Run church, which is about one and a half miles southeast of Five Forks. A quarter of a mile northwest of the church is the house of Mr. Bass, a landmark for the future historian, for there Sheridan's line turned a right angle. Ayers's division of the Fifth, marching past the church, wheeled on the north side of the house and faced west. Crawford's division passed on, and came into line north of Ayers's, while Griffin's stood in reserve on the White Oak road, in rear of Ayers's. McKenzie's cavalry, which had been some time on the ground, deflected to the right and held the line to Hatcher's Run, which here has a course due east. McKenzie, Crawford, Ayers, and Griffin therefore faced west. Taking the other leg of the angle, we find Stagg's division of cavalry nearest the house of Mr. Bass, then Gibbs's and Fitz Hugh's, Pennington's and Wells's, all facing north, and on the extreme left. Coppinger's facing northeast. Fitz Hugh's division was directly south of Five Forks. This powerful body of cavalry was all under the command of Major-General Merritt.

The woods were dense, with here and there an opening.

"Keep the sun shining over your left shoulders," was Warwick's order to his troops. The length of his front was about one thousand yards, and his divisions were in three lines—numbering about twelve thousand. While the troops were forming, he drew a sketch of the enemy's position for each division commander, and instructed them to explain it to each brigade commander, that there might be no mistake in the movement.

The cavalry, through the afternoon, while Warren was getting into position, kept up a skirmish fire.

Sheridan was impatient. The sun was going down and he must attack at once or retire. He could not think of doing the latter, as it would give Pickett and Johnson time to make

their entrenchments exceedingly strong. He ordered Merritt to make a demonstration. That officer advanced Wells and Coppinger against Johnson's extreme right.

"I am going to strike their left flank with the Fifth Corps, and when you hear the musketry, assault all along the line," were his instructions to Merritt.

The Fifth advanced in excellent order, sweeping round Pickett's left flank, and falling on his rear. For a half-hour there was a heavy fire, but the woods being dense the loss was not very great. When the order to charge bayonets was given, the men rushed forward, leaped over the entrenchments, and captured Pickett's front line. Pickett formed a new line, which he endeavoured to hold against the Fifth. Warren ordered Crawford to take them once more in flank, and sent one of McKenzie's brigades to aid him. Ayers's and Griffin's divisions had become disorganised by the success, but reforming, they advanced along the White Oak road, but were checked by Pickett's new line. Officers were urging the men forward, but there was faltering. Warren, accompanied by Captain Benyaud, rode to the front, and called upon his officers to follow his example. Officers of all ranks, from generals to subalterns and the colour-bearers, sprang forward. In an instant the line rallied, and with fixed bayonets leaped upon the enemy, and captured the whole force opposing them. Warren's horse fell, fatally shot, and an orderly by his side was killed within a few paces of the entrenchments. When Merritt heard the roll of musketry he ordered the attack. His cavalymen rode fearlessly through the woods, dashed up to the entrenchments, leaped over them and carried the entire line along his front in the first grand charge.

"The enemy," says Sheridan, "were driven from their strong line of works, completely routed; the Fifth Corps doubling up their left flank in confusion, and the cavalry of General Merritt dashing on to the White Oak road, capturing their artillery, turning it upon them, and riding into their broken ranks, so demoralised them that they made no serious stand after their line was carried, but took flight in disorder.

It was now nearly dark, Merritt and McKenzie followed

the enemy, who threw away their guns and knapsacks, and sought safety in flight, or, finding themselves hard pressed, surrendered.

Between five and six thousand prisoners and eighteen pieces of artillery were captured. The way was open to the South Side Railroad. Grant determined to turn the success to quick account. "Attack along the whole line," was his message to the corps commanders.

At ten o'clock Saturday evening, the cannonade began. All the batteries joined, all the forts, the gunboats in the Appomattox, the batteries west of Bermuda Hundred, and the monitors by the Howlet House. There was a continual succession of flashes and an unbroken roll of thunder. The rebels had no peace during the night.

"Send up the provost brigade," was Grant's despatch sent to City Point. He determined to utilise his entire army and put an end to the struggle.

"Send up the marines to guard the prisoners," was his second despatch, and the blue-jackets from the gunboats, with carbines, were sent ashore. The sailors took cars at City Point, and sang all the way to Hatcher's Run, as if they were having a lark.

Lee was in trouble. He sent a message to Longstreet, who was north of the James, to hurry to Petersburg. Longstreet put Ewell in command and hastened across the James, with Fields's division. Lee had three bridges, besides those in Richmond; one at Warwick's, another at Knight's farm, and the third at Chaffin's Bluff. Longstreet, Lee's ablest general, stout, robust, with his staff, galloped across the middle bridge towards Petersburg, leaving his troops to follow.

The Richmond bells were ringing, not a pæan of victory, as after some of their successful battles, but for the assembling of the militia to man the fortifications from which Longstreet's troops were retiring.

Let us look at Lee's lines at midnight, Saturday, April 1st. Johnson, Pickett, Wise, W. H. F. Lee's cavalry are fleeing towards the Appomattox, beyond Hatcher's Run; A. P. Hill is holding the line east of the Run; Gordon occupies the fortifi-

cations from Jerusalem road to the Appomattox; Longstreet is hastening down from Richmond; Ewell is north of the James, and the citizens of Richmond are jumping from their beds to shoulder muskets for service in the trenches. Lee has not yet decided to evacuate Petersburg. He will wait and see what a day may bring forth.

He had not long to wait. Parke, commanding the Ninth Corps, during the night, prepared to assault. It was precisely four o'clock when the divisions leaped from their entrenchments, and with bayonets fixed, without firing a gun, tore away the abatis in front of the forts, swarmed over the embankments, crawled into the embrasures, and climbed the parapet. It was the work of five minutes only, but four forts, mounting between twenty and thirty guns, were taken, with seven hundred prisoners.

Grant began early on Sunday morning to draw the farther end of the net toward Petersburg. Sheridan, with the cavalry and two divisions of the Fifth, moved upon Sutherland's Station on the South Side Railroad, eleven miles from Petersburg. Grant sent him Miles's division of the Second Corps. Wright and Ord, east of the run, at nine o'clock assaulted the works in their front, and after a severe struggle carried them, capturing all the guns and several thousand prisoners.

Humphrey, who was west of the run, now was able to leave his position and join Wright and Ord. By noon we see the net drawn close. Sheridan at Sutherland's, with the Fifth Corps, then Humphrey, Ord, and Wright, all swinging towards the city, taking fort after fort and contracting the lines.

In the morning, I watched the movements on the left, but as the line advanced, hastened east in season to see the last attack on Forts Mahone and Gregg, the two strongholds south of the town. These forts were in rear of the main Confederate line, on higher ground.

The troops in columns of brigades, moved steadily over the field, drove in the Confederate pickets, received the fire of the batteries without breaking, leaped over the breastworks with a huzza, which rang shrill and clear above the cannonade. Mahone was an embrasured battery of three guns; Gregg, a

strong fort with sally-ports, embrasures for six guns, and surrounded by a deep ditch. Mahone was carried with a rush, the men mounting the escarpment, regardless of the fire poured upon them.

There was a long struggle for the possession of Gregg. Heth and Wilcox were there, animating the garrison. The attacking columns moved in excellent order over the field swept by the guns of the fort, and even received the canister without staggering. The fort was enveloped in smoke, showing that the defence was heroic, as well as the assault.

I dismounted from my horse and made my way well towards the fort, that I might see what I believed might be the ending of the siege of Petersburg. The advancing lines moved in compact order. They had heard of the successes along the line, and were nerved to heroic effort. They sprang into the ditch and for a moment were lost to view. The fort above them was lost to sight by the smoke from the Confederate guns. The next moment a line of view disappeared in the cloud, then a hurrah came to my ears—suddenly the rattle of the musketry died away—the cloud rose heavenward, and above the gleaming bayonets I could see the Stars and Stripes waving in the breeze.

Through many weary months Fort Gregg had thundered defiance, but its guns never again would hurl their missiles upon the men who were fighting to maintain the Republic. Sheridan had seized Lee's lines at their farthest extremity, and now they were broken at the centre, and Petersburg was no longer tenable.

It was inspiring to stand there, and watch the tide of victory rolling up the hill. With that Sunday's sun the hopes of the rebels set, never to rise again. The C. S. A.—the Confederate Slave Argosy—freighted with blood and groans and tears, the death-heads and cross-bones at her masthead, furnished with guns, ammunition, and all needful supplies by sympathetic England, was a shattered, helpless wreck.

CHAPTER XXVII

IN RICHMOND

AT three o'clock the following morning I was awakened by an explosion which jarred the earth. It was the blowing up of the Confederate ironclads in James River. The shock aroused the entire army, which needed no other reveille that morning. The soldiers were on their feet in an instant, and General Wilcox (commanding the first division of the Ninth Corps) accepted it as a signal to advance. He was lying east of the city, his right resting on the Appomattox. His men sprang forward, but found only deserted works. The last body of Confederates, the lingerers who were remaining to plunder the people of Petersburg, took to their heels, and the division entered the town without opposition.

The entire army was in motion. Engineers hurried up with pontoons, strung them across the Appomattox, and Grant began the pursuit. I entered the town soon after sunrise, and found troops pouring in from all quarters, cheering, swinging their caps, helping themselves to tobacco, rushing upon the double-quick, eager to overtake Lee.

The coloured population thronged the streets, swinging their old hats, bowing low, and shouting "Glory!" "Bless de Lord!" "I's been a praying for dis yere to happen, but didn't 'spect it quite so soon." "It jes like a clap of thunder," said an old negro.

"I's glad to see you. I'm been trying and wishing and praying dat de Lord would help me get to de Yankees, and now dey has come into dis yere city," said another. The citizens of the place, also, were in the streets, amazed and confounded at what had happened. Provost-General Macy, of Massachusetts, established a guard to prevent depredations and to save the army from demoralisation. The Confederates, before re-

treating, destroyed their commissary stores, and set all the tobacco warehouses on fire. I took a hurried survey of the works in front of Fort Steadman, and found them very strong. The ground was honeycombed by the shells which had been thrown from the mortars of the Ninth Corps.

General Grant was early in Petersburg, cool, calm, and evidently well pleased with the aspect of affairs. President Lincoln came. The soldiers swung their hats and cheered lustily as they caught sight of him riding through the streets. I stopped with him a few moments upon the piazza of a mansion. On the previous Friday he was careworn and anxious, but the intervening events had smoothed the wrinkles from his brow. He could see that the end of the great struggle was not far away, but after the conflict of arms would come the great question of reconstruction. We now know that for many weeks he had been pondering the momentous problem.

I had an ardent desire to see Richmond. The army was moving to overtake Lee. By going to the Confederate capital I might view the final scene, but there would be much to see, much which the readers of the newspaper which I represented would like to know about in Richmond, and I decided to visit that city. Hastening to City Point to send my despatches northward, I mounted my horse, crossed the Appomattox at Broadway, rode to Varina, a solitary traveller, riding where, a few hours before, the Confederate troops had held the ground, I crossed the James on the pontoons, and approached the city over the New Market road, overtaking a division of the Twenty-fifth Corps on the outskirts of the city. It was a rapid and exhausting ride.

Before entering the Confederate capital let us review the state of affairs in the city. The inhabitants when they sat down to breakfast on Sunday morning had received no information in regard to the battle at Five Forks or the reverses to Lee around Petersburg. So far as I have been able to discover, even President Davis and John C. Breckenridge, Secretary of War, had not learned of the disaster to their army. It does not appear that General Lee on Sunday saw that he must evacuate Richmond. It seems probable that he thought the disaster

might be retrieved by Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's troops, and that Sheridan might be forced from the position he had secured.

A. P. Hill, on Saturday, suddenly found himself confronted by a half dozen Union soldiers. He called upon them to surrender. They replied by a volley. He reeled from his horse, and died instantly. Lee had lost one of his ablest commanders. His death made little difference, however, for the hour of doom to the Confederacy had come.

Early Sunday morning the church-bells summoned the citizen soldiers of Richmond to seize their guns and hasten to the breastworks from which Longstreet's troops had withdrawn. Many times before the alarm had been sounded. The citizens had been accustomed to the bells and were not greatly disturbed. Again at ten o'clock they rang, summoning them to religious service. The latest news was the assault of the Confederates upon Fort Steadman, and that Grant had met with a crushing defeat.

General Breckenridge was in his office in the War Department a few minutes before eleven o'clock Sunday morning, when the operator read to him a startling message from Lee:

"It is absolutely necessary that we should abandon our position to-night, or run the risk of being cut off in the morning."

President Davis was attending worship in St. Paul's Church, when a messenger marched up the aisle and placed the despatch in his hands.

The congregation saw him read it, and then, with concern upon his face, hastily leave the church. Other people left. So many that the rector, Rev. Mr. Minnegerode, abruptly concluded the service.

The rumour was on the street that Richmond must be evacuated. In a very short time the streets were thronged with fugitives, loaded with bags and bundles, making their way to the Danville railroad station. Wagons were being loaded. Before sundown a special train carried away President Davis and his Cabinet, and the gold which had been hoarded in the Confederate Treasury. In the Departments of Government

there was utter confusion. In the streets, women were weeping and wailing. It was the harvest time for hackmen and cartmen, who could demand a hundred dollars for a fare. But the Confederate money, a few hours later, was to have no more value than the last year's leaves of the forest.

Within pistol-shot of the mansion which President Davis had occupied was the prison house of the slave-traders, a dark and gloomy building with iron grated cells. The slave-dealer, Mr. Lampkins, quickly handcuffed his human chattels, and marched them to the railroad station, but there was no room for them on the train which whirled the Confederate Government from the capital. Soldiers with fixed bayonets forced them back. It was the last slave gang seen in this Western world. With oaths and curses loud and deep at his hard luck, the slave-dealer was obliged to unlock their handcuffs and allow them to go free. They had been worth fifty thousand dollars, but on that Sunday morning were of less value than the mule and the wagon which had drawn the slave-trader's trunk to the station. The "corner-stone" of the Confederacy had crumbled to atoms. As the sun went down, the President and his secretaries, together with several Doctors of Divinity who had preached eloquent sermons in support of slavery as a beneficent institution ordained of God for the welfare of the human race, whirled away from the station, leaving behind a panic-stricken crowd.

Soon after dark the commissaries, having loaded all the army wagons with supplies, began the destruction of what they could not carry away. In the medical purveyor's department were several hundred barrels of whiskey, which were rolled into the street and stove in by soldiers with axes. As the liquor ran down the gutter, officers and soldiers filled their flasks and canteens, while those who had no canteen threw themselves upon the ground and drank from the fiery stream. The rabble with pitchers, basins, dipped it up and drank it as if it were the wine of life. The liquor soon began to show its effects. The crowd became a mob, and rushed upon the stores and Government warehouses. The soldiers on guard at first kept them at bay, but as the darkness deepened the whiskey-mad-

dened crowd became more furious. By midnight there was a grand saturnalia. The flour in the Government stores was seized. Men were seen, rolling hogsheads of bacon through the streets. Women filled their aprons with meal, their arms with candles. Later in the night the floating *débris* of the army reached the city — the teamsters, servants, ambulance-drivers, with stragglers from the ranks, who pillaged the stores. First attacking the clothing, boot, and hat stores, then the jewellers' shops and the saloons, and lastly the dry-goods establishments. Costly panes of glass were shattered by the butts of their muskets, and the reckless crowd poured in to seize whatever for the moment pleased their fancy, to be thrown aside the next instant for something more attractive.

"As I passed the old market-house," writes a rebel soldier, "I met a tall fellow with both arms full of sticks of candy, dropping part of his sweet burden at every step.

" 'Stranger,' said he, 'have you got a sweet tooth?'

"I told him that I did not object to candy."

" 'Then go up to Antoni's and get your belly full, and all for nothing.'

"A citizen passed me with an armful of hats and caps. 'It is every man for himself and the devil for us all to-night,' he said, as he rushed past me."

The Governor of Virginia, William Smith, and the Legislature, embarked in a canal-boat, on the James River and Kanawha Canal, for Lynchburg. On all the roads were men, women, and children, in carriages of every description, with multitudes on horseback and on foot, flying from the capital. Men who could not get away were secretly at work, during those night-hours, burying plate and money in gardens; ladies secreted their jewels, barred and bolted their doors, and passed a sleepless night, fearful of the morrow, which would bring in the despised "Vandal horde of Yankee ruffians"; for such were the epithets they had persistently applied to the soldiers of the Union throughout the war.

But the Government was not quite through with its operations in Richmond. General Ewell remained till daylight on Monday morning to clear up things — not to burn public ar-

chives in order to destroy evidence of Confederate villainy, but to add to the crime already committed another so atrocious that the stanchest friends of the Confederacy recoiled with horror even from its contemplation.

It was past midnight when the mayor learned that Ewell had issued orders for firing the Government buildings and the tobacco warehouses. He sent a deputation of prominent citizens to remonstrate. They were referred to Major Melton, who was to apply the torch.

"It is a cowardly pretext on the part of the citizens, trumped up to save their property from the Yankees," said he.

The committee endeavoured to dissuade him from the act.

"I shall execute my orders," said he.

They went to General Ewell, who with an oath informed them that the torch would be applied at daylight. Breckenridge was there, who said that it would be a disgrace to the Confederate Government to endanger the destruction of the entire city. He was Secretary of War, and could have countermanded the order.

To prevent the United States from obtaining possession of a few thousand hogsheads of tobacco, a thousand houses were destroyed by fire, the heart of the city burnt out, all of the business portion, all the banks and insurance offices, half of the newspapers, with mills, depots, bridges, foundries, workshops, dwellings, churches, thirty squares in all, swept clean by the devouring flames. It was the final work of the Confederate Government. Inaugurated in heat and passion, carried on by hate and prejudice, its end was but in keeping with its career — the total disregard of the rights of person and property.

In the outskirts of the city, on the Mechanicsville road, was the almshouse, filled with the lame, the blind, the halt — poor, sick, bedridden creatures. Ten rods distant was a magazine containing fifteen or twenty kegs of powder, which might have been rolled into the creek near at hand, and was of little value to a victorious army with full supplies of ammunition; but the order of Jefferson Davis to blow up the magazine was peremptory and must be executed.

"We give you fifteen minutes to get out of the way," was the sole notice to that crowd of helpless beings lying in their cots, at three o'clock in the morning. Men and women begged for mercy, but their cries were in vain. The officer in charge of the matter was inexorable. Clothesless and shoeless, the inmates ran in terror from the spot to seek shelter in the ravines, but those who could not run while the train to fire it was being laid, rent the air with shrieks of agony. The match was applied at the time. The concussion crushed in the broad side of the house as if it had been pasteboard. Windows flew into flinders. Bricks, stones, timbers, beams, and boards were whirled through the air. Trees were twisted off like withes in the hands of a giant. The city was wrenched and rocked as by a volcanic convulsion. The dozen poor wretches whose infirmities prevented their leaving the house were horribly mangled, and when the fugitives who had sought shelter in the fields returned to the ruins, they found only the bruised and blackened remains of their fellow-inmates.

Let us take a parting glance at the rebel army as it leaves the city.

The day is brightening in the east. The long line of baggage wagons and artillery has been rumbling over the bridges all night. The railroad trains have been busy in conveying the persons and property of both the Government and the people, but the last has departed, and still a disappointed crowd is left at the depot. The roads leading west are filled with fugitives in all sorts of vehicles, and on horseback and on foot.

Men are rolling barrels of tar and turpentine upon the bridges. Guards stand upon the Manchester side to prevent the return of any soldier belonging to Richmond. Custis Lee's division has crossed, and Kershaw's division, mainly of South Carolinians, follows. The troops marched silently; they are depressed in spirit. The rabble of Manchester have found out what fine times their friends in Richmond are having, and old women and girls are streaming across the bridges laden with plunder—webs of cloth, blankets, overcoats, and food from the Government storehouses. The war-worn soldiers, ragged and barefoot, behold it, and utter curses against the Confeder-

ate Government for having deprived them of clothing and food.

General Ewell crosses the bridge, riding an iron-gray horse. He wears an old faded cloak and slouch hat. He is brutal and profane, mingling oaths with his orders. Following him is John Cabal Breckenridge, the long, black, glossy hair of other days changed to gray, his high, broad forehead wrinkled and furrowed. He is in plain black, with a talma thrown over his shoulders. He talks with Ewell, and gazes upon the scene. Suddenly, a broad flash of light leaps up beyond the city, accompanied by a dull, heavy roar, and he sees the air filled with flying timbers of the hospital, whose inmates, almost without warning, and without cause or crime, are blown into eternity.

The last division has crossed the river. The sun is up. A match is touched to the turpentine spread along the timbers, and the bridges are in flames; also the tobacco warehouses, the flouring-mills, the arsenals, and laboratory. The departing troops behold the conflagration as they wind along the roads and through the green fields towards the southwest, and memory brings back the scenes of their earlier rejoicing. It is the 2d of April, four years, lacking two weeks, since the drunken carousal over the passage of the ordinance of Secession.

It was a little past four o'clock when Major A. H. Stevens of the Fourth Massachusetts cavalry, and Provost-Marshal of the Twenty-fifth Army Corps, with detachments from Companies E and H, started upon a reconnoissance of the enemy's entrenchments. He found them evacuated, and the guns spiked. A deserter piloted the detachment safely over the torpedoes which had been planted in front of them. A mile and a half out from the city, Major Stevens met a barouche and five men mounted bearing a white flag. The party consisted of the mayor, Judge Meredith of the Confederate States Court, and other gentlemen, who tendered the surrender of the city. He went into the city and was received with joy by the coloured people, who shouted their thanks to the Lord that the Yankees had come. He proceeded to the Capitol, ascended the roof, pulled down the State flag which was flying, and raised the guidons of the two companies upon the building.

The flames were spreading, and the people, horror-struck and stupefied by the events of the night, were powerless to arrest them. On, on, from dwelling to warehouse, from store to hotel, from hotel to banks, to the newspaper offices, to churches, all along Main Street from near the Spottswood Hotel to the eastern end of the town; then back to the river, to the bridges across the James, up to the large stone fire-proof building, erected by the United States for a post-office, full of Confederate shipplasters, around this, on both sides of it, up to Capitol Square, the flames roared and leaped and crackled, consuming all the business part of the city. In the arsenal were several thousand shells, which exploded at intervals, throwing fragments of iron, burning timbers, and blazing brands and cinders over the surrounding buildings, and driving the people from their homes.

Major Stevens ordered the fire-engines into position, posted his soldiers to preserve order, and called upon the citizens to work the engines, and did what he could to stop the progress of the devouring element.

General Weitzel triumphantly entered the city at eight o'clock, the coloured soldiers singing the John Brown song. With even ranks and steady step, colours waving, drums beating, bands playing, the columns passed up the streets, flanked with fire, to the Capitol. Then stacking their guns, and laying aside their knapsacks, they sprang to the engines, or mounted the roofs, and poured in buckets of water, or tore down buildings, to stop the ravages of the fire kindled by the departing troops, emulating the noble example of their comrades in arms at Charleston; like them manifesting no vindictiveness of spirit, but forgetting self in their devotion to duty, forgetting wrong and insult and outrage in their desire to serve their oppressors in their hour of extremity.

The business portion was a sea of flame when I entered the city in the afternoon. I tried to pass through Main Street, but on both sides the fire was roaring and walls were tumbling. I turned into a side street, rode up to the Capitol, and then to the Spottswood Hotel. The church in front was in flames. On the three sides of the hotel the fire had been raging, but

was now subdued, and there was a fair prospect that it would be saved.

"Can you accommodate me with a room?"

"I reckon we can, sir, but like enough you will be burnt out before morning. You can have any room you choose. Nobody here."

I registered my name on a page which bore the names of a score of Confederate officers who had left in the morning, and took a room on the first floor, from which I could easily spring to the ground in case the hotel should be again endangered by the fire.

Throwing up the sash, I looked out upon the scene. There were swaying chimneys, tottering walls, streets impassable from piles of brick, stones, and rubbish. Capitol Square was filled with furniture, beds, clothing, crockery, chairs, tables, looking-glasses. Women were weeping, children crying. Men stood speechless, haggard, weebegone, gazing at the desolation.

In Charleston the streets echoed only to the sound of my own footsteps or the snarling of hungry curs. There I walked through weeds, and trod upon flowers in the grassy streets; but in Richmond I waded through Confederate promises to pay, public documents, and broken furniture and crockery.

Granite columns, iron pillars, marble façades, broken into thousands of pieces, blocked the streets. The Bank of Richmond, Bank of the Commonwealth, Traders' Bank, Bank of Virginia, Farmers' Bank, a score of private banking-houses, the American Hotel, the Columbian Hotel, the *Enquirer* and the *Dispatch* printing-offices, the Confederate Post-office Department, the State court-house, the Mechanics' Institute, all the insurance offices, the Confederate War Department, the Confederate Arsenal, the Laboratory, Dr. Reed's church, several foundries and machine-shops, the Henrico County court-house, the Danville and the Petersburg depots, the three bridges across the James, the great flouring-mills, and all the best stores of the city, were destroyed.

Soldiers from General Devens' command were on the roof of the Capitol, Governor's house, and other buildings, ready to

extinguish the flames. The Capitol several times caught fire from cinders.

"If it had not been for the soldiers the whole city would have gone," said a citizen.

The coloured soldiers in Capitol Square were dividing their rations with the houseless women and children, giving them hot coffee, sweetened with sugar — such as they had not tasted for many months. There were ludicrous scenes. One negro had three Dutch ovens on his head, piled one above another, a stew-pan in one hand and a skillet in the other. Women had bags of flour on their arms, baskets of salt and pails of molasses, or sides of bacon. No miser ever gloated over his gold so eagerly as they over their supply of provisions. They had all but starved, but now they could eat till satisfied.

How stirring the events of that day! Lee retreating, Grant pursuing; Davis a fugitive; the Governor and Legislature of Virginia seeking safety in a canal-boat; Doctors of Divinity fleeing from the wrath they feared; the troops of the Union marching up the streets; the old flag waving over the Capitol; rebel ironclads blowing up; Richmond on fire; the billows rolling from square to square, unopposed in their progress by the bewildered crowd; the coloured troops who had been sold on the auction block — men who had never had a country, who were bound by no political bonds to be human — laying down their guns to extinguish the flames!

In the morning I visited the Capitol building, which, like the Confederacy, had become exceedingly dilapidated, the windows broken, the carpets faded, the paint dingy.

General Weitzel was in the Senate Chamber issuing his orders; also General Shepley, Military Governor, and General Devens.

The door opened and a smooth-faced man, with a keen eye, firm, quick, resolute step, entered. He wore a plain blue blouse with three stars on the collar. It was the hero who opened the way to New Orleans, and who fought the battle of the Mobile forts from the mast-head of his vessel — Admiral Farragut. He was accompanied by General Gordon, of Mas-

sachusetts, commanding the Department of Norfolk. They heard the news Monday noon, and made all haste up the James, landing at Varina and taking horses to the city. It was a pleasure to take the brave Admiral's hand, and answer his eager questions as to what Grant had done. Being latest of all present from Petersburg, I could give him the desired information. "Thank God, it is about over," said he.

It was a little past noon when I walked down the river bank to view the desolation. While there I saw a boat pulled by twelve rowers coming up-stream, containing President Lincoln and his little son, Admiral Porter, and three officers.

I had spoken with the President in Petersburg on the morning of the preceding day. Recognising me, he asked if I knew where General Weitzel, who was in command at Richmond, had established his headquarters. I replied in the affirmative.

Not far away a lieutenant had some forty or fifty coloured men at work, laying a bridge across the canal. Turning to one, I said:

"I suppose you were a slave."

"Yes, boss."

"Would you like to see the man who gave you your freedom — Abraham Lincoln? There he is."

"Is dat Mars Linkum, sure, boss."

"That is he."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Mars Linkum! Mars Linkum!"

He leaped in wild ecstasy, and tossed his hat into the air. In a moment, the entire company were shouting and running to gather round the man who had given them their freedom.

"Be dat Mars Linkum, sure?"

A negro woman who came from a little cabin asked this question.

I assured her it was President Lincoln.

"Glory! Glory! Glory!" she shouted, clapping her hands and leaping into the air. It was not a hurrah that they gave so much as a wild, jubilant cry of inexpressible joy.

They pressed round the President, ran ahead, and hovered upon the flanks and rear of the little company. Men, women, and children joined the constantly increasing throng. They

came from all the streets, running in breathless haste, shouting and hallooing, and dancing with delight. The men threw up their hats, the women waved their bonnets and handkerchiefs, clapped their hands, and shouted, "Glory to God! glory! glory! glory!"—rendering all the praise to God, who had given them freedom, after long years of weary waiting, and had permitted them thus unexpectedly to meet their great benefactor.

"I thank you, dear Jesus, that I behold President Linkum!" was the exclamation of a woman who stood upon the threshold of her humble home, and, with streaming eyes and clasped hands, gave thanks aloud to the Saviour of men.

Another, more demonstrative, was jumping and swinging her arms, crying, "Bless de Lord! Bless de Lord! Bless de Lord!" as if there could be no end to her thankfulness.

No carriage was to be had, so the President, leading his son, walked to General Weitzel's headquarters—Jeff Davis's mansion. Six sailors, wearing their round blue caps and short jackets and baggy pants, with navy carbines, formed the guard. Next came the President and Admiral Porter, flanked by the officers accompanying him, and the writer, then six more sailors with carbines—twenty of us in all.

We reached the foot of Capitol Hill. Before ascending it the President halted a moment to rest and wipe the perspiration from his brow. The crowd had increased to possibly three thousand. I could see glowering looks on the faces of some of the white men in the throng. An old negro, barefooted, on that April afternoon, his shirt and trousers of gunny cloth, with no coat, wearing a dilapidated straw hat, stepped into the space before the President, laid aside his hat, and half kneeling, clasped his hands, and asked God to bless the man who had given his race their freedom. The President lifted his hat, and bowed his head, till the old negro had finished his prayer.

A few cavalymen and soldiers arrived, and cleared the way, up Broad Street to the mansion which had been purchased by the Confederate Government for Jefferson Davis, in which General Weitzel had established his headquarters. The sail-

ors formed in line by the door. The President entered the house, and sat wearily down in an arm-chair which stood in the fugitive President's reception-room. General Weitzel introduced the officers present. Judge Campbell entered. At the beginning of the war he was on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, afterwards espoused Secession, and was appointed assistant Secretary of War under Seddon. He was tall, and looked pale, care-worn, agitated, and bowed very low to the President, who received him with dignity, and yet cordially.

President Lincoln, accompanied by Admiral Porter, General Weitzel, and General Shepley, rode through the city, escorted by a squadron of cavalry, followed by thousands of coloured people, shouting "Glory to God!"

Mr. Lincoln was much affected as they crowded around the carriage to grasp his hand.

He visited Libby prison, breathed for a moment its fetid air, gazed upon the iron-grated windows and the reeking filth upon the slippery floors, and gave way to uncontrollable emotions.

Visiting the prison the next morning, I found it occupied by several hundred Confederates, who were peering from the grated windows, looking sadly upon the desolation around them. A large number were upon the roof, breathing the fresh air, and gazing upon the fields beyond the James, now green with the verdure of spring. Such liberty was never granted Union prisoners. Whoever approached the prison bars, or laid his hand upon them, was shot.

There was a crowd of women with pails and buckets at the windows, giving the prisoners provisions, and talking freely with their friends, who came not only to the windows, but to the door, where the good-natured sentinel allowed conversation without restraint.

The officer in charge conducted our party through the wards. The air was saturated with vile odours, arising from the unwashed crowd, from old rags and dirty garments, from puddles of filthy water which dripped through the floor, ran down the walls, sickening to all the senses. From this prison fifteen hundred men were hurried to the flag-of-truce boat on

Sunday, that they might be exchanged before the evacuation of the city. Many thousands had lived there month after month, wasting away, starving, dying of fever, of consumption, of all diseases known to medical science — from insanity, despair, idiocy — having no communication with the outer world, no food from friends, no sympathy, no compassion, tortured to death through rigour of imprisonment by men whose hearts grew harder from day to day by the brutality they practised.

"Please give me a bit of bread, aunty, I am starving," was the plea one day of a young soldier who saw a negro woman passing the window. He thrust his emaciated hand between the bars and clutched the bit which she cheerfully gave him; but before it had passed between his teeth he saw the brains of his benefactress spattered upon the sidewalk by the sentinel.

Although the city was in possession of the Union forces, there were many residents who believed that Lee would retrieve the disaster.

"I was sorry," said a citizen, "to see the Stars and Stripes torn down in 1861. It is the prettiest flag in the world, but I shed tears when I saw it raised over the Capitol of Virginia on Sunday morning."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because it was done without the consent of the State of Virginia."

"Then you still cling to the idea that the State is more than the nation."

"Yes; State rights above everything."

"Don't you think the war is almost over — that it is useless for Lee to contend further?"

"No. He will fight another battle, and he will win. He can fight for twenty-five years in the mountains."

"Do you think that men can live in the mountains?"

"Yes; on roots and herbs, and fight you till you are weary of it, and whip you out."

Having heard that a brigade of coloured troops had been enlisted in Richmond for the Confederate army, I made inquiries to ascertain the facts. All through the war the rebel

authorities had engaged a large number of slaves as teamsters and labourers. The immense fortifications thrown up around Richmond, Yorktown, Petersburg, Wilmington, Charleston and Savannah were the work of slaves. The rebels said that slavery, instead of being a weakness, was an element of strength. Slaves built the fortifications and raised the corn and wheat, which enabled the Confederacy to send all of its white fighting population to the field. But the fighting material was used up. Men were wanted. An unsparing conscription failed to fill up the ranks. Then came the agitation of the question of employing negro soldiers.

General Lee advocated the measure. "They possess," said he, "all the physical qualifications, and their habits of obedience constitute a good foundation for discipline. I think those who are employed should be freed. It would neither be just nor wise, in my opinion, to require them to serve as slaves. The best course to pursue, it seems to me, would be to call for such as are willing to come — willing to come, with the consent of their owners. An impressment or draft would not be likely to bring out the best class, and the use of coercion would make the measure distasteful to them and to their owners."

The subject was debated in secret session in Congress, and a bill enacted authorising their employment.

A great meeting was held in the African church to "fire the Southern heart," and speeches were made. A recruiting office was opened. The newspapers spoke of the success of the movement. Regiments were organising.

"I fear there will soon be a great scarcity of arms when the negroes are drilled," wrote the rebel war clerk in his diary, on the 11th of March; and five days later, on the 17th, "We shall have a negro army. Letters are pouring into the department from men of military skill and character, asking authority to raise companies, battalions, and regiments of negro troops. It is the desperate remedy for the very desperate case, and may be successful. If three hundred thousand efficient soldiers can be made of this material, there is no conjecturing when the next campaign may end."

A week later the coloured troops had a parade in Capitol

Square. There were so few, that the war clerk said it was "rather a ridiculous affair."

"How many coloured men enlisted?" I asked of a negro.

"'Bout fifty, I reckon, sir. Dey was mostly poor Souf Carolina darkies — poor heathen fellers, who didn't know no better."

"Would you have fought against the Yankees?"

"No, sir. Dey might have shot me through de body wid ninety thousand balls, before I would have fired a gun at my friends."

"Then you look upon us as your friends?"

"Yes, sir. I have prayed for you to come; and do you think that I would have prayed one way and fit de other?"

"I'll tell you, massa, what I would have done," said another, taking off his hat and bowing: "I would have taken de gun, and when I cotched a chance I'd a shooted it at de rebs and den run for de Yankees."

This brought a general explosion from the crowd, and arrested the attention of some white men passing.

The street was full of people. I was a stranger to them all, but I ventured to make this inquiry —

"Did you ever see an Abolitionist?"

"No, massa, I reckon I nebber did," was the reply.

"What kind of people do you think they are?"

"Well, massa, I specs dey is a good kind of people."

"Why do you think so?"

"'Case when I hear bad white folks swearing and cursing about 'em, I reckon dar must be something good about 'em."

"Well, my friends, I am an Abolitionist; I believe that all men have equal rights, and that I have no more right to make a slave of you than you have of me."

Every hat came off in an instant. Hands were reached out toward me, and I heard from a dozen tongues a hearty "God bless you, sir!"

White men heard me and scowled. Had I uttered those words in Richmond twenty-four hours earlier I should have had no opportunity to repeat them, but paid for my temerity with a halter or a knife; but now those men who stretched out their

hands to me would have given the last drop of their blood before they would have seen a hair of my head injured, after that declaration.

The slaves were the true, loyal men of the South. They did what they could to help put down the Rebellion by aiding Union prisoners to escape, by giving trustworthy information. The Stars and Stripes was their banner of hope. What a life they led! I met a young coloured man, with features more Anglo-Saxon than African, who asked:

"Do you think, sir, that I could obtain employment in the North?"

"What can you do?"

"Well, sir, I have been an assistant in a drug store. I can put up prescriptions. I paid forty dollars a month for my time before the Confederate money became worthless, but my master thought that I was going to run away to the Yankees, and sold me awhile ago; and he was my own father, sir."

"Your own father?"

"Yes, sir! They often sell their own flesh and blood, sir!"

I ascended the steps of the Capitol and stood on the roof of the building to gaze upon the panorama, hardly surpassed in beauty anywhere—a lovely combination of city, country, valley, hill, plain, field, forest, and foaming river. The events of four years came to remembrance. First, the Secession of the State on the 17th of April, 1861, by the convention which sat with closed doors in the hall below, the threats of violence uttered against the Union delegates from the western counties, the wild tumult of the "People's Convention," so called, in Metropolitan Hall—a body of Secessionists assembling to browbeat the convention in the Capitol; and when the ordinance was passed, the appearance of John Tyler, once President of the United States, with Governor Wise, among the fire-eaters, welcomed with noisy cheers; it seemed as if I could hear the voice of Tyler as he said that Virginia and the people of the South had submitted to aggression till Secession was a duty, and that the Almighty would smile upon the work of that day. They were the words of a feeble old man, whose every official act was in the interest of slavery. Vehement the words of

Wise, who imagined that the Yankees had seized one of his children as a hostage for himself.

"If they suppose," said he, "that hostages of my own heart's blood will stay my hand in a contest for the maintenance of sacred rights, they are mistaken. Affection for kindred, property, and life itself sink into insignificance in comparison with the overwhelming importance of public duty in such a crisis as this."

Mason, the lordly Senator, and Governor Letcher, the drunken executive of the State, also addressed the crazy crowd, fired to a burning heat of madness by passion and whiskey.

On that occasion the Confederate flag was raised upon the flagstaff springing from the roof of the Capitol, although the State had not joined the Confederacy. The people were to vote on the question, and yet the Convention had enjoined that the act of Secession should be kept a secret till Norfolk Navy Yard and Harper's Ferry Arsenal could be seized. The newspapers of Richmond had no announcement to make the next morning that the State was no longer a member of the Union.

Then came the volunteers thronging the streets. Professor Jackson (Stonewall) was drilling the cadets. Three days after the passage of the ordinance of Secession, troops were swarming in the yard around the Capitol, and A. H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, and ex-President Tyler, and the drunken Letcher were negotiating an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the sovereign State of Virginia and the States already confederated to establish a slaveholding republic.

Next in order was the arrival of Jeff Davis and the perambulating Government of the Confederacy, to tarry a few days in Richmond before proceeding to Washington. Davis and his followers made boastful promises of what they could and would do, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the hated Yankees. Then the hurly-burly — the rush of volunteers, the arrival of troops, welcomed with cheers and smiles, the streets through which they passed strewn with flowers by the ladies of Richmond. The Confederate Congress and heads of departments came — Stephens, Toombs, Cobb, Floyd, Wigfall, Memminger, Mallory — with thousands of place-hunters, filling the

city to overflowing, putting money into the pockets of the citizens — not gold and silver, but Confederate currency, to be redeemed two years after the ratification of the treaty of peace with the United States. Beauregard, the rising star of the South, came from Charleston, to reap fresh laurels at Manassas. Richmond was solemn on that memorable Sabbath, the 21st of June, 1861, for through the forenoon the reports were that the Yankees were winning the day; but at night, when the news came from Davis that the "cowardly horde" was flying panic-stricken, to Washington, how jubilant the crowd!

A year later there were pale faces, when the army of McClellan swept through Williamsburg. Jeff Davis packed up his furniture, and made preparations to leave the city. There was another fright when the rebels came back discomfited from Fair Oaks.

From the roof of the Capitol anxious eyes watched the war-clouds rolling up from Mechanicsville and Cold Harbour. Those were mournful days. Long lines of ambulances, wagons, coaches, and carts, filled with wounded, filed through the streets. How fearful the slaughter to the rebels in those memorable seven days' fighting! Deep the maledictions heaped upon the drunken Magruder for the carnage at Malvern Hill.

Beneath the roof on which I stood Stuart, Gregg, and Stonewall Jackson — dead heroes of the Rebellion — had reposed in state, mourned by the weeping multitude.

Before me were Libby Prison and Belle Isle. What wretchedness and suffering there! Starvation for soldiers of the Union, within sight of the fertile fields of Manchester, waving with grain and alive with flocks and herds! Nearer the Capitol was the mansion of President Davis, the slave-trader's jail, and the slave market. What agony and cries of distress within the hearing of the Chief Magistrate of the Confederacy, as mothers pressed their infants to their breasts for the last time.

In front of the Capitol was the stone building erected by the United States, where for four years Jeff Davis had played the sovereign, where Benjamin, Memminger, Toombs, Mallory, Seddon, Trenholm, and Breckenridge had exercised authority, dispensing places of profit to their friends, who came in crowds

to find exemption from conscription. Beyond, and on either side, was the forest of blackened chimneys, tottering walls, and smoking ruins of the fire which had swept away the accumulated wealth of years in a day. How terrible the retribution! Before the war there was quiet in the city, but there came a reign of terror when ruffians ruled, when peaceful citizens dared not be abroad after dark. There was sorrow in every household for friends fallen in battle, and Poverty sat by many a hearthstone.

Hardest of all to bear was the charity of their enemies. Under the shadow of the Capitol the Christian and Sanitary Commissions were giving bread to the needy. Standing there upon the roof I could look down upon a throng of men, women, and children receiving food from the kind-hearted delegates, upon whose lips were no words of bitterness, but only the song of the angels — "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

SURRENDER OF LEE

AT three o'clock Monday morning, April 3d, Willcox's division of the Ninth Corps entered Petersburg just in season to see the rear guard of Lee's army disappear over the hills on the north bank of the Appomattox, having burned the bridges and destroyed all the supplies which could not be transported. Lee's army was divided — Longstreet, Pickett, and Johnson being south of the stream, fifteen miles west of the City. Gordon, Mahone, Ewell, and Elzy, with the immense trains of supplies and batteries from Richmond, were north of the river — all moving southwest, towards Danville, with the intention of joining Johnston in North Carolina.

"Good-by, boys," said the women of Petersburg, some sorrowfully; others more joyful cried, "We'll drink pure coffee, with sugar in it, to-morrow. No more hard times." They were weary of war. The troops passed through the town in silence and dejection. It was a sorrowful march. The successive disasters of Sunday, the sudden breaking up, the destruction of property, the scenes of the night, soon had their effect upon the spirits of the army. Soldiers slipped from the ranks, disappeared in the woods, and threw away their muskets, sick at heart, and disgusted with war. Virginia soldiers had little inclination to abandon the Old Dominion and fight in North Carolina. They were State-rights men — each State for itself. If Secession could cut loose from the Union, why not from the Confederacy?

Before noon the troops moving from Petersburg, and those retreating from Richmond, with all the baggage trains and flying citizens, came together on the Chesterfield road, producing confusion and delay. Had Lee thrown his supply trains upon the Lynchburg road, and made a day's march farther west with

his army, instead of taking the nearest road to Danville, he probably would have escaped; but his progress was very slow. The roads were soft, the wagons overloaded. The stalling of a single horse in the advance delayed the whole army.

The teamsters were quite as unwilling to go south as the soldiers. They expected every minute to hear the ringing shouts of Sheridan's men charging upon their flank or rear. There were frequent panics, which set them into a fever of excitement, and added to the confusion.

Grant determined to prevent Lee's escape if possible. The Ninth Corps was detailed to hold the town, guard the railroad, reconstruct it, and follow the other corps as a reserve. The Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps, instead of crossing the river, were sent upon the double-quick along the road which runs between the Appomattox and the South Side Railroad.

Ord, with the divisions of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Corps, marched for Burkesville Junction. Sheridan, being in advance with the cavalry, reached Jettersville, on the Richmond and Danville road, forty-four miles from Richmond, on the 4th, tore up the track, entrenched his position, and waited for the infantry. Meade joined him on the morning of the 5th, while Ord, by a forced march, reached Burkesville, south of Sheridan.

Lee crossed the Appomattox at Clemenstown, moved southwest to Amelia Court House, where he was joined by Longstreet's, Pickett's, and Johnson's troops. The Appomattox has its rise in Prince Edward County, runs northeast, approaching within fifteen miles of the James, then turns southeast, and joins the James at Petersburg.

The bridge at Clemenstown, on which Lee crossed, was narrow and unsafe, and the army was much hindered. Had he not crossed at all, but marched round the bend instead, he might have slipped past Sheridan while that officer was waiting at Jettersville for Meade to join him. On the 5th Meade, finding that he was ahead of Lee, instead of marching west, turned northeast, and swept up the railroad toward Amelia, with the Fifth Corps on the right, the Second in the centre, and the Sixth on the left with the cavalry. Lee, seeing that he

could not go down the railroad, instead of marching southwest, as he had done the day before, moved directly west, to give Meade the slip, if possible. He abandoned wagons, caissons, and forage, and everything that impeded his march.

The trains from Richmond were crossing the bridge when a panic set in. "While we were gazing," says a rebel writer, "at the wagons moving up from the bridge and entering the road leading to the courthouse, our ears caught the sound of five or six shots in succession; and, looking in the direction whence the sound came, we perceived two or three horsemen emerge from a wood about half a mile distant, and as quickly retire. We could not discern their uniform, but the supposition was, of course, that they were a part of Sheridan's cavalry. There was a slight confusion at the head of the train, and then a halt. 'The Yankees! Sheridan!' As the cry echoed from man to man, the teamsters began to turn their mules towards the river, many involving themselves with those in their rear, while others dismounted and sought the nearest wood. In five minutes the scene had been changed from quiet to the utmost disorder. The wagons were turned back with astonishing rapidity, each teamster unmercifully lashing his jaded animals, as anxious to reach the other side as an hour before he had been to get to this. The cavalry, who had been scattered over the fields, cooking or eating their breakfasts, now caught the alarm, and, leaving their rations, grasped their bridles, mounted, and spurred their horses towards the bridge. For this point all were aiming, and the footsore infantry seemed to have but a poor chance of life in the road now jammed with wagons, mules, and mounted men. The narrow defile, bounded on either side by tall rocks, was filled with horses, wagons, and men, all unable to advance a foot toward the desired point.

"Upon the other side (north) the panic was even greater, the rumour prevailing that five hundred Yankees were in our front, and that a large number of our wagons had been captured and burned. Vainly plunging their sharp spurs into the steaming flanks of the poor mules, and still unable to make them trot through the mud and up the steep hills, the teamsters cut loose the traces, and, remounting, would gallop away,

flourishing their long whips, yelling, and urging their horses to the utmost speed. Forsaking the road, they leaped the fences, thronged the fields, and sought the wood for hiding-places. . . . Scores of broken-down and wrecked wagons and ambulances were overturned and abandoned, their contents being strewn over the road; corn and oats, meal and flour, covered the ground, while quartermaster's papers were scattered in every direction. Clothing and even medicinal stores had been in like manner thrown away."

When General Meade discovered Lee's new movement, he wheeled toward the left, and faced the Second and Fifth Corps northwest. The Fifth Corps moved up to Painesville, which is northwest of Amelia; but Griffin, commanding, was too late to strike Lee, whose rear guard had passed that point. The Second Corps moved through Deatonville, which is five miles west of Jettersville, while the Sixth Corps, moving southwest, came upon the Confederates on Little Sailor's Creek, a small tributary of the Appomattox, running north. The Twenty-fourth Corps, meanwhile, marching from Burkesville up the railroad, joined the Sixth Corps at the head of the creek.

Early in the morning of the 6th General Ord directed that the Petersburg and Lynchburg Railroad bridge across the Appomattox be seized and held if possible; if not able to hold it, the troops were to destroy it. The Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania and One Hundred and Twenty-third Ohio were sent to do the work. They moved toward the river, but suddenly found themselves on the right flank of Lee's army, which was in line of battle, between Sailor's Creek and the Appomattox.

Lee made a stand at this point to save his trains. He was still hoping to reach Danville. If he could fight a successful battle, his wagons would have time to slip away from Sheridan. He had already been forced ten miles out of his direct line of march, and if he failed here he must give up all expectation of reaching Danville, and strike west towards Lynchburg.

His army stood on the west bank of Sailor's Creek, facing

east and southeast, behind entrenchments, with the Appomattox, which here runs northeast, behind him.

The forenoon was passed in skirmishing, on the part of the Union troops. The regiments sent to seize the bridge were not able to accomplish the task, and were driven with severe loss. But now the Second Corps came up, a foothold was gained across the creek, and Lee's left flank was forced towards the river.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon before the Sixth Corps came up with the enemy. This corps had been marching southwest; but when the skirmishers discovered the enemy, Wright halted Seymour's division, which was in advance, faced it west, while Wheaton's division filed past Seymour's and took position on the left. The third division was in reserve. The cavalry was on the left of Wheaton. Sheridan found himself confronted by Ewell's and Kershaw's divisions, which were strongly entrenched.

Seymour and Wheaton moved from the road west, went down the steep declivity into the ravine, receiving the fire of the rebels without flinching, crossed the creek, ascended the other bank, and dashed upon the entrenchments. At the same moment Custer's division of cavalry advanced with sabres drawn, their horses upon the run, goaded with spur and quickened by shout, till they caught the wild enthusiasm of their riders, and horses and men unitedly became as fiery Centaurs, the earth trembling beneath the tread of the thousands of hoofs, the air resounding with bugle-blasts and thrilling cheers!

The charge of this division was heroic. The Confederate artillery opened with shells, followed by canister. The infantry, protected by breastworks, were able to give a galling fire, but the squadrons swept everything before them, leaping the entrenchment, sabring all who resisted, crushing the whole of Lee's right wing by a single blow, gathering up thousands of prisoners, who stood as if paralysed by the tremendous shock.

Entire regiments threw down their arms. Miles of wagons, caissons, ambulances, forges, arms, and ammunition, all that belonged to that portion of the line, was lost to Lee in a mo-

ment. Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Defoe, Barton, Curtis Lee, Borden, and Corse were prisoners almost before they knew it.

"Further fighting is useless; it will be a waste of life," said Ewell to Custer.

"Bravely done, Custer," said Sheridan, riding up, and complimenting his lieutenant in the presence of the whole division.

After receiving this paralysing blow Lee gave up all hope of reaching Danville. He could move only in the direction of Lynchburg. Caissons, wagons, and ambulances were burned, cannon abandoned, commissary supplies left by the roadside.

It was a day of jubilee to the coloured people, who swarmed out from their cabins and appropriated the plunder.

"'Pears like as if we were spiling the Egyptians," said an old man who had gathered an immense pile of blankets and coats.

There was a skirmish at Farmville the next morning, between the cavalry and the left wing of Lee's army. The centre, and what remained of the right wing, crossed the Appomattox ten miles above Farmville, both columns moving to Appomattox Court House, where Lee hoped to unite his scattered forces.

Grant and Meade, with the Second and Sixth Corps, crossed at Farmville, and followed Lee along the Petersburg and Lynchburg turnpike. Ord, joined by the Fifth, starting from Burkesville, took the shortest road to Appomattox Court House, nearly fifty miles distant, while Sheridan, with the main body of the cavalry, made a rapid movement southwest to cut off Lee's retreat. The pursuit from Sailor's Creek commenced on Friday morning, and Lee was brought to bay Saturday noon.

It was an exciting race. There were frequent interchanges of shots between the cavalry, hovering like a cloud upon Lee's flank, also captures of abandoned wagons, ambulances, caissons, pieces of artillery, and picking up of stragglers. Glimpses of the rebel forces were sometimes had across the ravines. As a sight of the flying deer quickens the pursuit of the hound, so an occasional view of the flying enemy roused the soldiers to a

wild and irrepressible enthusiasm, and their shouts and cheers rang long and loud through the surrounding woodlands.

Appomattox Court House is at the head-waters of the Appomattox River, on the table-land between the rivulets which give rise to that stream and the James River, which makes its great southern bend at Lynchburg. The place is sometimes called Clover Hill. It is a small village, such as are to be seen throughout the Old Dominion,—one or two good, substantial houses, surrounded by a dozen or twenty miserable cabins.

Lee succeeded in reuniting his troops, numbering not more than a division, such as once marched under his direction up the heights of Gettysburg, or moved into the fight in the Wilderness; but when reunited and ready to move upon Lynchburg, he found the cloud which had hung upon his flank and rear now enveloping him on the north, the east, the south, the west. Sheridan had swung past him, Ord and Griffin were south of him, holding the road leading to Danville, while Wright and Humphrey, east and north, were preparing to drive him over against Sheridan, who in turn would toss him down towards Ord and Griffin.

Great was the consternation when, on Saturday morning, the Confederates discovered that Sheridan was cutting off their retreat to Lynchburg.

“Yankees at Appomattox! Sheridan!” was the cry of a party of officers on a locomotive, hastening to Lynchburg in season to escape the Union cavalymen then advancing to tear up the rails. Sheridan pounced upon the artillery, and on the afternoon of the 8th captured twenty-five pieces. Meade at the same time came upon the rear of the fleeing troops a mile east of the court-house, and captured a battery. Lee’s men were melting away, worn down by hard marching and fighting, and discouraged by defeat and disaster. His provisions were getting low, as the larger part of the supplies had been abandoned. His condition was critical.

It was a gloomy night. A courier brought intelligence that Sheridan had possession of Concord Station.

“We all felt,” says a rebel writer, “our hearts chilled by this new rumour. Concord Station was between us and Lynch-

burg, and we had no knowledge of any other road to that place than that which we were pursuing. Turning back, our capture was inevitable. The generals withdrew to consult, the staff officers conversed in low tones, while the soldiers, teamsters, the cause being unknown, did not hesitate to declare their impatience at the delay."

Lee called his last council of war, summoning Longstreet, Pickett, Gordon, and Hill. The condition of affairs was discussed. It was a sad hour. The Confederate commander-in-chief was much depressed. He did not know that the infantry under Ord and Griffin were south of him, but supposed that his way was disputed only by Sheridan. It was decided to force a passage. The attack was made, but the volleys of musketry and the vigour of the cannonade, and the long lines of men in blue, convinced him that he had little chance of escaping. The skirmishing was kept up through the day,—both parties too wearied and exhausted to fight a general battle,—yet each moment of delay made the Confederates' condition more hopeless.

Grant had despatched a letter to Lee on the 7th, from Farmville, asking the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia.

Lee replied the same day, asking for terms.

On the 8th, Grant sent a second letter, insisting upon one condition only: "That the men and officers shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the United States until properly exchanged."

"I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army," Lee answered, but at the same time asked for an interview at ten o'clock the next morning. Sheridan had not closed all the roads to Lynchburg, but was in such a position that it was impossible for the Confederate army to escape. Breckenridge, with a large number of officers and many thousands of privates, struck northwest, through by-roads and fields, crossed James River, reached Lynchburg, and passed into North Carolina.

The Second Corps was in position on Sunday morning, waiting the order to advance, when a flag of truce was displayed in front of Miles's division. Captain J. D. Cook, of General

Miles's staff, was sent to receive it. He was met by Colonel Taylor, of Lee's staff, who brought a note asking for a suspension of hostilities to take into consideration the terms offered by General Grant on Saturday. General Meade signified by note that he had no authority to enter into an armistice, but would wait two hours before making an attack, and would communicate with General Grant.

Before the expiration of the time General Grant arrived, and a correspondence followed, which resulted in the appointment of a place of meeting for a more full consideration of the terms proposed by General Grant.

In the little village of Appomattox Court House, there is a large, square brick house, with a portico in front, the residence of William McLean. Roses were budding in the garden on that Sabbath morning, violets and daffodils were already in bloom, and the trees which shaded the dwelling were green with the verdure of spring. General Lee designated it as the place for meeting General Grant. It was a little past two o'clock in the afternoon when General Lee, accompanied by General Marshall, his chief of staff, entered the house. A few minutes later General Grant arrived, accompanied by his staff.

The meeting was in the parlour, a square room, carpeted, furnished with a sofa and a centre-table. Lee, dressed in a suit of gray, was sitting by the table when Grant entered. Time had silvered his hair and beard. He wore an elegant sword, a gift from his friends.

General Grant had left his sword behind, and appeared in the same suit he had worn in the field through the eventful days,—a plain blue frock, with a double row of buttons, and shoulder-straps bearing the three silver stars, the insignia of his rank as lieutenant-general.

The meeting was cordial. After salutations, the two commanders sat down, placed their hats on the table, and conversed as freely as in other days when both were in the service of the United States. General Lee alluded to the correspondence which had passed between them.

"General, I have requested this interview, to know more fully the terms which you propose," said General Lee.

General Grant replied that he would grant parole to officers and men, and that the officers might retain their side-arms and their personal effects. General Lee assented to the proposition, and did not ask for any modification of the terms, which were then engrossed. The paper was signed by General Lee at half-past three o'clock.

After he had affixed his signature, General Lee asked for General Grant's understanding of the term "personal effects," which had been used in the instrument.

"Many of my cavalymen own their own horses," he said.

"I think that the horses must be turned over to the United States," was the reply.

"I coincide in that opinion," was Lee's rejoinder.

"But," said General Grant, "I will instruct the officers who are appointed to carry out the capitulation to allow those who own horses to take them home. They will need them to do their spring ploughing, and to till their farms."

"Allow me to express my thanks for such consideration and generosity on your part. It cannot fail of having a good effect," General Lee replied, with emotion.

After further conversation General Lee expressed a hope that each soldier of his army might be furnished with a certificate, or some other evidence of parole, to prevent them from being forced into further service by Confederate conscripting officers.

"I will order such certificates to be issued to every man," said General Grant; and as soon as the preliminaries were settled, the headquarters printing-press was put to work striking off blanks for that purpose.

"My army is short of rations," said Lee.

"You shall be supplied," and an order was at once issued to the commissary to furnish rations to the prisoners.

The question of terms had been discussed the evening previous around Grant's camp-fire. Grant stated that he wanted such a surrender as would break down the positions which

France and England had taken in recognising the rebels as belligerents. He did not wish for humiliating terms. He would not require a formal grounding of arms. The rebels were Americans, and his object was to restore them to the Union and not to degrade them.

Lee returned to his army and stated the terms of capitulation, which were received with great satisfaction, especially by those who owned horses. They cheered loudly, and no doubt heartily. The terms were such as they had not expected. The newspapers of the South had persistently represented the men of the North as bloodthirsty and vindictive, as vandals, robbers, and murderers, capable of doing the work of fiends, and the remarkable leniency of Grant surprised them.

The terms were not altogether acceptable to Grant's army. Many of the officers remembered that General Pickett never had resigned his commission in the United States service, but that he had taken up arms against the country without any scruples of conscience. He was a deserter and a traitor, found in arms. The soldiers remembered that scores of their comrades had been shot or hung for deserting the ranks; the utmost leniency of the Government was a long term of imprisonment in the penitentiary or confinement on Dry Tortugas. Sentinels had been shot for falling asleep while on duty; yet General Pickett and his fellow traitors were, by the terms of the parole, granted an indulgence which was equivalent to a pardon. It was General Pickett who hung the Union men of North Carolina, who had enlisted in the service of the Union, but who, under the fortunes of war, had fallen into his hands. In General Pickett's estimation they had committed an unpardonable crime. He considered them as citizens of the Confederacy, and hung them upon the nearest tree. It was cold-blooded murder. But his desertion, treason, inhumanity, and murders were offset by the plea that the North could afford to be magnanimous to a conquered foe! The soldiers idolised Grant as a commander. They had no objection to his terms with the privates of Lee's army, but there was dissent from including Pickett and Ewell, and other rebel officers who had been notoriously inhuman to Union soldiers. The Confederate soldiers

were generally humane towards prisoners, especially after the first year of the war. Many instances might be cited of their kindness to the wounded on the battle-field and to prisoners in their hands. The officers in the field were also kind, but the political leaders, the women, and officers in charge of prisons were cruel and vindictive.

The hour came for Lee to part with his officers. He retained his calmness and composure, but they could not refrain from shedding tears. It was to be their last meeting. He was to lead them no more in battle.

The occasion brought before them an acute sense that all was over,—all lost; their sacrifices, sufferings, heroism, had been in vain; their pride was humbled; instead of being victors, they were vanquished; history and the impartial verdict of mankind perhaps would hold them responsible for the blood which had been shed. It was a sad hour to that body of men in gray, wearing the stars of a perished Confederacy.

The intelligence of the capitulation was communicated to Grant's army by bulletin. As the news flew along the lines on that Sabbath morning, the cheering was prolonged and vociferous. For the first time in four years the veterans who had toiled in the mud of the Peninsula, who had been beaten back from Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, who had stood like a wall of adamant on the banks of the Antietam, and the heights of Gettysburg, who had pressed Lee from the Wilderness to Five Forks, who had brought him to bay at last, were to have a peaceful night.

The fighting was over, and there was to be no more charging of batteries; nor long watchings in the trenches, drenched by rains, parched by summer heat, or numbed by the frosts of winter; no more scenes of blood, of wasting away in hospitals, or murders and starvation in prison. It was the hour of peace. In the radiant light of that Sabbath sun they could rejoice in the thought that they had once more a reunited country; that an abject people had been redeemed from slavery; that the honour of the nation had been vindicated; that the flag which traitors had trailed in the dust at the beginning of the conflict was more than ever the emblem of the world's best hopes.

CHAPTER XXIX

CONCLUSION

I MADE no effort to overtake the fleeing Confederates, but remained in Richmond during the week that saw the collapse of the Confederacy. It was my fortune to be at City Point, when at daybreak on the morning of April 12th, a train arrived from Burkesville bringing Gen. Grant and his staff. The lieutenant-general walked slowly up the steep bank to his headquarters, not with the air of a conqueror, but as if sleep and rest would be far more acceptable than the congratulations of a noisy crowd. Four years had passed since he left his quiet home in Illinois, a humble citizen, unknown beyond his village borders; but now his name was inseparably connected with a great moral convulsion, world-wide in its influence, enduring as time in its results. The mighty conflict of ideas had swept round the globe like a tidal wave of the ocean. Industry had been quickened in every land, and new channels of trade opened among the nations. Wherever human language was spoken, men talked of the war between Slavery and Freedom, and aspirations for good were awakened in the hearts of toiling millions in Europe, on the burning sands of Africa, and in the jungles of Hindostan, to whom life was bare existence and the future ever hopeless.

The four years of fighting were over; the Rebellion was subdued. On the first of April Lee had a large army, but suddenly he had been overwhelmed. That which seemed so formidable had disappeared, like a bubble in the sunshine. Though the rebels saw that the Confederacy was threatened as it had not been at any other period of the war, there were few, if any, who, up to the latest hour, dreamed that there could be such an overturning of affairs. That Lee had held his ground so long was a warranty that he could successfully resist all

Grant's efforts to take Richmond. The Confederate Congress met daily in the capital, passed resolutions, enacted laws, and debated questions of State, as if the Confederacy had a place among the nations, with centuries of prosperity and glory in prospect. But their performance had come to an unexpected end. The last act of the tragedy was given on the 14th,—the assassination of the President.

What drama surpasses it in interest? What period of the world's history is more replete with great events affecting the welfare of the human race? In 1861, when the curtain rose, the world beheld a nation, peaceful, happy, prosperous. Then came the spectacle,—the procession of seceding States, with bugles sounding, colours flying, the bombardment of Sumter; the uprising of the people of the North, the drum-beat heard in every village, flags floating from all the steeples, streamers and banners from all the house-tops, great battles, defeat, and victory; a ploughman and a splitter of rails the liberator of the enslaved, their enlistment as soldiers of the Republic; the patriotism of the people; woman's work of love and mercy; the ghastly scenes in Southern prisons, the conflagration of cities set on fire by the rebels, the breaking up of the Confederacy, the assassination, the capture of the rebel chief, the return of the victorious armies, the last grand military pageant at Washington, and then the retirement of the soldiers to peaceful life! Sublime the picture!

The conflict commenced as a rebellion, but ended in revolution. Slavery has disappeared. Civil liberty is stronger than in 1861. Four millions of freedmen are candidates for citizenship, who at the beginning of the Rebellion had no rights under the flag of the Union.

The Rebellion was an attempt to suppress Truth and Justice by tyranny. The effort might have been successful in earlier ages, but not in the nineteenth century, and never will the attempt be repeated on American soil, for the tendency of mind is towards a clearer perception of the rights of man. America uttered her protest against despotic power in 1776. "It was an experiment," said the aristocracies of Europe. The "republican bubble has burst," said Earl Russell in 1861; but the Re-

public lives, and the false and ignoble distinctions in the society of the Old World, which slavery attempted to establish in the New, have been reversed. America teaches this truth to the wondering nations,—that the strongest government rests, not on the few, not on property, never on injustice, but on the people, on diffused wealth and enlightened mind, on obligation to man and God.

Kings will yet lay aside their sceptres, and subjects will become sovereigns, because the people of America, by example, have shown the world that civil and religious liberty for all, as well as for the few, is of more value than human life.

How lavish the expenditure of blood! How generous the outpouring of the wine of life by the heroic dead!

“Song of peace, nor battle’s roar,
Ne’er shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his solemn trust,
‘Earth to earth, and dust to dust.’”

Dead, yet living. Their patriotism, sacrifice, endurance, patience, faith, and hope can never die. Loved and lamented, but immortal. Pæans for the living, dirges for the dead. Their work is done, not for an hour, a day, a year, but for all time; not for fame or ambition, but for the poor, the degraded, the oppressed of all lands, for civilisation and Christianity, for the welfare of the human race through Time and Eternity!

THE END

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